THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

TO THE FEW WHO ARE NOT OUR CUSTOMERS

Continuing to use the same flour you now have prevents obtaining all that is possible in baking

And it will be so until you make a change

Until you buy GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, we cannot help you

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR helped our customers make twenty-seven hundred million loaves last year — every loaf beautiful, creamy white with a golden bloom on the crust

Make a change and use Gold Medal Flour – because it will bring results and results are what you want and we want

WASHBURN–CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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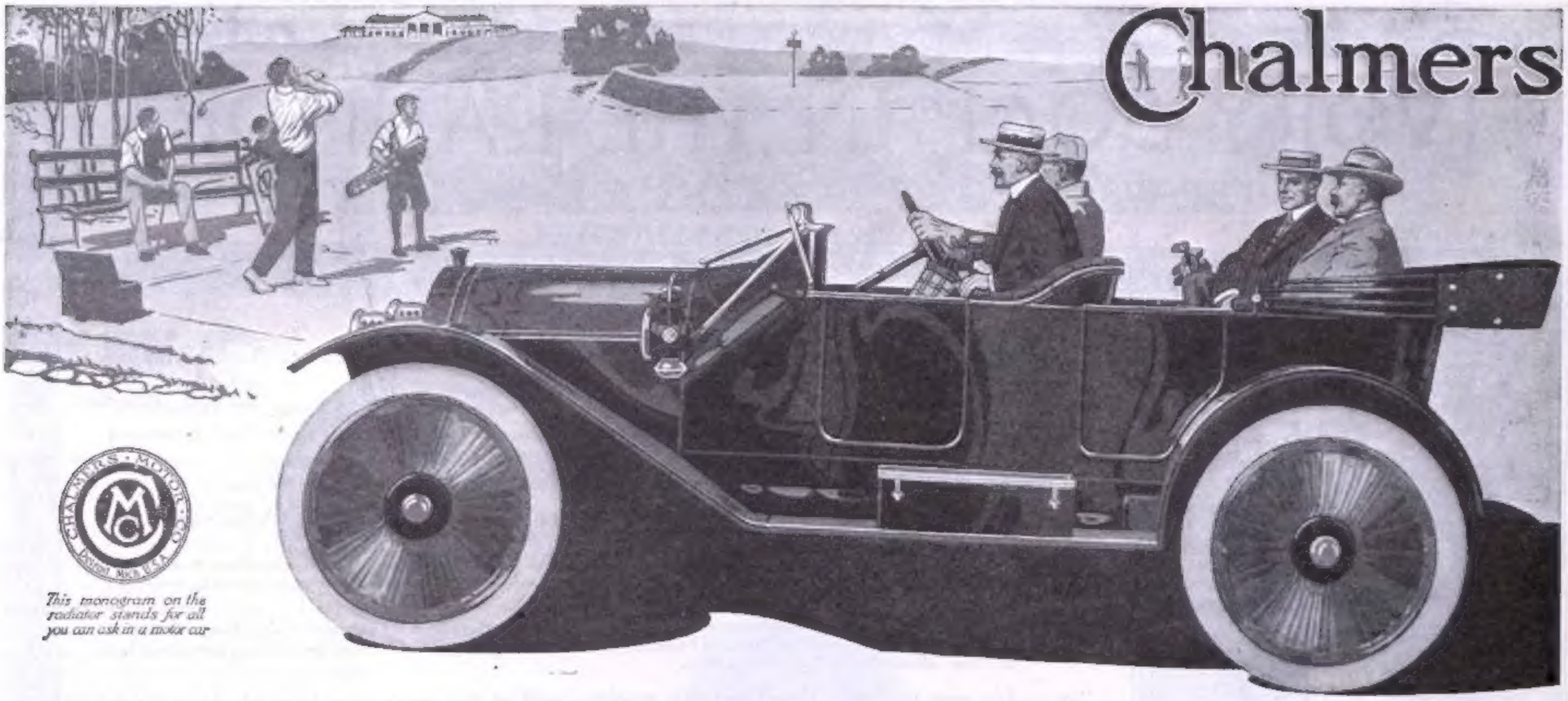
"EVENTUALLY———WHY NOT NOW?"



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

"I'll Get One Just Like This," says John

"HELLO, John! I see you too are going to the Country Club for a limbering up this afternoon. Jump in and we'll take you along with us."

"Thanks. Good luck for me! Shall I crank your car?"

"Oh, no. You don't have to crank this car. This is a self-starting Chalmers 'Thirty-Six.' Jump in and we'll be on our way..... All you have to do is press this button with your foot—like this, see—and away she goes."

"Great stuff. Some time-saver, eh?"

"Yes, and not only a time-saver—it is a trouble saver and a danger saver. No more standing out in the rain or snow to crank your car; no more danger of a broken arm from a kickback; no more having to block traffic if you happen to stall your motor. Greatest automobile improvement in years."

"What's the system?"

"Simplest thing you ever saw—air pressure type. Very few parts, nothing to get out of order, and perfectly safe. Comes right on the car as regular equipment, but I wouldn't take $500 for it if I couldn't get another."

"I am interested in motor cars, and my wife wants one. Tell me some more about this car. Is it any good besides having the self-starter?"

"WELL, just sit in that seat for about thirty minutes and I'll show you. Here we are in a crowded street where we have to go very slowly. Notice how well the motor lugs along. No pounding or kicking—and no need to slip my clutch. That's because it is a long stroke motor.

"Now, you see, we are almost stopped behind these wagons, so I just slip over into the third speed and crawl along slower still. Now wait until we get an opening. Here we are. See how it picks up on that third speed? This is a four-forward-speed transmission. I'll show you some more about that when we get on some hills."

"What's that little lever on the dash?"

"OH, that's a dash adjustment for the carburetor. You know we used to have to get out and lift up the hood and get our fingers greasy any time we wanted to 'change the mixture.' By that I mean to give the engine more gas or less. You know it's often necessary to do this, according to whether the air is dry or damp. To make such an adjustment on this car, I simply have to reach over there and move that lever.

"That strikes me as being a very valuable arrangement."

"Now here we are on that stretch of rough street that bothers the drivers and passengers of a lot of cars. You see, we are going eighteen miles an hour on high speed. Yet we cradled right over these rough spots."

"This certainly is an easy-riding car. Why is that?"

"WELL, you see to begin with, it has large wheels and tires, 36 by 4 inches. It has a double drop frame and long, fine springs. I don't believe there is any car that rides easier than this. Everyone who has ever sat in it has praised its easy-riding qualities."

"Well, here we are out of town now, with two miles of perfectly level, smooth road just ahead; so, if you don't mind, I am going to let her roll."

"Go ahead. I don't mind a thrill once in a while."

....."This is what you call 'tramping on the accelerator'..... .....I must slow down now for that turn."

"Fifty miles an hour, eh?"

"YES, fifty. We did it easy. I am not a 'speed merchant,' but, just the same, I like to feel that I can get up and go with any of them when I want to and that I don't have to eat their dust. Here we are getting to a couple of good hills. I want to show you a little hill-climbing. You know this is a pretty stiff one for most cars on high, so I want you to notice how we gallop right on over it as if it weren't here."

....."Yes, that was certainly good work."

"This one ahead of us, though, is much harder. The first part of it is just about the same as the hill we just passed. Then, you come to a sharp turn and have to continue on a still steeper grade for quite a distance. There isn't any car in town that can climb this hill on high speed. But I can get over it without losing any time.

....."Here we are at the turn. We have to slow down to make it. Here is where most cars would lose out. They would have to go back into a slow second speed. Notice how I shift gears over into the high third speed and continue right on picking up all the way to the top. No chatter of gears and no time lost. I just play tag with a lot of automobiles on this hill."

"I've read a lot of automobile ads and catalogs about three and four speed transmissions, but I never understood before what they meant. Now, when I buy, I'm going to have a four speed transmission and I know why."

"Well, you will probably have to pay a lot of money for it unless you buy a Chalmers, because the Chalmers 'Thirty-Six' is the only medium priced car made with a four speed transmission."

"Bing! Flat tire sure. Well, we'll be only a minute or two."

"Punctures don't seem to worry you much. I always thought tire trouble was a fierce bugaboo."

"WELL, you don't have much of it on this car, to begin with. The car is light, considering its strength and roominess, and has big tires. Furthermore, it has Continental demountable rims. You can change a tire in two or three minutes. You see, all you have to do is jack up the wheel, unscrew a few bolts with a special tool, take off tire and rim together, put on another, screw the bolts up again and be on your way.

....."There, that job is done. Now, a push on the starter button. Away we go. How long did it take?—Three and one-half minutes. How's that?"

"Fine! I must say this car seems to be about perfect for a man who wants to drive his own machine."

"Perfect is the word, my boy. Pretty hard to think of anything you would want on a car that you don't find right on this one. Well, here we are at the Club."

"Great! Fifteen miles in about a half an hour. I'll probably have time to play eighteen holes today. When I come on the cars and the train, I usually get only nine."

"THERE is just one thing more, John, now that we are out of the car, that I want to call to your attention. Notice that this car is good to look at. It is not only a good car, but it is a ***good looking*** car. It has graceful lines and is well finished. It has class."

"I hardly know one car from another, but this car certainly looks all right to me. Say, Joe, when did you become a Chalmers salesman?"

"Well, quite a while ago—only the company doesn't know it. You see, I had another Chalmers before I got this one. They have a good many salesmen around the country who aren't on the pay roll. The Chalmers people make a good car, and besides they have always treated me all right, and I don't mind handing it back to them once in a while."

"Well, I'll take your word for it. My wife wants me to buy a car, and I've been asking about different makes. I'm strong for the Chalmers and I'll place my order tomorrow. I'm going to get one just like this."

WE suggest that you do likewise. For only by owning a motor car can you realize its full usefulness and pleasure. A car like the Chalmers is serviceable all the time for everybody in your family.

Chalmers cars are made in the following types:

Chalmers "Thirty-Six"—Five passenger touring car, four passenger pony tonneau, $1800; two passenger torpedo roadster, $1900. Berlin limousine, $3250; Cabside limousine, $3000.

Chalmers "30"—Five passenger touring car, four passenger pony tonneau, $1500. Coupe, $2000.

Chalmers "Forty"—Seven passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, four passenger detachable pony tonneau, $2750.

Chalmers "Six"—Seven passenger touring car, four passenger torpedo, $3250.

Orders are streaming in fast now. Up to February 1st we had shipped more than two-thirds of our 1912 output. To make sure of early delivery and the use of your car during the "Spring Motoring Days," we urge you to see our dealer and place your order at once.

Catalog and name of nearest dealer on request.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

IVORY SOAP IN THE LAUNDRY

THE WASHING OF WOOLENS AND BLANKETS

THE careful housewife asks: "How can I wash woolens without shrinking them?"

Her problem is not only to get the woolens clean but to keep the youngsters' under-garments to their original length, the blankets to their first generous proportions and all other woolens to the same size as when new.

To prevent shrinking you first should know what causes it—what you should *not* do.

1st. Rubbing mats the woolen fibers. *That* means shrinking. Therefore, you should not rub bar soap on any article made wholly or partially of wool; nor should you rub the article on the washboard.

2nd. Sudden changes of temperature draw the fibers together. *That* means shrinking. Therefore, you should not use very hot or very cold water, either for washing or rinsing; nor hang the articles outdoors in very cold weather; nor let woolen dress goods dry before pressing.

3rd. Strong soaps and strong alkalies contract, stiffen and weaken the fibers. *That* means shrinking. It means more. It means their destruction. Therefore, you should not use any other than Ivory Soap because it has no "free" alkali—is 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

To enable you to avoid shrinking your woolens, and at the same time to wash them clean, is the purpose of the following directions. Keep them for ready reference. They will eliminate worry and save wool.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Blankets Choose a bright, sunny day with a moderate breeze. Have plenty of warm water handy.

Make enough Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) to wash all the blankets; from a half to a whole cake of Ivory Soap (small size) for each pair. Hard water and large, heavy blankets require two or three times as much soap as soft water and small, light blankets.

Fill three tubs about half full of warm—not hot—water. To the first add enough Ivory Soap Paste to make a good, foamy suds. Put in one double or two single blankets. Let them soak thirty minutes. Work them up and down, adding Ivory Soap Paste as needed. (See description of "Baby" Washing Machine, below). To remove spots, do not lift the blanket from the water, but put one hand under the spot and brush with Ivory Soap Paste. Use a moderately stiff brush.

To the second tub, add half as much Ivory Soap Paste as to the first. Put in blankets and repeat the lifting and "sousing".

To the third tub, add just enough Ivory Soap Paste to make the water milky. Run blankets into this tub through loosely adjusted wringer. Rinse, wring lightly and hang in open air at once—white blankets in sun, colored blankets in shade.

When dry, go over them with a soft, flannel cloth or a clean whisk broom and hang near a stove or in a warm room for several hours.

Woolen Under-Garments (Flannels) To half a tub of warm water, add enough Ivory Soap Paste to make a good suds. If the garment is soiled, add half a tablespoonful of ammonia for each gallon of water. Soak the garment ten minutes. Then draw it through the hands, work it up and down and squeeze it. Do not rub soap on it or rub it on the washboard.

Run through the wringer. Turn garment inside out and put it through a second suds of the same temperature as the first. If any spot remains, lay garment on a table and brush the spot with a little Ivory Soap Paste.

Rinse garment quickly through several waters of same temperature as the first water. If you rinse with hard water, soften it with a little Ivory Soap Paste.

Put garment through wringer again or squeeze the water out. Then shake and hang to dry in a warm place—not where the garment will steam.

When nearly dry, press flannels on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Ribbed underwear should be gently stretched into shape as it dries—not ironed.

Soak colored flannels in warm salt water before washing.

Woolen Dress Goods Follow the same directions as for flannels. If you are not sure that the color is "fast", wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it with a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax or alum, one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

Wring loosely from one water to the other. If the material wrinkles badly, take it from the last water without wringing and hang by the edge to dry.

Put over the ironing sheet a cover of cotton cloth of fast color, about the same shade as the material to be ironed. While still damp, put the material on the table, wrong side up, and iron till perfectly dry with a warm—not hot—iron.

Then air the material and it will look like new. Roll, but do not fold it.

Sweaters, Knitted Goods, Etc. Wash the same as flannels except that only one rinsing is usually necessary. If very loosely woven, put them in a pillow-case or cheese-cloth bag so they will not be stretched in washing. If no bag is used, slip a towel under them to remove them from the tub. In this way you lift them out without stretching them.

Dry miscellaneous knit goods by putting them in a heap on a cloth-covered chair near an open window or in the shade outdoors if the weather is not too cold.

Throw the sleeves of a sweater over the back of a chair while the body of the garment lies on the chair seat.

Turn all garments frequently so they will dry evenly.

When nearly dry, press on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

Before washing colored knit goods, "set" the colors by soaking in warm salt water.

How to Force Suds through Blankets and Woolens without Rubbing

A "Baby" Washing Machine Get a good-sized tin funnel; price ten or fifteen cents. Have the tinner punch two rows of holes in it, one above the other, near the edge and about as large as a pea. Plug the funnel with a cork. Fit a wooden handle to the neck or cover it with a cloth so it can be handled easily. Then you have a "Baby" Washing Machine. Apply it to garments as they lie in the tub. The up and down movement of the funnel will force the suds through the material. The garments will be cleansed thoroughly, without injury to the fibers and with hardly any effort on your part.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, until the Soap is thoroughly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in a china or glass jar with tight-fitting top. Use as needed. We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only in the laundry, but in the kitchen, the nursery and for general household use.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses at Housecleaning Time.

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THE RED CROSS GIRL

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

"Because I'm a Coward. And That's Why I'm Crying. Haven't I the Right to Cry?"

WHEN Spencer Flagg laid the foundation stone for the new million-dollar wing he was adding to the Flagg Home for Convalescents, on the hills above Greenwich, the New York Republic sent Sam Ward to cover the story; and with him Redding to take photographs. It was a crisp, beautiful day in October, full of sunshine and the joy of living; and from the great lawn in front of the home you could see half over Connecticut and across the waters of the sound to Oyster Bay.

Upon Sam Ward, however, the beauties of Nature were wasted. When, the night previous, he had been given the assignment he had sulked, and he was still sulking. Only a year before he had graduated into New York from a small upstate college and a small upstate newspaper; but already he was a "star" man, and Hewitt, the city editor, humored him.

"What's the matter with the story?" asked the city editor. "With the speeches and lists of names, it ought to run to two columns."

"Suppose it does!" exclaimed Ward; "Anybody can collect typewritten speeches and lists of names. That's a messenger boy's job. Where's there any heart interest in a Wall Street broker like Flagg waving a silver trowel and singing, 'See what a good boy am I!' and a lot of grownup men in pinafores saying, 'This stone is well and truly laid.' Where's the story in that?"

"When I was a reporter," declared the city editor, "I used to be glad to get a day in the country."

"Because you'd never lived in the country," returned Sam. "If you'd wasted twenty-six years in the backwoods, as I've done, you'd know that every minute you spend outside of New York you're robbing yourself."

"Of what?" demanded the city editor. "There's nothing to New York except cement, iron girders, noise and zinc garbage cans. You never see the sun in New York; you never see the moon unless you stand in the middle of the street and bend backward. We never see flowers in New York except on the women's hats. We never see the women except in cages in the elevators—they spend their lives shooting up and down elevator shafts in department stores, in apartment houses, in office buildings. And we never see children in New York because the janitors won't let the women who live in elevators have children! Don't talk to me! New York's a Little Nemo nightmare. It's a joke. It's an insult!"

"How curious!" said Sam. "Now I see why they took you off the street and made you a city editor. I don't agree with anything you say. Especially are you wrong about the women. They ought to be caged in elevators, but they're not. Instead, they flash past you in the street; they shine upon you from boxes in the theater; they frown at you from the tops of buses; they smile at you from the cushions of a taxi, across restaurants under red candle shades, when you offer them a seat in the subway. They are the only thing in New York that gives me any trouble."

The city editor sighed. "How young you are!" he exclaimed. "However, tomorrow you will be free from your only trouble. There will be few women at the celebration, and they will be interested only in convalescents—and you do not look like a convalescent."

. . . . . .

Sam Ward sat at the outer edge of the crowd of overdressed females and overfed men, and, with a sardonic smile, listened to Flagg telling his assembled friends and sycophants how glad he was they were there to see him give away a million dollars.

"Aren't you going to get his speech?" asked Redding, the staff photographer.

"Get his speech!" said Sam. "They have Pinkertons all over the grounds to see that you don't escape with less than three copies of it. I'm waiting to hear the ritual they always have, and then I'm going to sprint for the first train back to the center of civilization."

"There's going to be a fine lunch," said Redding, "and we're expected. I asked the policemen if we were, and he said we were."

Sam rose, shook his trousers into place, stuck his stick under his armpit and smoothed his yellow gloves. He was very thoughtful of his clothes and always treated them with courtesy.

"You can have my share," he said. "I cannot forget that I am still fifty-five minutes from Broadway. And even if I were starving I would rather have a club sandwich in New York than a Thanksgiving turkey dinner in New Rochelle."

He nodded and with eager athletic strides started toward the iron gates; but he did not reach the iron gates, for on the instant trouble barred his way. Trouble came to him wearing the blue cambric uniform of a nursing sister, with a red cross on her arm, with a white collar turned down, white cuffs turned back, and a tiny black velvet bonnet. A bow of white lawn chucked her impudently under the chin. She had hair like goldenrod and eyes as blue as flax, and a complexion of such health and cleanliness and dewiness as blooms only on trained nurses.

She was so lovely that Redding swung his hooded camera at her as swiftly as a cowboy could have covered her with his gun.

Reporters become star reporters because they observe things that other people miss and because they do not let it appear that they have observed them. When the great man who is being interviewed blurts out that which is indiscreet but most important, the cub reporter says: "That's most interesting, sir. I'll make a note of that." And so warns the great man into silence. But the star reporter receives the indiscreet utterance as though it bored him; and so the great man does not know he has blundered until he reads of it the next morning under screaming headlines.

Other men, on being suddenly confronted by Sister Anne, which was the official title of the nursing sister, would have fallen backward, or swooned, or gazed at her with soulful, worshiping eyes; or, were they that sort of beast, would have ogled her with impertinent approval. Now Sam, because he was a star reporter, observed that the lady before him was the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen; but no one would have guessed that he observed that—least of all Sister Anne. He stood in her way and lifted his hat, and even looked into the eyes of blue as impersonally and as calmly as though she were his great-aunt—as though his heart was not beating so fast that it choked him.

"I am from the Republic," he said. "Everybody is so busy here today that I'm not able to get what I need about the Home. It seems a pity," he added disappointedly; "because it's so well done that people ought to know about it." He frowned at the big hospital buildings. It was apparent that the ignorance of the public concerning their excellence greatly annoyed him.

When again he looked at Sister Anne she was regarding him in alarm—obviously she was upon the point of instant flight.

"You are a reporter?" she said.

Some people like to place themselves in the hands of a reporter because they hope he will print their names in black letters; a few others—only reporters know how few—would as soon place themselves in the hands of a dentist.

"A reporter from the Republic," repeated Sam.

"But why ask *me*?" demanded Sister Anne.

Sam could see no reason for her question; in extenuation and explanation he glanced at her uniform.

"I thought you were at work here," he said simply. "I beg your pardon."

He stepped aside as though he meant to leave her. In giving that impression he was distinctly dishonest.

"There was no other reason," persisted Sister Anne—"I mean for speaking to me?"

The reason for speaking to her was so obvious that Sam wondered whether this could be the height of innocence or the most banal coquetry. The hostile look in the eyes of the lady proved it could not be coquetry.

"I am sorry," said Sam. "I mistook you for one of the nurses here; and, as you didn't seem busy, I thought you might give me some statistics about the Home—not really statistics, you know, but local color."

Sister Anne returned his look with one as steady as his own. Apparently she was weighing his statement. She seemed to disbelieve it. Inwardly he was asking himself what could be the dark secret in the past of this young woman that at the mere approach of a reporter—even of such a nice-looking reporter as himself—she should shake and shudder.

"If that's what you really want to know," said Sister Anne doubtfully, "I'll try and help you; but," she added, looking at him as one who issues an ultimatum, "you must not say anything about me!"

Sam knew that a woman of the self-advertising, club-organizing class will always say that to a reporter at the same time she gives him her card so that he can spell her name correctly; but Sam recognized that this young woman meant it. Besides, what was there that he could write about her? Much as he might like to do so, he could not begin his story with: "The Flagg Home for Convalescents is also the home of the most beautiful of all living women." No copy editor would let that get by him. So, as there was nothing to say that he would be allowed to say, he promised to say nothing. Sister Anne smiled; and it seemed to Sam that she smiled, not because his promise had set her mind at ease but because the promise amused her. Sam wondered why.

Sister Anne fell into step beside him and led him through the wards of the hospital. He found that it existed for and revolved entirely about one person. He found that a million dollars and some acres of buildings, containing sun-rooms and hundreds of rigid white beds, had been donated by Spencer Flagg only to provide a background for Sister Anne—only to exhibit the depth of her charity, the kindness of her heart, the unselfishness of her nature.

"Do you really scrub the floors?" he demanded—"I mean you yourself—down on your knees, with a pail and water and scrubbing brush?"

Sister Anne raised her beautiful eyebrows and laughed at him.

"We do that when we first come here," she said—"when we are probationers; is there a newer way of scrubbing floors?"

"And these awful patients," demanded Sam—"do you wait on them? Do you have to submit to their complaints and whinings and ingratitude?" He glared at the unhappy convalescents as though by that glance he would annihilate them. "It's not fair!" exclaimed Sam. "It's ridiculous. I'd like to choke them!"

"That's not exactly the object of a home for convalescents," said Sister Anne.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," said Sam. "Here are you—if you'll allow me to say so—a magnificent, splendid, healthy young person, wearing out your young life over a lot of lame ducks, failures and cripples."

"Nor is that quite the way we look at it," said Sister Anne.

"We?" demanded Sam.

Sister Anne nodded toward a group of nurses.

"I'm not the only nurse here," she said. "There are over forty."

"You are the only one here," said Sam, "who is not! That's just what I mean—I appreciate the work of a trained nurse; I understand the ministering angel part of it; but you—I'm not talking about anybody else; I'm talking about you—you are too young! Somehow you are different; you are not meant to wear yourself out fighting disease and sickness, measuring beef broth and making beds."

Sister Anne laughed with delight.

"I beg your pardon," said Sam stiffly.

"No—pardon me," said Sister Anne; "but your ideas of the duties of a nurse are so quaint."

"No matter what the duties are," declared Sam; "you should not be here!"

Sister Anne shrugged her shoulders; they were charming shoulders—as delicate as the pinions of a bird.

"One must live," said Sister Anne.

They had passed through the last cold corridor, between the last rows of rigid white cots, and had come out into the sunshine. Below them stretched Connecticut, painted in autumn colors. Sister Anne seated herself upon the marble railing of the terrace and looked down upon the flashing waters of the Sound.

"Yes; that's it," she repeated softly—"one must live."

Sam looked at her—but, finding that to do so made speech difficult, looked hurriedly away. He admitted to himself that it was one of those occasions, only too frequent with him, when his indignant sympathy was heightened by the fact that "the woman was very fair."

He conceded that. He was not going to pretend to himself that he was not prejudiced by the outrageous beauty of Sister Anne, by the assault upon his feelings made by her uniform—made by the appeal of her profession, the gentlest and most gracious of all professions. He was honestly disturbed that this young girl should devote her life to the service of selfish sick people.

"If you do it because you must live, then it can easily be arranged; for there are other ways of earning a living."

The girl looked at him quickly; but he was quite sincere—and again she smiled.

"Now what would you suggest?" she asked. "You see," she said, "I have no one to advise me—no man of my own age. I have no brothers to go to. I have a father, but it was his idea that I should come here; and so I doubt if he would approve of my changing to any other work. Your own work must make you acquainted with many women who earn their own living. Maybe you could advise me."

Sam did not at once answer. He was calculating hastily how far his salary would go toward supporting a wife. He was trying to remember which of the men in the office were married, and whether they were those whose salaries were smaller than his own. Collins, one of the copy editors, he knew was very ill paid; but Sam also knew that Collins was married, because his wife used to wait for him in the office to take her to the theater, and often Sam had thought she was extremely well dressed. Of course Sister Anne was so beautiful that what she might wear would be a matter of indifference; but then women did not always look at it that way. Sam was so long considering offering Sister Anne a life position that his silence had become significant; and to cover his real thoughts he said hurriedly:

"Take typewriting, for instance. That pays very well. The hours are not difficult."

"And manicuring?" suggested Sister Anne.

Sam exclaimed in horror.

"You!" he cried roughly—"For you! Quite impossible!"

"Why for me?" said the girl.

In the distress at the thought Sam was jabbing his stick into the gravel walk as though driving the manicuring idea into a deep grave. He did not see that the girl was smiling at him mockingly.

"You?" protested Sam—"You in a barber's shop washing men's fingers who are not fit to wash the streets you walk on! Good Lord!" His vehemence was quite honest. The girl ceased smiling. Sam was still jabbing at the gravel walk, his profile toward her—and, unobserved, she could study his face. It was an attractive face—strong, clever, almost illegally good-looking. It explained why, as he had complained to the city editor, his chief trouble in New York was with the women. With his eyes full of concern, Sam turned to her abruptly.

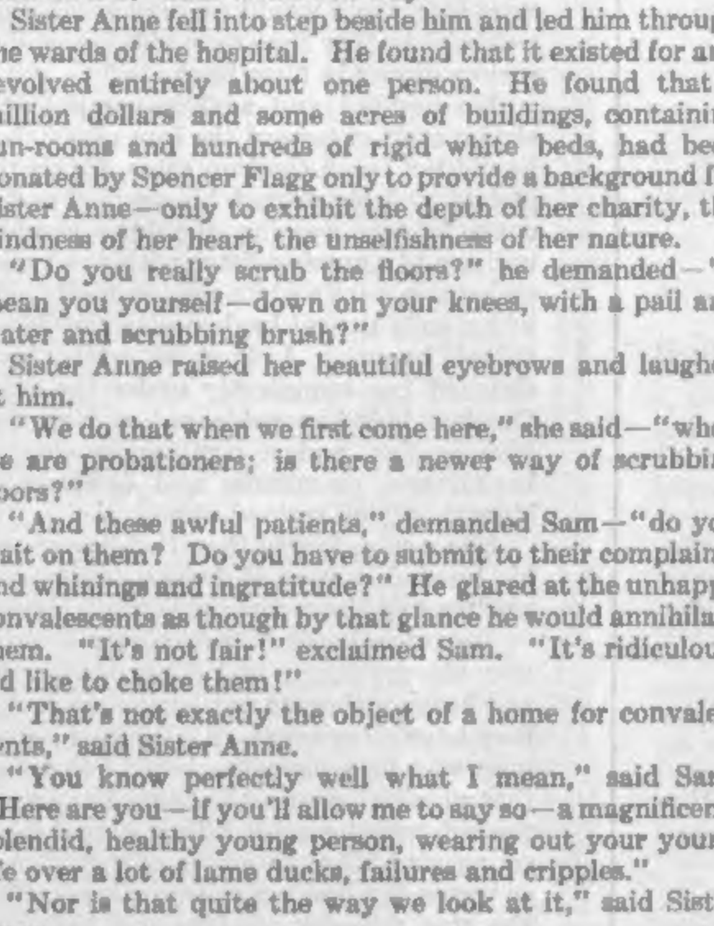
"How much do they give you a month?"

"Forty dollars," answered Sister Anne.

"This is what hurts me about it," said Sam. "It is that you should have to work and wait on other people when there are so many strong hulking men who would count it God's blessing to work for you, to wait on you and give their lives for you. However, probably you know that better than I do."

"No; I didn't know that," said Sister Anne.

Sam recognized that it was quite absurd that it should be so, but this statement gave him a sense of great elation, a delightful thrill of relief. There was every reason why the girl should not confide in a complete stranger—even to deceive him was quite within her rights; but, though Sam appreciated this, he preferred to be deceived.



Trouble Came to Him Wearing the Uniform of a Nursing Sister

"What an Awfully Jolly Rag!"

"I think you are working too hard," he said, smiling happily—"I think you ought to have a change. You ought to take a day off! Do they ever give you a day off?"

"Next Saturday," said Sister Anne. "Why?"

"Because," explained Sam, "if you won't think it too presumptuous, I was going to prescribe a day off for you—a day entirely away from iodoform and white enameled cots. It is what you need, a day in the city and a lunch where they have music; and a matinée, where you can laugh—or cry, if you like that better—and then, maybe, some fresh air in the park in a taxi; and after that dinner and more theater—and then I'll see you safe on the train for Greenwich. Before you answer," he added hurriedly, "I want to explain that I contemplate taking a day off myself and doing all these things with you—and that if you want to bring any of the other forty nurses along as a chaperon, I hope you will. Only, honestly, I hope you won't!"

The proposal apparently gave Sister Anne much pleasure. She did not say so, but her eyes shone and when she looked at Sam she was almost laughing with happiness.

"I think that would be quite delightful," said Sister Anne—"quite delightful! Only it would be frightfully expensive; even if I don't bring another girl, which I certainly would not, it would cost a great deal of money. I think we might cut out the taxicab—and walk in the park and feed the squirrels."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sam in disappointment—"then you know Central Park?"

Sister Anne's eyes grew quite expressionless.

"I once lived near there," she said.

"In Harlem?"

"Not exactly in Harlem, but near it. I was quite young," said Sister Anne. "Since then I have always lived in the country or in—other places."

Sam's heart was singing with pleasure.

"It's so kind of you to consent," he cried. "Indeed, you are the kindest person in all the world. I thought so when I saw you bending over these sick people, and now I know."

"It is you who are kind," protested Sister Anne, "to take pity on me."

"Pity on you!" laughed Sam. "You can't pity a person who can do more with a smile than old man Flagg can do with all his millions. Now," he demanded in happy anticipation, "where are we to meet?"

"That's it," said Sister Anne. "Where are we to meet?"

"Let it be at the Grand Central Station. The day can't begin too soon," said Sam; "and before then telephone me what theater and restaurants you want and I'll reserve seats and tables. Oh," exclaimed Sam joyfully, "it will be a wonderful day—a wonderful day!"

Sister Anne looked at him curiously and, so it seemed, a little wistfully. She held out her hand.

"I must go back to my duties," she said. "Goodby."

"Not goodby," said Sam heartily—"only until Saturday—and my name's Sam Ward and my address is the city room of the Republic. What's your name?"

"Sister Anne," said the girl. "In the nursing order to which I belong we have no last names."

"So," asked Sam, "I'll call you Sister Anne?"

"No; just Sister," said the girl.

"Sister!" repeated Sam—"Sister!" He breathed the word rather than spoke it; and the way he said it and the way he looked when he said it made it carry almost the touch of a caress. It was as if he had said "Sweetheart!" or "Beloved!" "I'll not forget," said Sam.

Sister Anne gave an impatient, annoyed laugh.

"Nor I," she said.

Sam returned to New York in the smoking car, puffing feverishly at his cigar and glaring dreamily at the smoke. He was living the day over again and, in anticipation, the day off, still to come. He rehearsed their next meeting at the station; he considered whether or not he would meet her with a huge bunch of violets or would have it brought to her when they were at luncheon by the head waiter. He decided the latter way would be more of a pleasant surprise. He planned the luncheon. It was to be the most marvelous repast he could evolve; and, lest

there should be the slightest error, he would have it prepared in advance—and it should cost half his week's salary.

The place where they were to dine he would leave to her, because he had observed that women had strange ideas about clothes—some of them thinking that certain clothes must go with certain restaurants. Some of them seemed to believe that, instead of their conferring distinction upon the restaurant, the restaurant conferred distinction upon them. He was sure Sister Anne would not be so foolish, but it might be that she must always wear her nurse's uniform and that she would prefer not to be conspicuous; so he decided that the choice of where they would dine he would leave to her. He calculated that the whole day ought to cost about eighty dollars, which, as star reporter, was what he was then earning each week. That was little enough to give for a day that would be the birthday of his life! No, he contradicted—the day he had first met her must always be the birthday of his life; for never had he met one like her and he was sure there never would be one like her—she was so entirely superior to all the others, so fine, so difficult—in her manner there was something that rendered her unapproachable. Even her simple nurse's gown was worn with a difference. She might have been a princess in fancy dress. And yet, how humble she had been when he begged her to let him for one day personally conduct her over the great city! "You are so kind to take pity on me," she had said. He thought of many clever, pretty speeches he might have made. He was so annoyed he had not thought of them at the time that he kicked violently at the seat in front of him.

He wondered what her history might be; he was sure it was full of beautiful courage and self-sacrifice. It certainly was outrageous that one so glorious must work for her living, and for such a paltry living—forty dollars a month! It was worth that merely to have her sit in the flat where one could look at her; for already he had decided that, when they were married, they would live in a flat—probably in one overlooking Central Park, on Central Park West. He knew of several attractive suites there at thirty-five dollars a week—or, if she preferred the suburbs, he would forsake his beloved New York and return to the country. In his gratitude to her for being what she was, he conceded even that sacrifice.

When he reached New York, from the speculators he bought front-row seats at five dollars for the two most popular plays in town. He put them away carefully in his waistcoat pocket. Possession of them made him feel that already he had obtained an option on six hours of complete happiness.

After she left Sam, Sister Anne passed hurriedly through the hospital to the matron's room and, wrapping herself in a raccoon coat, made her way to a waiting motor car and said "Home!" to the chauffeur. He drove her to the Flagg family vault, as Flagg's envious millionaire neighbors called the pile of white marble that topped the highest hill above Greenwich, and which for years had served as a landfall to mariners on the Sound.

There were a number of people at tea when she arrived and they greeted her noisily.

"I have had a most splendid adventure!" said Sister Anne. "There were six of us, you know, dressed up as Red Cross nurses, and we gave away programs. Well, one of the New York reporters thought I was a real nurse and interviewed me about the home. Of course I knew enough about it to keep it up, and I kept it up so well that he was terribly sorry for me; and ——"

One of the tea drinkers was little Hollis Holworthy, who prided himself on knowing who's who in New York. He had met Sam Ward at first nights and prize fights. He laughed scornfully.

"Don't you believe it!" he interrupted. "That man who was talking to you was Sam Ward. He's the smartest newspaper man in New York; he was just leading you on. Do you suppose there's a reporter in America who wouldn't know you in the dark? Wait until you see the Sunday paper."

Sister Anne exclaimed indignantly:

"He did not know me!" she protested. "It quite upset him that I should be wasting my life measuring out medicines and making beds."

There was a shriek of disbelief and laughter. "I told him," continued Sister Anne, "that I got forty dollars a month, and he said I could make more as a typewriter; and I said I preferred to be a manicurist."

"Oh, Anita!" protested the admiring chorus.

"And he was most indignant. He absolutely refused to allow me to be a manicurist. And he asked me to take a day off with him and let him show me New York. And he offered, as attractions, moving-picture shows and a drive on a Fifth Avenue bus, and feeding peanuts to the animals in the park. And if I insisted upon a chaperon I might bring one of the nurses. We're to meet at the soda-water fountain in the Grand Central Station. He said, 'The day cannot begin too soon!'"

"Oh, Anita!" shrieked the chorus.

Lord Deptford, who as the newspapers had repeatedly informed the American public had come to the Flaggs' country place to try to marry Anita Flagg, was amused.

"What an awfully jolly rag!" he cried. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Anita Flagg. "The reporters have been making me ridiculous for the last three years; now I have got back at one of them! And," she added, "that's all there is to that!"

That night, however, when the house party was making toward bed, Sister Anne stopped by the stairs and said to Lord Deptford: "I want to hear you call me Sister."

"Call you what?" exclaimed the young man. "I will tell you," he whispered, "what I'd like to call you!"

"You will not!" interrupted Anita. "Do as I tell you and say Sister once. Say it as though you meant it."

The Day He Chose to Tell Her Was the First Day They Were at Sea

"But I don't mean it," protested his lordship. "I've said already what I ——"

"Never mind what you've said already," commanded Miss Flagg. "I've heard that from a lot of people. Say Sister just once."

His lordship frowned in embarrassment.

"Sister!" he exclaimed. It sounded like the pop of a cork.

Anita Flagg laughed unkindly and her beautiful shoulders shivered as though she were cold.

"Not a bit like it, Deptford," she said. "Good night."

Later Helen Page, who came to her room to ask her about a horse she was to ride in the morning, found her ready for bed but standing by the open window looking out toward the great city to the south.

When she turned Miss Page saw something in her eyes that caused that young woman to shriek with amazement.

"Anita!" she exclaimed. "You crying! What in Heaven's name can make you cry?"

It was not a kind speech, nor did Miss Flagg receive it kindly. She turned upon the tactless intruder.

"Suppose," cried Anita fiercely, "a man thought you were worth forty dollars a month—honestly didn't know!—honestly believed you were poor and worked for your living, and still said your smile was worth more than all of old man Flagg's millions, not knowing they were *your* millions. Suppose he didn't ask any money of you, but just to take care of you, to slave for you—only wanted to keep your pretty hands from working, and your pretty eyes from seeing sickness and pain. Suppose you met that man among this rotten lot, what would you do? What wouldn't you do?"

"Why, Anita!" exclaimed Miss Page.

"What would you do?" demanded Anita Flagg. "This is what you'd do: You'd go down on your knees to that man and say: 'Take me away! Take me away from them, and pity me, and be sorry for me, and love me—and love me—and love me!'"

"And why don't you?" cried Helen Page.

"Because I'm as rotten as the rest of them!" cried Anita Flagg. "Because I'm a coward. And that's why I'm crying. Haven't I the right to cry?"

II

AT THE exact moment Miss Flagg was proclaiming herself a moral coward, in the local room of the Republic Collins, the copy editor, was editing Sam's story of the laying of the cornerstone. The copy editor's cigar was tilted near his left eyebrow; his blue pencil, like a guillotine ready to fall upon the guilty word or paragraph, was suspended in midair; and continually, like a hawk preparing to strike, the blue pencil swooped and circled. But page after page fell softly to the desk and the blue pencil remained inactive. As he read, the voice of Collins rose in muttered ejaculations; and, as he continued to read, these explosions grew louder and more amazed. At last he could endure no more and, swinging swiftly in his revolving chair, his glance swept the office. "In the name of Mike!" he shouted. "What is this?"

The reporters nearest him, busy with pencil and typewriters, frowned in impatient protest. Sam Ward, swinging his legs from the top of a table, was gazing at the ceiling, wrapped in dreams and tobacco smoke. Upon his clever, clean-cut features the expression was far-away and beatific. He came back to earth.

"What's what?" Sam demanded.

At that moment Elliott, the managing editor, was passing through the room, his hands filled with freshly pulled proofs. He swung toward Collins quickly and snatched up Sam's copy. The story already was late—and it was important.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

Over the room there fell a sudden hush.

"Read the opening paragraph," protested Collins. "It's like that for a column! It's all about a girl—about a Red Cross nurse. Not a word about Flagg or Lord Deptford. No speeches! No news! It's not a news story at all. It's an editorial, and an essay, and a spring poem. I don't know what it is. And, what's worse," wailed the copy editor defiantly and to the amazement of all, "it's so darned good that you can't touch it. You've got to let it go or kill it."

The eyes of the managing editor, masked by his green paper shade, were racing over Sam's written words. He thrust the first page back at Collins.

"Is it all like that!"

"There's a column like that!"

"Run it just as it is," commanded the managing editor. "Use it for your introduction and get your story from the flimsy. And, in your head, cut out Flagg entirely. Call it The Red Cross Girl. And play it up strong, with pictures."

He turned on Sam and eyed him curiously.

"What's the idea, Ward?" he said. "This is a newspaper—not a magazine!"

The click of the typewriters was silent, the hectic rush of the pencils had ceased, and the staff, expectant, smiled cynically upon the star reporter. Sam shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and also smiled, but unhappily.

"I know it's not news, sir," he said; "but that's the way I saw the story—outside on the lawn, the band playing, and the governor and the governor's staff and the clergy burning incense to Flagg; and inside, this girl right on the job—taking care of the sick and wounded. It seemed to me that a million from a man that won't miss a million didn't stack up against what this girl was

doing—doing for these sick folks! What I wanted to say," continued Sam stoutly, "was that the moving spirit of the hospital was not in the man who signed the checks, but in these women who do the work—the nurses, like the one I wrote about; the one you called the Red Cross Girl."

Collins, strong through many years of faithful service, backed by the traditions of the profession, snorted scornfully.

"But it's not news!"

"It's not news," said Elliott doubtfully; "but it's the kind of story that made Frank O'Malley famous. It's the kind of story that drives men out of this business into the arms of what Kipling calls 'the illegitimate sister.'"

It seldom is granted to a man on the same day to give his whole heart to a girl and to be patted on the back by his managing editor; and it was this combination, and not the drinks he dispensed to the staff in return for its congratulations, that sent Sam home walking on air. He loved his business, he was proud of his business; but never before had it served him so well. It had enabled him to tell the woman he loved, and incidentally a million other people, how deeply he honored her; how clearly he appreciated her power for good. No one would know he meant Sister Anne, save two people—Sister Anne and himself; but for her and for him that was as many as should know. In his story he had used real incidents of the day; he had described her as she passed through the wards of the hospital, cheering and sympathetic; he had told of the little acts of consideration that endeared her to the sick people.

The next morning she would know that it was she of whom he had written; and between the lines she would read that the man who wrote them loved her. So he fell asleep, impatient for the morning. In the hotel at which he lived the Republic was always placed promptly outside his door; and, after many excursions into the hall, he at last found it. On the front page was his story, The Red Cross Girl. It had the place of honor—right-hand column; but more conspicuous than the headlines of his own story was one of Redding's photographs. It was the one he had taken of Sister Anne when first she had approached them, in her uniform of mercy, advancing across the lawn, walking straight into the focus of the camera. There was no mistaking her for any other living woman; but beneath the picture, in bald, staring, uncompromising type, was a strange and grotesque legend.

"Daughter of Millionaire Flagg," it read, "in a New Rôle. Miss Anita Flagg as The Red Cross Girl."

For a long time Sam looked at the picture, and then, folding the paper so that the picture was hidden, he walked

"This Man's Got a Head on His Shoulders, and He's Got the Shoulders Too"

to the open window. From below, Broadway sent up a tumultuous greeting—cable cars jangled, taxis hooted; and on the sidewalks, on their way to work, processions of shopgirls stepped out briskly. It was the street and the city and the life he had found fascinating, but now it jarred and affronted him. A girl he knew had died, had passed out of his life forever—worse than that, had never existed; and yet the city went on just as though that made no difference, or just as little difference as it would have made had Sister Anne really lived and really died.

At the same early hour, an hour far too early for the rest of the house party, Anita Flagg and Helen Page, booted and riding-habited, sat alone at the breakfast table, their tea before them; and in the hands of Anita Flagg was the Daily Republic. Miss Page had brought the paper to the table and, with affected indignation at the impertinence of the press, had pointed at the front-page photograph; but Miss Flagg was not looking at the photograph, or drinking her tea, or showing in her immediate surroundings any interest whatsoever. Instead, her lovely eyes were fastened with fascination upon the column under the heading The Red Cross Girl; and, as she read, the lovely eyes lost all trace of recent slumber, her lovely lips parted breathlessly, and on her lovely cheeks the color flowed and faded and glowed and bloomed. When she had read as far as a paragraph beginning, "When Sister Anne walked between them those who suffered raised their eyes to hers as flowers lift their faces to the rain," she dropped the paper and started for the telephone.

"Any man," cried she, to the mutual discomfort of Helen Page and the servants, "who thinks I'm like that mustn't get away! I'm not like that and I know it; but if he thinks so that's all I want. And maybe I might be like that—if any man would help."

She gave her attention to the telephone and "Information." She demanded to be instantly put into communication with the Daily Republic and Mr. Sam Ward. She turned again upon Helen Page.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE COST OF LIVING

An Interview With Senator Burton—By Roger W. Babson

RECENTLY Theodore E. Burton—senator from the good state of Ohio—invited me to lunch with him at the Capitol in Washington; and while the "great representatives of the common people" were stuffing themselves with highly seasoned meats, asparagus tips and mince pie, I was interested to see the Ohio senator content to order "half-and-half." Whereupon the waiter brought in a bowl of plain bread and milk. Knowing that the senator had delivered a lecture on reducing the cost of living on the previous day before the American Economic Association, I concluded that he was a man whom I should interview on this great practical subject that is creating such a stir throughout the world today. Most of us, when attacking the cost of living, prefer to confine our efforts to the preaching and let others do the practicing; but Senator Burton—as illustrated in a small way by the bowl of bread and milk—apparently endeavors, where possible, to take his own medicine.

However, the fact that Senator Burton eats bread and milk instead of grapefruit and venison is not my main reason for presenting his views to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Theodore E. Burton is known in America and Europe as an economist rather than as a senator; in fact, today he is generally recognized among the universities of America as the greatest living authority on "prices," with the possible exception of Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who is gratuitously giving his time and money to urging the governments of the world to appoint a joint international commission on the cost of living.

Now the following are Senator Burton's three chief reasons for the high cost of living, other than the increase in the production of gold—about which I wrote recently:

1—The increased wants and desires of every one of us, from the richest to the poorest.

2—The increasing inequality between the development of different industries, owing partly to the fact that, though you and I receive more an hour for our labor than we ever did before, we receive less than ever in proportion to what the wealthy class now receives.

3—The fact that you and I are continually getting lazier and more wasteful. In other words, there is an "overproduction of non-producers."

Regarding the first of these reasons, Senator Burton says:

"Notwithstanding long periods of inertia and even of retrogression, the dominant note in the history of the race has been that of progress; this has been especially true in the last hundred years. Scientific progress has always been in the van, followed by material, intellectual and political progress. Science has given to mankind a constantly increasing control over Nature. Inventions and discoveries have greatly multiplied the supply of useful articles adapted to satisfy human wants. As a result, the conveniences and luxuries of one generation are regarded as necessaries in the next. One marked effect of this progress is the alleviation of the struggle for existence, with the resulting leisure or opportunity to acquire greater skill and to discover new methods of production. The requirement of less effort for obtaining the necessaries of life gives a wider scope to human enterprise and makes it possible to multiply the achievements which contribute to the betterment of the race. Nothing is more apparent than that the average per capita consumption is constantly increasing, not merely in essential food products, but in a variety of useful articles which are now available for more general use.

"It may be noted that modern means of communication, the ready transmission of news and the increasing scope of industrial and commercial operations have brought about a solidarity of interest among nations, and rendered it easy to obtain by international trade useful articles, even from the remotest parts of the earth. These same forces have promoted political progress, the assertion of popular rights and a greater equality of opportunity. One effect of this has been that wealth and the consequent increase of average consumption are no longer limited to a few. The development of a more peaceful disposition among nations has caused a great increase in both production and consumption, with more development and utilization of the world's resources. All these factors make possible a rising standard of living which increases prices unless there is equal progress in production."

It was most interesting to have a United States senator of his conservative type come out so fairly and frankly on this second great reason for the increased cost of living—namely, the fact that the cost of the necessities of life has increased in a much greater proportion than the cost of luxuries. When it is remembered that a poor man must eat as much bread and meat as Mr. Rockefeller, and that his babies must have as much milk as Mr. Rockefeller's grandchildren, the force of the second reason is self-evident. Said Senator Burton on this point:

"Progress, however, has been notably unequal in the different branches of endeavor which supply human wants. It is necessary to keep in mind the difference between a rise in the price of certain classes of products and a general rise in the price level. There is a substantial distinction between these two phenomena. New methods in industry and commerce are revolutionizing the means for supplying human wants, but their effect is far more helpful in some categories of products than in others. Whether this be the result of natural conditions or limitations upon our knowledge is not pertinent to this interview. The fact is obvious. Throughout all periods, notwithstanding changes in fashion and taste, there has existed a demand amounting to a necessity for certain essential products, such as food, clothing and shelter. It is plainly evident that science, working through inventions and improved methods, has not accomplished the same results in agriculture, especially in food supplies, as in manufacture. The revolution in industrial methods and in the utilization of capital in large-scale operations has not been accompanied by equal progress on the farm. Accordingly, as we would expect, the prices of farm products have risen much more rapidly than the prices of manufactured articles.

"In a very valuable report of the chief of the Bureau of Statistics for the Department of Agriculture for the year 1910, a comparison is made between the increase in the prices of articles purchased by farmers during the ten years from 1899 to 1909 and the increase in the value an acre of that which the farmers sell. For the articles purchased, the average increase was 12.1 per cent; while for the products sold by the farmer the average rate of increase in the value per acre was 72.7 per cent, or six times as much. The comparison is made even more emphatic when it is noted that flour and lard, which show maximum or nearly maximum increase in prices which farmers must pay, respond to the higher prices which they obtain for wheat and hogs. The rise in the prices of agricultural products in the temperate zone is well illustrated in the case of raw materials used in the manufacture of clothing. Until this present year the price of cotton has shown a steady increase. The price of middling cotton a pound in the year 1895 was 7.44 cents in the New York market; in 1903 it was 11.18 cents; in 1910, 15.11 cents, or twice as much as fifteen years before. The price of fine wool in the month of January, 1895—for most of which year there was no duty—was, in the Eastern markets, seventeen and a half cents; in 1903, thirty cents, and in 1910, thirty-six cents.

"The same general facts are true with relation to cereals and all other food products of the temperate zone.

A cause additional to the lesser degree of assistance from invention may be found in the greater scarcity of land suitable for profitable cultivation, and in our own country especially the early cultivation of fertile areas was conducted with too much regard for immediate returns; consequently little attention was paid to permanent productive quality. It may be added that improvements in production are unequal, not only as regards different classes of useful articles but also for different articles of substantially the same class. This is true of various lines of manufacture, barely any two of which have been affected in the same degree. The manifest effect of this inequality in the ease or difficulty of production is a change in their relative value."

What pleased me most, however, was to hear Senator Burton expound his third point, wherein he touched upon extravagance and waste, which to my mind is the meat of the whole proposition. Moreover, this is a part of the problem that each of us can solve for himself at once. Some of the other questions, such as gold supply, conservative tariff readjustment, and the like, will take years to solve; but each one of us can begin today and spend less on useless articles and throw less into the overflowing garbage pail. Said Senator Burton on this point:

"There is an inevitable tendency toward overaction, misdirected energy, waste and extravagance in every progressive era. This tendency has its roots in the very characteristics of human nature itself. Whenever a new process is invented for satisfying a human want, or a new market is discovered, it is probable that the inviting prospect of gain will cause an undue amount of investment and effort in that new direction, which results in a loss of capital and an oversupply of certain articles. The tendency to waste and extravagance is even more marked in the utilization of new facilities or the purchase of articles that please the taste or fancy. A new style of house or equipage, or of dress, all of which are common in a time of increasing wealth, often leads to the discarding of that which, under less favorable circumstances, would be regarded as sufficient and to the purchase of other articles in accordance with present-day tastes or fashions. Social ambitions and the desire for luxury tend in the same direction; extravagance grows as facilities and attractive articles multiply. Along with these factors is the desire for ease and luxury which accompanies the accumulation of wealth, a result of the fact that pleasure is more attractive than pain—that enjoyment is preferred to effort; hence the number of the unemployed increases and the amount of effort made for satisfying human wants diminishes."

When Pigs Fetched But Four Pence

"AN IMPORTANT factor of the present situation, as affecting the high cost of living, is the rapidly growing cost of government—national, state and municipal. In case the proceeds derived from taxation are applied to essential improvements, naturally no waste would accrue; but there are, nevertheless, substantial differences between public and private enterprise. The former is managed with a less degree of care and supervision. Given a certain object, the expense of securing it by public management is usually greater than under private control.

"In addition to this, think of the enormous burden of military and naval armaments, now amounting, in the more civilized nations, to two billions a year—an economic waste which imposes an almost unendurable burden upon the world's resources. Again, in prosperous times a disposition to indulge in excess and unwise undertakings is manifest both in public and private expenditures.

"In this connection it must be stated that the inequality of the supplies of raw material requisite for human needs is a prominent factor in the situation. The lumber supply of the United States, which at one time seemed abundant and even inexhaustible, in view of the great demand for buildings, furniture, implements, and so on, has been diminished to such an extent as to threaten an early exhaustion. Perhaps the wisest policy would have suggested that the state limit the cutting of timber and require that new forests be planted. However that may be, the diminishing supply of timber in the face of unusual demand has caused a rapid increase in the price of products of the forest, the advance from 1900 to 1910 being the greatest of any single class. A comparison of the figures prepared by the Bureau of Commerce shows that between 1900 and 1910 the wholesale prices of woodenware and furniture increased about twenty per cent."

Senator Burton then told how there had always been periods of increasing prices. The following ancient history, I think, is intensely interesting, especially the dialogue given below stating the reasons for the rise of prices in 1549, which coincide so perfectly with the reasons given today:

"There have been illustrations of the increase in prices in the history of progressive countries. According to Böckh, in the time of Solon an ox in Athens cost five drachmas, or nearly 3 shillings; a sheep, one drachma; a bushel and three gallons of corn, one drachma. Two hundred years later the prices rose to five times and in many cases to ten or twenty times their former amount. The quantity of money was increased by the spoil obtained by successful military operations and by the development of mining in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Attica itself, and in Thrace and the island of Thesos. In Rome it is more difficult to trace the changes in prices of food. Corn was sometimes exacted as a tribute from conquered countries and sold by the state at less than cost, and occasionally given away. The increase of prices was particularly rapid after the concentration of the chief mining industry in the hands of the Roman government. Cattle increased in price as well as corn. About 400 B. C., sheep sold for seven pence three farthings. At the date of the Christian era the price was twenty-five shillings. After the Carthaginian Wars, the Romans acquired the valuable mines of their enemies in the western part of Africa—also in Sicily, Sardinia and the south of Spain. A few years later the mines of Greece and Asia Minor came into the possession of the Romans; still later the mines of Macedonia and Thrace. In their later conquests special effort was made to acquire supplies of the precious metals.

"In the year 1581 a dialogue was printed, attributed to one 'W. S.,' probably William Smith, entitled A Discourse of the Common Weal of This Realm of England. The participants in the dialogue are a knight or owner of land, supposed to be Mr. Thomas Hales; a doctor of divinity, who, it is conjectured, was Bishop Hugh Latimer; a husbandman; a tenant farmer; a merchant; a mercer; and a capper. An enterprising publisher in the year 1751 republished this dialogue and, basing the authorship on the initials W. S., assigned it to William Shakspere, a manifest effort to obtain a greater sale by deceit. The real date of the dialogue, as appears from more recent investigation, was the year 1549. In this old pamphlet each ascribed to the occupation of the other the responsibility for the existing situation.

"Views are expressed upon the benefits of protective tariffs against foreign products, upon the balance of trade, upon the exactions of the middleman and upon the increase in rents of agricultural land. One of the characters expresses the opinion that avarice is the cause of high prices. Another mentions the great increase in the cost of necessary articles. One of them says: 'Within these eight years you could buy the best pig or goose that I could lay my hands upon for four pence which now costs me eight pence, and a good capon for three pence or four, a chicken for a penny, a hen for two, which will now cost me double the money; and it is likewise of the great ware, as of mutton and of beef.' It was maintained in this discussion that price determined rent and not rent price. The husbandman conceded that if he were commanded to sell his wheat and other products at the old price he would have enough to pay his landlord as in times past; but he says that he must buy iron, salt, tar and pitch, all of which brought a higher price than formerly. One cause of the increase of prices which is pointed out in this dialogue is the clipping of coin, which caused the good coins to go abroad for use in foreign trade. There were, however, more universal causes than this.

"Bodin, a French political philosopher, in the last half of the sixteenth century, states as an undoubted fact that there had been a revolution in prices. He gives six reasons for it: 1—The great abundance of gold and silver, which resulted in a decrease in its purchasing power. 2—The monopolies of the guild and of the tax farmers. 3—The ease with which wine and corn—the chief products of France at that time—might be exported, thus increasing the price at home. 4—The extravagance of the court. 5—The general leisure in the community. 6—The debasement of money, a practice which was prevalent in France at that time."

The Price the People Pay

I ASKED Senator Burton: "What of the influence of the so-called trusts and the tariff on prices?" He referred to his speech of the day before wherein he said:

"It is clear that complete monopoly or preponderant control of the market in the production or sale of any particular commodity affords opportunity to increase its price. The same result is apparent when separate producers maintain an agreement or understanding as to prices. On the other hand, the superior economy and efficiency of large-scale operations materially diminish the cost of production and, even more, of distribution, and should therefore tend to decrease prices. For this reason, the concentration of industrial and commercial enterprises is a legitimate phase of business evolution. It must be said, however, with equal emphasis, that thus far the general public has not experienced in reduced prices the benefit to which it is entitled because of the increased economy and efficiency resulting from great combinations. If the people do not receive their proper share of the benefits strict control, beginning with greater publicity and ending, perhaps, with the regulation of prices, is the inevitable outcome. Certain it is that large-scale operations have come to stay. If they cannot be successfully regulated it is probable that state ownership will be adopted in preference to a return of the old régime of smaller, competing units.

"In a majority of cases the statistics of prices do not bear out the assertion that the establishment of large corporations has always caused an exceptional increase in the cost to the consumer. In many instances the higher prices are due—in part at least—to the greater expense of obtaining raw materials or to the increased labor and obsolescence charges to which all concerns of whatever magnitude are alike subjected. In the table prepared by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, to which reference has been made, it appears that, among over eighty enumerated articles purchased by the farmer, there were only three the cost of which diminished between the years 1899 and 1909. Two of these are comparatively unimportant; the third is coal oil, which fell from 15.1 cents a gallon in 1899 to 14.2 cents in 1909. There were also substantial reductions in the prices of various forms of iron and steel in the same period; though, as already mentioned, those of practically all the agricultural products of the temperate zone increased.

"The rise in the price level cannot be wholly ascribed to tariffs any more than to the trusts, though prices of particular articles may have been increased by them. In answer to those who maintain that the tariff is responsible for the high cost of living in the United States, attention may be called to the admitted fact that the rise in the price level has been universal under free trade as well as under revenue and protective tariffs. In a single newspaper, published at Paris last September, there

"The Desire for Ease and Luxury Which Accompanies the Accumulation of Wealth"

(Concluded on Page 47)

How to Beat the Building Game

Choosing Your House—By Benjamin A. Howes

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

ON THE shores of Long Island Sound there stands among green fields what looks at a distance like a magnificent white and shining mansion. It was built a few years ago after the plans of an all-but-famous architect at a cost which only a multi-millionaire would endure. Go nearer and you will see that the white surface is cracked and apparently moth-eaten, the charming classical decorations crumbling; the present owner will tell you that he has already spent the price of a small house in a vain attempt to repair the disintegrating outer plaster. Within, the great rooms are delightful to look upon, with their polished wood paneling and carved details. What the present owner probably does not dwell on, however, in addition to all his troubles, is that something has only to go a little wrong in the far-flung ramifications of the vast heating-plant or the complicated electric installation, and all this inner beauty will go up in an hour's conflagration.

"We Wanted to Take the Children to the Country"

Not far inland from this truly tragic spectacle you will come upon the small house of a business man on a moderate salary. You will note that the walls are apparently of solid concrete of a not very inviting color or texture, and that here, too, there are traces of cracks and of the devastating effects of water in those cracks. Interview the mistress of the house and she will tell you they had been saving for some years to build a country home, not necessarily for the rest of their lives, but—"We wanted to take the children to the country." They had read much in magazines and newspapers of "the coming concrete house" and had thought it would be just the thing for them. They had bought some stock plans and had been recommended to a contractor by the development company from which they got their land. They had had great difficulty, to be sure, in bringing him anywhere near their limit of cost; but after some rather stormy interviews, as they described it, he had consented to build them the house at a thousand or so more than they could really afford. And now it was leaking and crumbling! Their roof loggia had caved in, rain drove through their nursery; and as for their opinion of concrete—the less said the better!

Materials Not What They Seem

THE judicious reader will understand, of course, what was amiss in both these cases. In neither one had any real thought been expended on what the situation—of place and of money—demanded. In neither one had any effort been made to "choose their house." The millionaire had evidently been carried away, by the delightful design of the enormous house, into putting vast expanses of surface into a material that was bound to disintegrate, no matter how careful the work, in sea-air. Moreover, those exquisite, elaborate Greek capitals had been cast, to save trouble and expense, with a lot of plaster of Paris in the composition—and plaster of Paris melts away in wet weather like dew before the sun. It was his bad judgment and not his lack of knowledge, of course, that was responsible for risking a wooden frame within a rambling palace.

As for the other unfortunate, it was a case of that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. The "coming concrete house" for the single builder—who is at the same time a small builder—is not economical at all, but dear in comparison with other constructions. The clerk had browbeaten his over-eager contractor, who had probably not much knowledge of concrete costs, into too low a price. The contractor had doubtless used the sand and cement and stone that came to hand, without the usual professional tests; had employed his ordinary unskilled laborers and, worst of all, had used too little of the high-priced supervision that is absolutely necessary for good concrete work. The result was the sinking of more money than the owner could afford into a type of structure which, if good of its kind, would have been beyond his needs, but, poorly built, it had become a cruel incubus.

The lesson of these two cases is the obvious one of the absolute need of complete clearness in the mind of the owner as to what he wants his house to be capable of. In these days of copious advice to intending and anxious home-builders, surprisingly little has been put forth of the relative advantages and suitability, to the financial and geographical situations of their prospective owners, of the various materials and types of construction for houses. Yet nothing is of more fundamental importance. If it was suicidal for the millionaire to build in wood it was no less so, in my opinion, for the clerk to build in concrete—real concrete; but no one has told them so. Not long ago a highly popular magazine had a graceful article on the first glimmers of taste—or words to that effect—in American domestic architecture. Not one syllable was said of any relation between a house's situation—including pretension—and its material, or between its material and its architectural type. It was apparently the feeling of the architect-author that such prosaic considerations could be ignored; in fact, the one house unreservedly praised by him as an ideal to be approached by American architects is known to be of most perishable material; and the editor of the department in which the article appeared indignantly repelled the suggestion that any judgment in regard to architecture must take some account of the type of construction.

Even if the type of construction is considered, it is usually only as a question of taste or appearance. The trouble with us Americans is, we are completely hypnotized by names. We speak of a stone or a brick house with bated breath, as of a monumental structure; or proudly of a stucco, tile or concrete house—as though we actually had any idea whatever of what kind of structure those terms denote! The brick house may be a thin veneer on a cheap wooden frame; the stucco, plaster on flimsy wood-lath; the concrete, only the poorest of substances. The real-estate advertisers are careful to leave to the imagination the true inwardness of "Modern cement houses, moisture-proof and vermin-proof!"—"Elegant two-family brick dwelling!"—"A ten-room stucco house for eight thousand dollars"—and so on. Just exactly as well one might speak of "A ten-room paint house," for paint has as much relation to the real construction of the dwelling—and to the effective protection of the surface too—as has stucco. Yet the fine brick house, of unburnable construction, and the real standard concrete house are noble and permanent structures, worthy of all respect. Let us, then, ignore the glib catchword once for all, and learn to look for the real materials of a building, inside as well as outside, and to consider their peculiar properties.

Is your house to be a modest suburban dwelling for your young family to grow up in, or the palatial mansion you dreamed of building when you made your fortune? Do you look forward to making it a family homestead for your grandchildren to come back to, or is it to be just the pretty house to which you wish to be able to ask your friends until you are ready to build "for keeps" farther away from the city when your business is less confining? And do you mean to get your family homestead for twenty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand, or to spend ten thousand or fifty thousand on your halfway house? The range of permutations and combinations between your social intentions and your appropriation is almost unlimited; and a third variable must be added for the place—whether city, suburb, country town, mountains, lakes or shore. It is of the utmost importance to your purse and your comfort, however, to fix on the type of construction most economical in your very special conditions. I cannot pretend to exhaust the subject, but I shall try to suggest the types of buildings which, for the several great groups of home seekers, are truly economical and satisfactory in the long run.

Suppose we begin with the rising salesman, who can venture to spend six to ten thousand dollars for a country home, exclusive of the land. It is a mistake, in my opinion, for such a man to feel that he must build in fireproof construction. Remember that fireproof construction means fireproof interior structure! A plaster surface and asbestos roof would doubtless protect you if a terrible prairie fire, carrying brands on its hot breath, were to sweep your green suburban fields—but not otherwise. The real fire risk, which in nine-tenths of the cases is a matter of electric wires or heating-plants or careless matches, is very small in the little house, where the electric wiring and the heat piping are confined to a small space, and where the nose of the good housewife is always attuned to the smell of smoke.

Many plans and estimates for the small house of hollow tile or concrete exterior are extant in which the floor and partitions are of wood. Needless to say, this construction may be chosen by the owner for its outside appearance or from a desire for novelty; but it should be with the full understanding that, without unburnable floors and partitions, the small hollow-tile house has little advantage over wood as regards fire. The house entirely of hollow tile, including floors, with stucco surface, is attractive, unburnable, and in the neighborhood of New York not so very much more costly than wood—say ten per cent; though in the South or far New England it may run to an increase of forty per cent. If, however, it is a question of sacrificing, say, the best plumbing and heating, extra fireplaces or service conveniences or needed dimensions, I should advise—in a small house—giving up the unburnable quality and getting the extra comforts. The vaunted "no repairing required" of stucco is, of course, advertising license—since the stucco inevitably requires attention in a few years. An acquaintance who has built, for seven thousand dollars, in a Massachusetts town, a well-equipped and roomy shingle house, twenty-five by forty feet in dimensions, assures me that for the fifteen hundred dollars saved by giving up the hollow-tile house he had originally planned on the same lines he has two extra bathrooms, a portable garage and an electric washing-machine!

Advice for the Home Builder

OF THE exterior stucco—cement plaster—on wooden lath, with wood interior, often referred to as "the concrete house," I would say to the small builder: "Stop, look and listen!" In any except the mildest, dryest climate it begins at once to disintegrate. It has no fireproof quality, of course—except against the prairie fire—and has no other advantage over good wood construction; and it is, in fact, much less lasting. It is, indeed, regrettable that, by the careless use of the terms "concrete" and "cement" for these flimsy houses, many people have invested their modest means in the expectation of getting the permanent and indestructible concrete.

The pretty wooden house, well kept up, with its large dimensions, will prove as satisfactory and as salable as any other with an expenditure of under ten thousand dollars. It fills the requirements of a suburban house that is to be lived in almost all the year round, but is not meant for a family homestead of permanence.

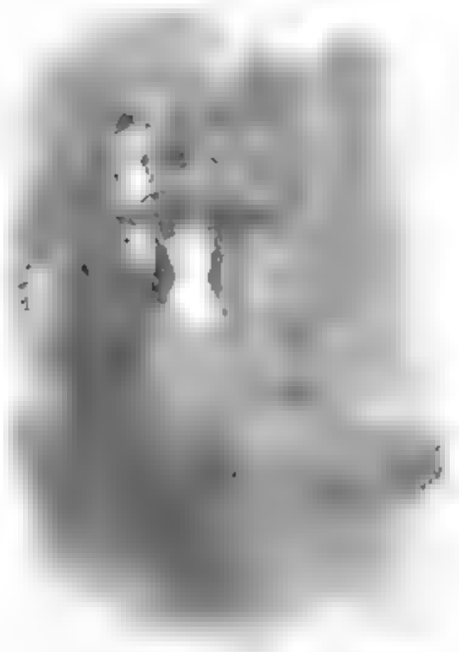
So much for our first set of variables! Suppose, however, you mean to spend up to ten thousand dollars in an entirely different way—say, for a camp in the Adirondacks, by the lake you loved as a boy and courted your wife on and mean to return to for the meditative angling of your declining years—a camp you don't want to have go up in smoke some January night, carrying with it your moose-heads and your fishing rods, and all your other *souvenirs de jeunesse!* Well, that camp ought to be built either of rough native stone, with concrete floors, or of rough unfinished concrete—it will be understood that concrete is used in these pages in the correct sense of the mixture of cement, sand, stone and water, cast in a mold or form. Such a structure will not be so very large, but it can be built by an experienced builder, and have good plumbing and heating, for ten thousand dollars; and if so built it will hold tight against the forest fires and winter storms of a hundred years—or more.

By the Lake You Loved as a Boy and Mean to Return To

Even if not built by an experienced builder it may serve. I have in mind the camp of a college professor who was brought up on a farm—that untouchable combination!

He planned his own house and it was partly constructed for him by a local carpenter who had never seen a concrete wall! He did many details himself, and I believe mixed the concrete with his own hands—"With brains, sir!" This camp, however, even though it is of an extraordinary homemadeness in appearance, has many rooms, cost considerably under ten thousand dollars, and will be a joy forever to the numerous children of the family.

To the person prepared to spend from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, my counsel will be quite otherwise. Such builders fall, on the whole, into two classes: First to be considered is the prosperous business man who expects to make a permanent home in a pretty "residence center." This man will want all the conveniences for his wife and servants: plenty of electrical devices, heat in every room, a garage near by. He will collect good books, will run to old mahogany, will expect to plant his affections in the garden and by the fireside. To such a man, entire permanence of material and all but complete fire protection will be a necessity. To him I should say, build a house of brick exterior in the new soft textures—or, if in a convenient locality, of the picturesque native stone—with hollow-tile interior structure and asbestos shingle or tile roof. A semi-fireproof possibility would be one story of concrete, with concrete floors, with wood above, and a tile roof. When hollow-tile interior structure is referred to, the use of the usual so-called "combination floor" of hollow tile in reënforced concrete is always to be understood; in fact there is no economical way of building an unburnable floor without reënforced concrete; and this "combination floor" is the most practical for any unburnable house that is not of reënforced concrete throughout.



Fires Start Mostly in the Kitchen and in Closets, and Mount in the Hollow Walls

Such a house, of the soft-texture brick, thirty by fifty feet in dimensions, was lately built in a good Long Island suburb for fifteen thousand dollars. It has a veranda and a roof loggia, with a fireplace, a small reception room, living room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor; four bedrooms, library and a bath on the second floor; and one bedroom and bath, with an attic and place for another servant's room, on the third. The owner has strong views on devices for easy living and the house is arranged so that the work for four persons may be done by one servant. *Terrazzo* floors, requiring no attention, are laid over the "combination"; the trim is hardwood—oak, cherry and birch—varnished in a dull finish—no cleaning of paint! There is a clothes chute from the top floor to the laundry in the basement, where there are two set tubs and a washing-machine and wringer, run by electric motor, in the place of the usual third tub. A combination gas-and-coal range and electric irons complete a very satisfactory equipment for saving labor.

Stucco, Concrete and Cement

A THOROUGHLY permanent fireproof house of this kind, of approximately forty by fifty feet in dimensions, ought to be built, including all domestic equipment, in the neighborhood of New York, for twenty thousand dollars. It should be said that all the figures I have given include all those necessary items of equipment which in a previous article I advised including in the building specifications.

In the second great group, with an appropriation of ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, should be put both the man who is setting up, more or less consciously, the halfway house in his upward career, and the man of wealth who is building a dainty country house for temporary occupation. These regard the expenditure less as a permanent investment than as an outlay to be largely absorbed and justified by the pleasure they get out of the house during occupancy. Such houses are in no need of the most expensive and permanent construction, though they should be reasonably protected from fire. For the country house—the play house pure and simple—plenty of bedroom space, large and airy rooms and general freshness of aspect, with little fire risk, are the essentials. Probably the greatest dimensions involving these essentials can be secured for a given sum in a structure of exterior stucco on metal lath and interior plaster on metal lath, care being taken that the wooden frame be more substantial than is customary, and that the plaster be one that conserves the metal and contains no disintegrating elements.

An example of this type, whose owner will occupy it only a part of the year for a few weeks at a time with a gay party of young people, was built not far from New York. It was of stucco on metal lath exterior and interior—of irregular shape, but covering about three thousand square feet, and cost twenty-five thousand dollars. It had a den and laundry on the first floor in addition to the usual living and service rooms; seven bedrooms and three bathrooms on the second floor, and four servants' rooms, with bath, on the third floor. In New England it could have been built for about twenty-two thousand dollars, and in some parts of the South, where no cellar and little heating is required, for seventeen thousand dollars.

The owner was anxious that the firestops be carefully looked to, though he did not wish to go to the expense of entirely unburnable construction. The insurance companies tell us that fires start mostly in the kitchen and in closets, and mount in the hollow walls. Therefore the hollow space behind every baseboard was filled a foot deep with cinders mixed with a little cement and water in the proportion of ten to one—just enough to keep the cinders from sifting through. Sand mixed with cement in the same way, or mineral wool, would have done as well. This was to prevent the upward rush of flames. Besides this, the cellar ceiling and places about the heating-plant were plastered with Portland-cement mortar on metal lath, and all electric-light wires were run in metal conduits, with standard outlet boxes. As a finishing touch a fading slate roof was added as an additional precaution.

The exterior stucco was carefully painted. Experimental tests have lately established that if the stucco is rich enough in cement to keep water from rusting the metal lath it is of a consistency that inevitably expands and contracts in changes of weather—and cracks; though if "lean" enough not to crack water drives straight through it—that is, no matter how good the workmanship, stucco on metal lath cannot stand bad weather unless kept protected by a coat of paint; sometimes by a paint made of Portland cement, which cracks, indeed—but all over, infinitesimally—so that water is kept out. With such protection, such a house as I have described will do very well for a term of years—for a good-sized home, which is to represent expenditure, not permanent investment.

The halfway house owner, though not intending to build for all time, will make his house a home while he lives in it, and will require complete safety for his Lares and Penates. He will probably get the most for his money, under the circumstances, in an exterior of stucco on hollow tile or cheap brick, with a hollow-tile interior. In the neighborhood of New York an entire hollow-tile house, forty-five by fifty feet, can be built for a little over twenty thousand dollars—that is, under ordinary conditions the owner can reckon that he will pay nine dollars a square foot of ground dimensions for this construction, including all equipment. The aspect of these houses is very fresh and attractive for some years, though it should be understood that stucco comes off of brick quite as freely as off of metal lath. Water gets in behind the stucco surface sooner or later; and, with resulting expansion, followed by contraction, augmented, of course, where frosts occur, the coating cracks and peels. The effects of dampness on stucco over brick or stone are strikingly shown in the famous cemeteries of New Orleans, as is also the case in many buildings about that city; but for houses to be enjoyed for a limited term such comparative lack of durability will not matter.

Above twenty-five thousand dollars, the problem becomes more complicated as the possibilities of construction open out. The reader may have been surprised that up to this point little has been said of reënforced concrete as a material for houses. That is because, except under unusual conditions, the economies of this material do not appear under an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars. The expert knowledge involved in the proper control of sand and cement—in the choice of proportions, in the mixing, the design of steel reënforcement, the laying of the concrete and the finish of the surface—make imperative a professional direction of the job. Professional service is too heavy a charge on a small operation, however, which is the reason why it is not at all economical to build the individual modest house of concrete. In view of this undoubted fact, it is regrettable that reputable journals continue to publish—to the hurt and disappointment of countless small homebuilders—such absurd statements as the following: "The monolithic concrete method lends itself admirably to the small house and many schemes have been devised for the speedy and economical erection of them. They are but little more expensive than a frame house."

The lack of this professional knowledge in the builder is what has occasioned most of the erroneous impressions about concrete. Nine-tenths of the people I meet ask me of the concrete house: "But isn't it damp—or porous—or cold in winter?" and so on. Now, first, the concrete wall needs furring—or lining—just as much as any brick or stone wall. No properly built house of brick or stone is without an air space between the wall and the surface which receives the plaster. Today this space is provided by the usual furring of hollow tile, which prevents the cold of the outer wall striking through and causing the moisture of the warm air within to condense on its surface; but the early experimenters in concrete often failed to provide this necessary lining, with the result that in very cold weather the walls appeared to be damp. The standard six-inch concrete wall, furred, is just like any other masonry wall.

Let the Wealthy Owner Beware of Lining His Unburnable House With Inflammable Decorations!

Porosity, on the other hand, is a mark of poor concrete—the result either of poor cement, or of wrong proportions in the mixing, or careless laying. In New England, in New York and New Jersey are watertanks in the interior of concrete houses which contain up to five thousand gallons—and with no waterproofing. The man who feels that he must put on his concrete surface one of the so-called "waterproofing mixtures" thereby confesses that his concrete is of faulty workmanship. The fact is that concrete which is up to professional standards is completely water tight. It may not be generally known that the National Association of Cement Users, the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Society for Testing Materials have worked out very detailed standards of quality in cement, sand and gravel, of mixtures, and of methods of finish, which rival in exactness the engineering formulas for steel construction.

A Cured Patient Better Than a Cheap Funeral

OVER twenty-five thousand dollars, however, the professional element engaged for building sinks to a reasonable proportion of the cost, and the other great economies emerge. What is so widely published of concrete—and unfortunately also believed of stucco "cement"—that it requires no repairs, grows stronger with the years, can be flushed out with water, is a non-conductor of heat and electricity—is all true. The surface is not absolutely untouched by weather unless it is finished "exposed"—that is, with the surface cement scrubbed out to show the component of stone; but such a surface is absolutely indestructible.

Good construction in concrete, at the twenty-five-thousand to thirty-thousand-dollar level and over, costs approximately the same as good brick unburnable construction, reckoned at about ten dollars a square foot, including equipment. It is difficult to make this comparison, because the "good brick construction" of common parlance is not fireproof, but has timber frame and floors, and is, of course, not really good for a large investment. It is far better to stand the extra cost of fire protection, for "a cured patient is better than a cheap funeral."

Only let the wealthy owner beware of lining his unburnable house with inflammable decorations! In insurance

(Concluded on Page 79)

Do You Look Forward to Making It a Family Homestead for Your Grandchildren to Come Back To?

MY FRIEND TAGLIALATELA

A Study in Protection for Revenue Only

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MY FRIEND Fortunato C. Taglialatela, G. di Candia, a young married man by the name Annibale Gallo—which is called by good friends Cornu—and certainly also myself, make all of us together association in business that we would give protection to poor Calabrese barber shop or bootblack stand.

This Cornu is ignorant fellow, but certainly with very good ideas, like to write letter to poor Calabrese that he will please pay at earliest convenience fifty or a hundred dollars, as the case may be, otherwise look out—signed, "Yours truly, *La Mano Nera*"—signature in red ink.

My Friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela Certainly, Too, Plays Very Good Mandolin

Also my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is a swell dresser and certainly, too, plays very good mandolin on six mandolins, three of which are inlaid tortoise-shell of most expensive make, because my friend Taglialatela once works in music store on the street Via Toledo just near the Liceo Vittorio Emanuele, of which I am graduate Faculty of Commerce.

So my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela goes to get hair cut or shine, as the case may be, and says to poor Calabrese: "Myself I am from Province Cosenza, and is it not a shame this Sicilian Black Hand?" and otherwise acts sympathetic, until poor Calabrese admits he is in receipt of our communication of the thirtieth ulto and contents noted. Then my friend Taglialatela says: "I know well the black hand, and do not be afraid because I and my friends will protect you; and please pay us at your earliest convenience twenty-five or fifty dollars, as the case may be, which is clear example of saving one-half."

Poor Calabrese says: "In what manner you protect me?" And then my friend Taglialatela calls in G. di Candia from waiting outside for that purpose.

G. di Candia is ignorant but honest fellow, for some time in employ of well-known cannon concern, Armstrong & Co., Bagnoli, and possesses very good health, arms, chest, and so forth. On arrival in this country two years ago he becomes prizefighter, as misguided friends so advise him, because before leaving Bagnoli he splitted with the naked hand skull of Armstrong & Co. foreman in wagon-loading department, by name Felice Barone. But if one chooses opponents an inexperienced foreman in wagon-loading department is some thing and Irish prizefighter is another, so G. di Candia makes with us association in business.

My friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela then presents to poor Calabrese this G. di Candia and says: "Have confidence that if you will pay us twenty-five or fifty dollars we will protect you, because in case otherwise this gentleman here will tear your heart out."

Poor Calabrese regards only once the physique of this G. di Candia, and he makes haste to secure our protection upon terms: Net cash, so that my friend Taglialatela, this Cornu, G. di Candia and certainly myself make division of profits weekly, one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, as the case may be.

For my part I am content that this is so, as it was my custom to be bookkeeper and domestic and foreign correspondent in fine oil and Italian produce establishment G. Dagnino, Negri & Co., in which Mr. Dagnino, a man of high temper, accuses me I do not come out by sixteen dollars the same like G. Dagnino, Negri & Co.'s cash register. I am making mathematical demonstration to Mr. Dagnino that this is not so, ending by Mr. Dagnino to kick me into the street.

"Why kick me, my dear Mr. Dagnino?" I protest. "Why not kick cash register?"

"A cash register is not a liar and a thief," Mr. Dagnino says to me, but Mr. Dagnino is deluded with modernism, since the amount was not sixteen dollars, but one hundred and sixteen.

Allora I become associate in business with my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela and the others, of which I am domestic correspondent and bookkeeper, but without cash register, as between intimates like my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, this Cornu and me, there is no need of cash register—one deals fair with the other—and as for G. di Candia, he is accustomed to very small wages, so that there is no kick from him.

Who knows we would still be associated together, except one night last March, this Cornu, G. di Candia and certainly also myself are sitting in our rendezvous, the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio, when who shall enter but my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela with best tortoise-shell inlaid mandolin.

"I invite you," he says, "to make visit to the second annual prize musical festival Circolo Salvatore Gustaldon, at the Hall of the Three Abruzzi, White Plains Road and Two Hundred and Seventy-second Street."

But Cornu shakes his head.

"Too much far away," he says. Because he has heard many times and certainly myself, too, the *repertorio* of my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, which it is mediumly extensive, but by repetitions we know it by the heart.

"What is the matter with you?" my friend Taglialatela asks this Cornu. "Always you are walking from Torre del Greco to the Piedi Grotto for less music than this."

"For something new, yes," this Cornu says; "but for Sea Waltz and *Musica Proibita*, no."

"This is not a *stornello popolare* I am to play there," my friend Taglialatela says, and he unpacks mandolin. "This is something American and to me quite new."

My friend Taglialatela then takes pick and strikes a big chord on the mandolin.

"Wait," says this Cornu. "Is it that you are beginning to play this American *tempo di straccio*—this ragtime—because ——"

Here this Cornu makes gesture with the back of the hand beneath the chin, equivalent to the word *basta*.

"Certainly not," my friend Taglialatela says. "It is a song like Addio Bella Napoli—a sad song. It is like this. It's about a fellow says it makes not difference if you are in Argentina or New York, there's no place like Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, if you come from one of these places. Also you would be living here in a swell hotel, and over in the old country you was living in a rotten little place like Poggiomarino or Boscotrecase, yet you are more stuck on them two holes like you are on New York."

This Cornu Makes Trial of His Abilities in Interviewing Poor Calabrese

"You bet my life!" G. di Candia says, and strikes his chest.

"And what is the name of this song?" says this Cornu.

"Home Sick Home," says Taglialatela.

"Go ahead and let us have it," says this Cornu, and right away my friend Taglialatela plays this Home Sick Home, which is to person of my experienced taste a melody ordinary enough, and I am free to confess finds me without emotion. But this Cornu and G. di Candia are ignorant fellows, and on the contrary from me they weep. Doubtless if my friend Taglialatela makes explanation that this Home Sick Home is a fellow saying how slick is America and how rotten is Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, this Cornu and G. di Candia do not weep, but laugh; for it is splendid example of *psicologia suggestiva*, as would say my old preceptor, Dr. Oreste Novelli, who is a person of unusual sagacity, and as I at last discovered always kept his money in his upper waistcoat pocket, which the same is provided with a button for that purpose.

Once more and twice my friend Taglialatela plays this Home Sick Home, until this Cornu and G. di Candia get red eyes just for same like trachoma, and then we go up to Three Abruzzi Hall. When we get there the prize contest is already begun with a big fellow called Annibale Bove plays a selection Star of the Sea Waltz, by G. Pina, which I am forced to say he does in an artistic way and superior to my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela. It is done also amid the great applause of a large audience and much to the satisfaction of the judge of the contest, Professor Donato Esposito, late first contrabassist of the Teatro Bellini. But after my friend Taglialatela finishes this Home Sick Home, although G. di Candia and this Cornu weep, they do not forget to make certain gestures, which to person of timid disposition such as Professor Donato Esposito has significance to penetrate left intercostal muscles with knife or stiletto, as the case may be.

Every Once in a While He Gives Him the End of the Stiletto

So my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is in receipt of first prize, a gold badge in shape of a mandolin, which Professor Donato Esposito pins on to him.

"Wear it with honor," the professor says, looking at G. di Candia, who still makes gestures above denoted. "I have got wife and six little children in Mount Vernon."

And then he walks down fire-escape to avoid this Annibale Bove and friends, who wait patiently at front door. Ourselves we are not afraid because with G. di Candia they would not fool, so we are going back to Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio just for celebrating the victory.

"And where do you learn this melody?" G. di Candia asks.

"It is taught to me," my friend Taglialatela answers, "by young lady with the name Giovannina Ralli."

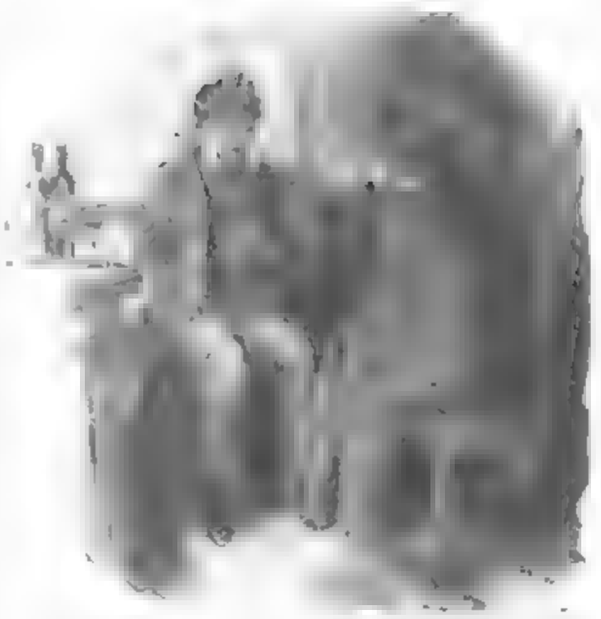
"Ralli!" this Cornu says. "Is it that she is by chances relation to Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino?*"

"Perhaps," says my friend Taglialatela. "Why not?"

Then he blushes, which it is modestly because Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino* is so rich that to be a friend to his relation is not without its honor or advantages.

Howsoever, a week later my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela is suspicious by his absence, he not being at our rendezvous for two days, in which consequence myself I am obliged to make visit to certain poor Calabrese bootblack stand with resulting violence to myself. Nor is it any use I am signaling G. di Candia to my assistance, as he recognizes poor Calabrese bootblack to be Gaetano Pisciotta, alias Young Hartigan, and so G. di Candia lets on he don't know me by kicking me in the legs. This he afterward explains becomes very necessary, as Gaetano Pisciotta is of powerful build and medium-weight champion of East Morrisania.

So I am feeling certainly very sore at my friend Taglialatela, and especially as two weeks goes by and he is not showed up yet. In the meantime this Cornu makes trial of his abilities in interviewing poor Calabrese, but he does not possess stylish appearance or quality of *benignità* the same like my friend Taglialatela. He comes to the point too quickly, so that at first attempt poor Calabrese barber and wife fall upon him, and despite that he summons G. di Candia the latter is not available, explaining afterward that he does not war on women. Subsequently this Cornu has confidence shaken by poor Calabrese in fruit business, who pulls gun from bag of potatoes, while this Cornu signals, but in vain, to G. di Candia. And from such contretemps G. di Candia also gets a little *sospettoso* and not to be relied upon emergently.



This Cornu and G. di Candia are Ignorant Fellows, and on the Contrary from Me They Weep

Allora business is at standstill and sixes and sevens, we having searched low and high for my friend Taglialatela, but no success, when comes to our rendezvous this Annibale Bove, who fails of the prize in the musical contest Circolo S. Gastaldon.

"Out of compassion for you," he says, "I ask you a question."

"Speak," says this Cornu.

"I ask you," Bove continues, "do you love more your skins or a false friend, a *denunziatore* like Fortunato C. Taglialatela?"

No one makes answer to the question rhetorical, as would say my old preceptor, Dr. Oreste Novelli, except that G. di Candia becomes white in the face.

"Because," Bove further continues, "even now, who knows, the police already seek you."

"The police!" G. di Candia cries in exclamation. He commences to perspire and certainly myself also, but this Cornu only smiles.

"Which is more cowardly," Cornu asks, "to frighten children or to traduce the absent?"

"I am no traducer," Bove says.

"And I am no child," remarks G. di Candia; "but this man looks like he is saying the truth."

"I am saying the truth and I can prove it," says Bove. "I can prove that your friend Taglialatela is betrothed to the daughter of a policeman."

Cornu slaps the table with his hand.

"Then you are indeed a liar," he says, "because Taglialatela himself told me he is friend to Giovannina Ralli, the relative of Generoso Ralli the *Sorrentino*."

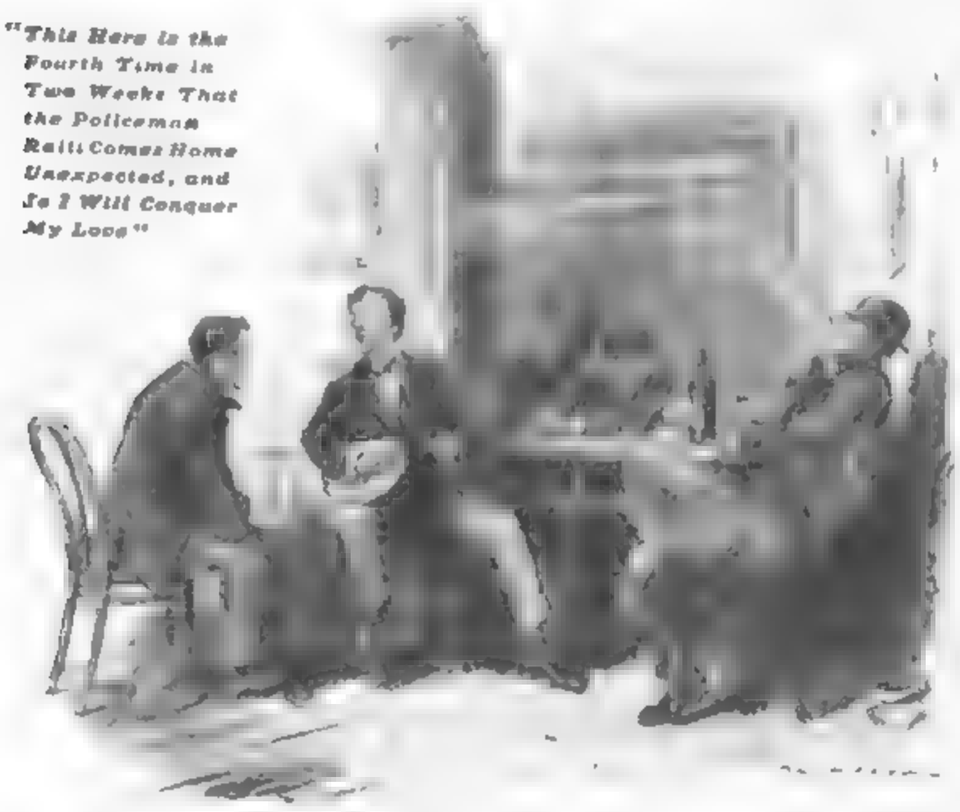
Two, three minutes goes by and Bove says nothing, then he puts back his head and opens his mouth and he laughs aloud—not a bluff laugh, but a laugh that even this Cornu knows it is no fake.

"What are you laughing at?" he says.

"Oho!" he says *finalmente*. "*Che burla!* Not Ralli the *Sorrentino*, but Ralli the *Irlandese*."

"*Irlandese!*" G. di Candia says, and just now I notice for a big strong man he has small weak voice.

"Sure," replies Annibale Bove; "and right now he makes visit at the house of this Ralli, in Two Hundred and Sixty-first Street, near the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven & Hartford, which up there it is very dark and lonely." He looks at the clock on top of the bar. "And," he finishes, without looking to see how we take it, "if you start now you just got time to meet him as he comes out of the house."



"This Here is the Fourth Time in Two Weeks That the Policeman Ralli Comes Home Unexpected, and So I Will Conquer My Love"

Here he makes gesture with reference to my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela, the same as above described, having significance to penetrate left intercostal muscles with knife or stiletto, as the case might be.

This Cornu and me we look at G. di Candia, but Di Candia he only sweats some more.

"Why do you look at me?" he says at last.

Then Cornu points to me.

"Him and me is the brains, Di Candia," he replies, "and the brains don't do the dirty work."

"Besides," I says, "Taglialatela is my friend, and what is one more to you? There is already the foreman, Felice Barone."

"That was in Italy, and this is America," G. di Candia says. "In this uncivilized country all are pigs and have no mercy, so that if one plays the man for vengeance it is the same like killing for money. They take you quick and burn you alive with electricity."

"But who is to know that you did it?" Cornu argues with him. "Our friend here tells you it is dark up there."

"Surely," Di Candia says. "And what is it to you that I wait there two hours in the cold? In Italy it is the climate for an ambush—pleasant, soft and fragrant with orange blossoms—but here in America what is it? I freeze to death before Taglialatela comes."

He shivered when he thought of it.

"Also," he says, "Taglialatela has a pistol. One slip and where am I?"

Then this Cornu he is pulling from back pocket a rattail file which is made fine and sharp and pointed at the end.

"What difference to you if you get it there or if you get it here?" he says, and taps the table with the file, for by this time also Cornu is just for same opinion like myself that G. di Candia is big *poltrone*. But even so he ain't such big *poltrone* like Annibale Bove, which he turns white similar to snow.

"No, no," he says, "what is use you make trouble here?" Because he knows when trouble comes in the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio is always the lights put out, and the next day it is only known who is killed, not who kills.

"Suggest then a better plan to make this coward hold," says Cornu, and G. di Candia jumps to the middle of the room.

"Who says I am coward?" he shouts, and Bove he shakes himself, so scared he at once becomes.

"My dear *cavaliere*," he says, with his hands together like he would be praying—"My dear *cavaliere*, in the name of my mother and yours, sit down, because of a surety I have good plan for you to kill Taglialatela in secret and in safety."

As for this Cornu, he taps the table some more with his rattail stiletto.

"Sit down, pig," he says smart like *sergente di bersaglieri*, and Di Candia sits down.

"Now what is your plan?" Cornu asks, and Bove swallows his throat to make answer.

"The sofa," he says.

"What sofa?" demanded Cornu.

"The sofa in the house of this Giovannina Ralli," explains Bove. "It is next to the window on the ground floor. The lamp is lighted on the table in the middle and the shade is down. Five, six nights I watch there, and always the shadows come, Taglialatela with his accursed mandolin and Miss Giovannina Ralli. They sit sometimes together, sometimes apart. Sometimes ——"

He stops and swallows some more.

"Sometimes," he says, "they kiss."

Here he looks hard at Di Candia.

"But always there are the shadows," he finishes up. "One shot through the window, *ed addio fratello mio*."

"*Specialmente* a shot from a sawed-off shotgun," Cornu says.

"And the trains on the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven and Hartford nightly they go up and down," Bove tells him. "Slow, heavy freight trains with much noise. When the engine is opposite the house you shoot and nobody hears. So by the time Giovannina comes screaming from the house you are seated between two freight cars, on your way to Boston."

"But what would I do in Boston?" G. di Candia asks.

"Fool!" Cornu shouts. "Can you not jump off in Mount Vernon?"

Then Cornu embraces Bove that he saves our lives, and goes to borrow sawed-off shotgun in order tomorrow night the business will be done.

The next day this Cornu is lending from a certain party, a friend of his, the sawed-off shotgun on excuse to kill rats in a cellar, and so far so good. But although we are sitting two, three hours in the Ristorante Sangue di San Gennaio, Di Candia he ain't showing up; so Cornu and certainly also myself we go look for Di Candia, and just as we come near his house who do we meet but Di Candia, with portmanteau in his hand.

"Where are you going with the portmanteau?" asks this Cornu, and Di Candia he gets pretty red.

"What's a matter with you?" he says. "Could I go to Boston without portmanteau?"

Well, it looks like Di Candia is just for making to run away to Italy, so this Cornu he puts his hand in coat pocket and he sticks the end of the rattail stiletto through the cloth and leans like it is an accident up against G. di Candia, which certainly G. di Candia feels the same penetrating intercostal muscles to some extent and jumps about two feet.

"Di Candia, you are a ——" says this Cornu, using an expression which even between intimate friends one friend is liable to kill the other; "and," Cornu says, "you would go *più lontano di* Boston, if you don't come right along with us."

So the rest of the day Cornu sticks close to Di Candia, and every once in a while he gives him the end of the

It Seems to Me There Never Was Such Music Like Home Sick Home

stiletto, just half an inch to three-quarters to keep his spirits up, and that night eight o'clock G. Di Candia, this Cornu and certainly also myself, we meet by appointment Annibale Bove in a *trattoria* on the White Plains Road.

This Cornu holds the sawed-off shotgun wrapped up in his overcoat, having first inserted in the muzzle some nails, some bullets and a ten-cent piece of silver with holes in it for luck. So we sit down in this little *trattoria*, and certainly we drink two glasses each strong *vino di Capri*, while Cornu tries some more to put a little heart into Di Candia.

"Listen, Di Candia," he says. "You are a young man. Your whole life is before you. Some day you would marry, you would return to Italy, for this affair of the foreman in Bagnoli will die down and you could go back in honor and without fear. But if this dog Taglialatela informs on us, what then? It will be ten years at the least before they let us out. For ten years, Di Candia, you will see not Ischia the Beautiful, not the smiling Golfo di Napoli, but the stones and iron of Singusing. Think of your mother, Di Candia, and of mine."

Di Candia is saying nothing, but cries—even myself I am affected—and so at this the appropriate moment Cornu places tenderly in Di Candia's arm the overcoat with the shotgun inside.

"Use it with honor, Di Candia, and now let us go."

As we are starting to leave, Di Candia and Bove being already in the street, the *ostessa* behind the counter looks up.

"Pay first," she says, "then go."

"Did we not pay?" Cornu asks, for in the excitement of the day he is genuinely forgetting did he pay or not. But the *ostessa* she thinks it is funny business.

"Felice!" she shouts, and comes downstairs a man as much larger than Di Candia as Di Candia is bigger than me.

"What is this?" he says in a voice to shake the windows.

"A mistake," Cornu answers and puts down the money. "We return soon and drink some more."

Then the big man laughs, and we follow Di Candia and Bove to the street, which we walk two blocks up and across a whole lot of fields under trees to the *ferrovia* New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Everything is just for same like Annibale Bove says. There stands the house and the windows on the side, and

(Continued on Page 56)

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THE afternoon sun was hot, and when the drove began to descend the long wooded hill we could hardly keep them out of the timber. We were bringing in our stock cattle. We had been on the road since daybreak and the cattle were tired. Abner was behind the drove and I was riding the line of the wood. The mare under me knew as much about driving cattle as I did, and between us we managed to keep the steers in the road; but finally a bullock broke away and plunged down into the deep wood. Abner called to me to turn all the cattle into the grove on the upper side of the road and let them rest in the shade while we got the runaway steer out of the underbrush. I turned the drove in among the open oak trees, left my mare to watch them and went on foot down through the underbrush. The long hill descending to the river was unfenced wood grown up with thickets. I was perhaps three hundred yards below the road when I lost sight of the steer, and got up on a stump to look.

I did not see the steer, but in a thicket beyond me I saw a thing that caught my eye. The bushes had been cut out, the leaves trampled, and there was a dogwood fork driven into the ground. About fifty feet away there was a steep bank and below it a horse path ran through the wood.

The thing savored of mystery. All round was a dense tangle of thicket, and here, hidden at a point commanding the horse path, was this cleared spot with the leaves trampled and the forked limb of a dogwood driven into the ground. I was so absorbed that I did not know that Abner had ridden down the hill behind me until I turned and saw him sitting there on his great chestnut gelding, looking over the dense bushes into the thicket.

He got down out of his saddle, parted the bushes carefully and entered the thicket. There was a hollow log lying beyond the dogwood fork. Abner put his hand into the log and drew out a gun. It was a bright, new, one-barreled fowling-piece—a muzzle-loader, for there were no breech-loaders in that country then. Abner turned the gun about and looked it over carefully. The gun was evidently loaded, because I could see the cap shining under the hammer. Abner opened the brass plate on the stock, but it contained only a bit of new tow and the implement, like a corkscrew, which fitted to the ramrod and held the tow when one wished to clean the gun. It was at this moment that I caught sight of the steer moving in the bushes and I leaped down and ran to head him off, leaving Abner standing with the gun in his hands.

When I got the steer out and across the road into the drove Abner had come up out of the wood. He was in the saddle, his clenched hand lay on the pommel.

I was afraid to ask Abner questions when he looked like that, but my curiosity overcame me.

"What did you do with the gun, Uncle Abner?"

"I put it back where it was," he said.

"Do you know who the owner is?"

"I do not know who he is," replied Abner without looking in my direction, "but I know what he is—he is a coward!"

The afternoon drew on. The sun moved toward the far-off chain of mountains. Silence lay on the world. Only the tiny creatures of the air moved with the hum of a distant spinner, and the companies of yellow butterflies, swarming on the road, maneuvered like an army. The cattle rested in the shade of the oak trees and we waited. Abner's chestnut stood like a horse of bronze and I dozed in the saddle.

Shadows were entering the world through the gaps and passes of the mountains when I heard a horse. I stood up in my stirrups and looked.

The horse was traveling the path running through the wood below us. I could see the rider through the trees. He was a grazer whose lands lay westward beyond the wood. In the deep, utter silence I could hear the creak of his saddle-leather. Then suddenly as he rode there was the roar of a gun, and a cloud of powder smoke blotted him out of sight.

In that portentous instant of time I realized the meaning of the things that I had seen there in the thicket. It was an ambush to kill this man! The fork in the ground was to hold the gun-barrel so the assassin could not miss his mark.

And with this understanding came an appalling sense of my Uncle Abner's negligence. He must have known all this when he stood there in the thicket, and when he knew it, why had he left that gun there? Why had he put it back into its hiding-place? Why had he gone his way thus unconcernedly and left this assassin to accomplish his murder? Moreover, this man riding there through the wood was a man whom Abner knew. His house was the very house at which Abner expected to stop this night. We were on our way there!

It was in one of those vast spaces of time that a second sometimes stretches over that I put these things together and jerked my head toward Abner, but he sat there without the tremor of a muscle.

The next second I saw the frightened horse plunging in the path and I looked to see its saddle empty, or the rider reeling with the blood creeping through his coat, or some ghastly thing that clutched and swayed. But I did not see it. The rider sat firmly in his saddle, pulled up the horse, and, looking idly about him, rode on. He believed the gun had been fired by some hunter shooting squirrels.

"Oh," I cried, "he missed!"

But Abner did not reply. He was standing in his stirrups searching the wood.

"How could he miss, Uncle Abner," I said, "when he was so near to the path and had that fork to rest his gun-barrel in? Did you see him?"

It was some time before Abner answered, and then his reply was to my final query.

The Gun Was Loaded, Because I Could See the Cap Shining Under the Hammer

"I did not see him," he said deliberately. "He somehow must have slipped away through the thicket."

That was all he said, and for a good while he was silent, drumming with his fingers on the pommel of his saddle and looking out over the distant treetops.

The sun was touching the mountains before Abner began to move the drove. We got the cattle out of the wood and started the line down the long hill. The road forked at the bottom of the hill—one branch of it, the main road, went on to the house of the grazer with whom we had expected to spend the night and the other turned off through the wood.

I was astonished when Abner turned the drove into this other road, but I said nothing, for I presently understood the reason for this change of plans. One could hardly accept the hospitality of a man when he had negligently stood by to see him murdered.

In half a mile the road came out into the open. There was a big new house on a bit of rising land and, below, fields and meadows. I did not know the crossroad, but I knew this place. The man, Dillworth, who lived here had been sometime the clerk of the county court. He had got this land, it was said, by taking advantage of a defective record, and he had now a suit in chancery against the neighboring grazers for the land about him. He had built this great new house, in pride boasting that it would sit in the center of the estate that he would gain. I had heard this talked about—this boasting, and how one of the grazers had sworn before the courthouse that he would kill Dillworth on the day that the decree was entered. I knew in what esteem Abner held this man and I wondered that he should choose him to stay the night with.

When we first entered the house and while we ate our supper Abner had very little to say, but after that, when we had gone with the man out on to the great porch that overlooked the country, Abner changed—I think it was when he picked up the county newspaper from the table. Something in this paper seized on his attention and he examined it with care. It was a court notice of the sale of lands for delinquent taxes, but the paper had been torn and only half of the article was there. Abner called our host's attention to it.

"Dillworth," he said, "what lands are included in this notice?"

"Are they not there?" replied the man.

"No," said Abner, "a portion of the newspaper is gone. It is torn off at a description of the Jenkins' tract"—and he put his finger on the line and showed the paper to the man——"What lands follow after that?"

"I do not remember the several tracts," Dillworth answered, "but you can easily get another copy of the newspaper. Are you interested in these lands?"

"No," said Abner, "but I am interested in this notice."

Then he laid the newspaper on the table and sat down in a chair. And then it was that his silence left him and he began to talk.

Abner looked out over the country.

"This is fine pasture land," he said.

I Saw the Frightened Horse Plunging in the Path

Dillworth moved forward in his chair. He was a big man with a bushy chestnut beard, little glimmering eyes and a huge body.

"Why, Abner," he said, "it is the very best land that a beef steer ever cropped the grass on."

"It is a corner of the lands that Daniel Davisson got in a grant from George the Third," Abner continued. "I don't know what service he rendered the crown, but the pay was princely—a man would do king's work for an estate like this."

"King's work he would do," said Dillworth, "or hell's work. Why, Abner, the earth is rich for a yard down. I saw old Hezekiah Davisson buried in it, and the shovels full of earth that the negroes threw on him were as black as their faces, and the sod over that land is as clean as a woman's hair. I was a lad then, but I promised myself that I would one day possess these lands."

"It is a dangerous thing to covet the possessions of another," said Abner. "King David tried it and he had to do—what did you call it, Dillworth?—'hell's work.'"

"And why not," replied Dillworth, "if you get the things you want by it?"

"There are several reasons," said Abner, "and one is that it requires a certain courage. Hell's work is heavy work, Dillworth, and the weakling who goes about it is apt to fail."

Dillworth laughed. "King David didn't fail, did he?"

"He did not," replied Abner; "but David, the son of Jesse, was not a coward."

"Well," said Dillworth, "I shall not fail either. My hands are not trained to war like his, but they are trained to lawsuits."

"You got this wedge of land on which your house is built by a lawsuit, did you not?" said Abner.

"I did," replied Dillworth; "but if men do not exercise ordinary care they must suffer for that negligence."

"Well," said Abner, "the little farmer who lived here on this wedge suffered enough for his. When you dispossessed him he hanged himself in his stable with a halter."

"Abner," cried Dillworth, "I have heard enough about that. I did not take the man's life. I took what the law gave me. If a man will buy land and not look up the title it is his own fault."

"He bought at a judicial sale," said Abner, "and he believed the court would not sell him a defective title. He was an honest man, and he thought the world was honest."

"He thought wrong," said Dillworth.

"He did," said Abner.

"Well," cried Dillworth, "am I to blame because there is a fool the less? Will the people never learn that the court does not warrant the title to the lands that it sells in a suit in chancery? The man who buys before the courthouse door buys a pig in a poke, and it is not the court's fault if the poke is empty. The judge could not look up the title to every tract of land that comes into his court, nor could the title to every tract be judicially determined in every suit that involves it. To do that, every suit over land would have to be a suit to determine title and every claimant would have to be a party."

"What you say may be the truth," said Abner, "but the people do not always know it."

"They could know it if they would inquire," answered Dillworth; "why did not this man go before the judge?"

"Well," replied Abner, "he has gone before a greater Judge." Abner leaned back in his chair and his fingers rapped on the table.

"The law is not always justice," he said. "Is it not the law that a man may buy a tract of land and pay down the price in gold and enter into the possession of it, and yet, if by inadvertence the justice of the peace omits to write certain words into the acknowledgment of the deed, the purchaser takes no title and may be dispossessed of his lands?"

"That is the law," said Dillworth emphatically; "it is the very point in my suit against these grazers. Old Squire Randolph could not find his copy of Mayo's Guide on the day that the deeds were drawn and so he wrote from memory."

Abner was silent for a moment.

"It is the law," he said, "but is it justice, Dillworth?"

"Abner," replied Dillworth, "how shall we know what justice is unless the law defines it?"

"I think every man knows what it is," said Abner.

"And shall every man set up a standard of his own," said Dillworth, "and disregard the standard that the law sets up? That would be the end of justice."

"It would be the beginning of justice," said Abner, "if every man followed the standard that God gives him."

"But, Abner," replied Dillworth, "is there a court that could administer justice if there were no arbitrary standard and every man followed his own?"

"I think there is such a court," said Abner.

Dillworth laughed.

"If there is such a court it does not sit in Virginia."

Then he settled his huge body in his chair and spoke like a lawyer who sums up his case.

"I know what you have in mind, Abner, but it is a fantastic notion. You would saddle every man with the thing you call a conscience, and let that ride him. Well, I would unsaddle him from that. What is right? What is wrong? These are vexed questions. I would leave them to the law. Look what a burden is on every man if he must decide the justice of every act as it comes up. Now the law would lift that burden from his shoulders, and I would let the law bear it."

"But under the law," replied Abner, "the weak and the ignorant suffer for their weakness and for this ignorance, and the shrewd and the cunning profit by their shrewdness and by their cunning. How would you help that?"

"You Said That You Would Take What the Law Gives You; Well, So Shall I"

"Now, Abner," said Dillworth, "to help that you would have to make the world over from the very beginning."

Again Abner was silent for a while.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it could be done if every man put his shoulder to the wheel."

"But why should it be done?" replied Dillworth. "Does Nature do it? Look with what indifference she kills off the weakling. Is there any pity in her or any of your little soft concerns? I tell you these things are not to be found anywhere in Nature—they are certainly man-made."

"Or God-made," said Abner.

"Call it what you like," replied Dillworth, "it will be equally fantastic, and the law would be fantastic to follow after it. As for myself, Abner, I would avoid these troublesome refinements. Since the law will undertake to say what is right and what is wrong I shall leave her to say it and let myself go free. What she requires me to give I shall give, and what she permits me to take I shall take, and there shall be an end of it."

"It is an easy standard," replied Abner, "and it simplifies a thing that I have come to see you about."

"And what have you come to see me about?" said Dillworth; "I knew that it was for something you came."

And he laughed a little, dry, nervous laugh.

I had observed this laugh breaking now and then into his talk and I had observed his uneasy manner ever since we came. There was something below the surface in this man that made him nervous and it was from that under thing that this laugh broke out.

"It is about your lawsuit," said Abner.

"And what about it?"

"This," said Abner: "That your suit has reached the point where you are not the man to have charge of it."

"Abner," cried Dillworth, "what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Abner. "I have followed the progress of this suit, and you have won it. On any day that you call it up the judge will enter a decree, and yet for a year it has stood there on the docket and you have not called it up. Why?"

Dillworth did not reply, but again that dry, nervous laugh broke out.

"I will answer for you, Dillworth," said Abner—"you are afraid!"

Abner extended his arm and pointed out over the pasture lands, growing dimmer in the gathering twilight, across the river, across the wood to where lights moved and twinkled.

"Yonder," said Abner, "lives Lemuel Arnold; he is the only man who is a defendant in your suit, the others are women and children. I know Lemuel Arnold. I intended to stop this night with him until I thought of you. I know the stock he comes from. When Hamilton was buying scalps on the Ohio, and haggling with the Indians over the price to be paid for those of the women and the children, old Hiram Arnold walked into the conference: 'Scalp-buyer,' he said, 'buy my scalps; there are no little ones among them,' and he emptied out on to the table a bagful of scalps of the king's soldiers. That man was Lemuel Arnold's grandfather and that is the blood he has. You would call him violent and dangerous, Dillworth, and you would be right. He is violent and he is dangerous. I know what he told you before the courthouse door. And, Dillworth, you are afraid of that. And so you sit here looking out over these rich lands and coveting them in your heart—and are afraid to take them."

The night was descending, and I sat on a step of the great porch, in the shadow, forgotten by these two men. Dillworth did not move, and Abner went on.

"That is bad for you, Dillworth, to sit here and brood over a thing like this. Plans will come to you that include 'hell's work'; this is no thing for you to handle. Put it into my hands."

The man cleared his throat with that bit of nervous laugh.

"How do you mean—into your hands?" he said.

"Sell me the lawsuit," replied Abner.

Dillworth sat back in his chair at that and covered his jaw with his hand, and for a good while he was silent.

"But it is these lands I want, Abner, not the money for them."

"I know what you want," said Abner, "and I will agree to give you a proportion of all the lands that I recover in the suit."

"It ought to be a large proportion, then, for the suit is won."

"As large as you like," said Abner.

Dillworth got up at that and walked about the porch. One could tell the two things that were moving in his mind: That Abner was, in truth, the man to carry the thing through—he stood well before the courts and he was not afraid; and the other thing—How great a proportion of the lands could he demand? Finally he came back and stood before the table.

"Seven-eighths then. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Abner. "Write out the contract."

A negro brought foolscap paper, ink, pens and a candle and set them on the table. Dillworth wrote, and when he had finished he signed the paper and made his seal with a flourish of the pen after his signature. Then he handed the contract to Abner across the table.

Abner read it aloud, weighing each legal term and every lawyer's phrase in it. Dillworth had knowledge of such things and he wrote with skill. Abner folded the contract carefully and put it into his pocket, then he got a

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THE PLAY BUSINESS

What it Costs to Bet on the Public—By H. B. Harris

THERE is a popular superstition that the manager's troubles begin with the rehearsals of a new play. As a matter of fact they begin away in advance of that event. The first trouble is to get the play. It is notorious that there is no rule by which the box-office quality of a play may be judged. The manager has nothing to guide him—not even timeliness. The historical play, the war play, the high-finance play are as good now as ever if they have in them the element of "draw." One can define this element till he is exhausted, yet the most astute cannot recognize it in the play—on the reading. Curiously one sees a play very differently when he is trying to visualize it in the reading from when he sees it in rehearsal. But even in rehearsal he does not see it right. Nothing but being one of a bona-fide audience can give him the proper mental attitude—due to the hypnotism of the crowd, or what not—with which to judge such a work. And this is the one supreme test.

Clearly then there's nothing left for the manager to do but "buy a pig in a poke." However, he seeks to reduce the element of risk as much as possible. He insists that the play must be, above all, entertaining. But here again we're up against a stone wall. What pleases one may bore somebody else. I learned this expensive lesson some years ago. I made it a practice to set aside a percentage of my profits up to a certain amount and to devote this money to the production of a play selected for its artistic quality alone, with the full faith that I should not only gratify my love for that sort of thing but some day hit the public plumb in the eye with it.

But the best work I have ever done—artistically, scenically and technically—the best efforts of my career have been failures. The public would not accept them. I produced Pilgrim's Progress under the title of The Christian Pilgrim at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. The costumes and scenery of the play were made in Vienna. There were a hundred and forty persons on the stage at different times, and we played to an average business of one hundred and fifty dollars the performance—that's twelve hundred dollars a week. When one considers that the cost of maintenance of the Hudson Theater—regardless of players—is three thousand dollars a week, he will see just where my profits came in.

Frosts and Failures of the Footlights

ANOTHER failure, The Struggle Everlasting, was the best thing I ever did. It was Milton Royle's masterpiece. Compared with his Squaw Man it was a gold dollar to a penny. The production cost fifty thousand dollars. It had the backing of all the club organizations that are pledged to support meritorious productions, and yet there were performances when we played to as little as eighty-three dollars. At that time I really did expect these plays to go, but I shouldn't now. On the other hand I made a fortune out of The Lion and the Mouse—a play that was technically and logically wrong, that failed utterly under analysis, that would not stand adverse criticism for five consecutive minutes.

Fortunately a successful drama will pay the losses on eight ordinary plays or perhaps three musical comedies. The musical comedy, be it understood, sometimes costs sixty thousand dollars, whereas the ordinary drama may cost from five to fifteen thousand before it is sent back to the storehouse—a failure. The Lion and the Mouse would compensate for twenty ordinary failures.

We are constantly arguing in a vicious circle in this business—we must decide that the play is good before we put it on, yet the only way to determine its quality is to produce it. Notwithstanding the guesswork my percentage has been about fifty to fifty on successes and failures. Obviously then I have something to devote to artistic failures.

Mr. Henry B. Harris

To reduce the risk the manager turns to the successful playwright for material. But here again he finds small comfort. Klein's greatest success, The Lion and the Mouse, was followed immediately by two abysmal failures—The Daughters of Men and The Step-Sister. His next play, The Third Degree, was a hit, and the one following, The Next of Kin, was a frost. This is the experience of almost all successful playwrights.

A playwright's reputation, therefore, is no guaranty to a manager—and this is largely why the producer hesitates to order, even from a man of proven ability, plays written from a scenario. When such an order is given and money is paid in advance for the work the manager gambles first that the author may, on account of death, sickness or some other cause, fail to deliver the goods; second, that if he does deliver them the play may not be satisfactory to the manager; and third, the constant gamble that it may not hit the public.

Strongheart was written on this plan. Robert Edeson advanced the idea of a college-bred Indian for a play and I suggested the football interest that was in it. I set William C. DeMille to work on the scheme, paying him in advance for a year's work. Within a twelvemonth the play was handed in. But it was rewritten seven times—in fact two years' additional work was put on it, before it was ready for production. I have advanced many thousands of dollars to young writers in order to interest them in working out their ideas, but have got little worth producing in this way. Yet should one of their efforts have proved a "gem" I should have realized a very handsome profit on all the money that I have devoted to this purpose.

On different occasions I have bought the dramatic rights to books and have turned the stories over to promising young men to be made into plays. But this is rarely successful. In fact I had five different men, one after another, working on The Conjurer's House, advancing them something like four thousand dollars—and in the end had to hand it to George Broadhurst, an experienced playwright, who turned it into The Call of the North.

Motifs and Motives of Would-Be Playwrights

NO WONDER then that the manager eagerly scrutinizes any completed manuscript that is sent in to him rather than experiment with scenarios or books. There is no dearth of manuscripts, as every one knows; but the vast percentage of these is worthless. I believe laziness is back of it. Too few persons who write plays take the pains to determine what the theater requires. They constantly offer propositions that are utterly impracticable. Sometimes their ideas are good, but the vehicles wholly out of the question. We receive scenarios written on postal cards, the writers frequently demanding an acceptance by wire. Or letters are sent us by "constant theatergoers" who have "great ideas" for plays for which they demand fifty or a hundred dollars and refuse to submit their schemes until the money is paid.

Epidemics of plays are periodical and due to obvious causes. The moment some particular country becomes, for one reason or another, prominent in the daily news the office is flooded with plays about that country. Recently three manuscripts based on the war between Italy and Turkey were sent us. One of these impossible things showed the marriage of the commander-in-chief of the Italian forces to the daughter of an Arab sheik. For love of the girl the Italian proved a traitor to his country. In one week we received five dramas dealing with the Chinese question, one a morality play which, the author claimed, had been presented in China for more than a thousand years. Another was written to show that the Occidentals and not the Orientals were the barbarians. Two dramatizations of a recent murder trial were sent in within a fortnight after the arrest of the murderer; and no sooner had the Stokes case become conspicuous than we were importuned to produce a dramatization of it. Society women come to us with plays they've written, offering to put up large sums of money to have them produced. But no manager can afford to do this for the money consideration alone, since a failure means loss of prestige, which is a great part of the theater man's stock in trade. Simultaneously with the landing of Redmond, who came over to this country to get funds for the Nationalist campaign in Ireland, two Irish plays were submitted to us—but not by Redmond.

No doubt the number of good plays that are turned down vastly exceeds the number of bad plays that are accepted. For instance, The Lion and the Mouse was written to order. It was turned down and came to me quite accidentally.

One Hundred Actors for One Job—Selecting the Chorus for Musical Comedy

The Witching Hour was refused by everybody—notwithstanding Augustus Thomas' prestige. It was put on only when the author advanced half the money for its production. Mr. Thomas cleared one hundred thousand dollars from this play the first season.

When a play is accepted the first thing to do is to have the author rewrite it. As I said, Strongheart was rewritten seven times. The first two acts of The Lion and the Mouse were originally just as they are today; the third was slightly changed, and the fourth was rewritten four times under suggestions made by my father and myself.

In The Price, by Broadhurst, we felt that the ending was too tragic, that the public would be better satisfied with a happier one—with a suggestion of hope. So Mr. Broadhurst wrote a fourth act. We put it on, played it and took it out the next day. It was inartistic and wrong. The people in the play separated, and we brought them together again happily, and the woman did not pay the price. We'd have had to change the title. We had tried to please our audiences by sacrificing the logical development of the play. Sometimes that is effective and gets us money, because the people want the real things of the theater—not the real things of life. I've lost half a million dollars finding that out.

It is not an easy thing to get a young playwright to change his work. Once I argued with a man for three weeks before he accepted my suggestion; in fact some novices are quite impossible. We took out an "an," an "a," a "the" and a semicolon from one young author's work, and he tore his hair and cried out that we were ruining his play. Another came in, took a chair near my desk, looked at me a moment and said: "Mr. Harris, do you know a lady or a gentleman when you see one?" I was astonished, but I answered: "I think I do." "Do you know an actor when you see one?" "I think I do," said I. Then he said, "I don't think so," and walked out.

The Crucial Moment—the Actor Awaits the Decision of the Manager as to the Quality of His Characterization

Choosing the Cast

HE HAD written his first play and I had produced it. It ran one week and was thoroughly roasted, and the author, finding no fault in his own work, came in to lay the blame on me, claiming that I had not produced it properly. But with experienced playwrights there is practically never any trouble in the matter of change in the manuscript.

Once a play is accepted and rewritten the actual work of production begins. And now the manager, having ceased arguing with the author, may let his artistic soul soar. Most important of all is the selection of the cast. The author and myself work out an ideal cast. It may include stars that are under contract to other managers, but at least it gives us something to work on. We go after the people with personality and ability as nearly like those of the ideal cast as possible. Just now it is easy to cast a play because there are more actors idle than ever before, although we are producing more plays and have more theaters than ever. The reason is that many persons who are failures in all other lines go in for acting.

Notwithstanding this oversupply of actors salaries have remained ridiculously high. This is due to competition on the part of the managers in bidding for the services of some particular personality to fit a certain part. Other aspirants take the cue from these and talk high prices. Some of the salaries are positively fabulous, so fabulous, in fact, that the running expenses of an organization are getting to be out of proportion to the amount of business done by the house. To be sure the player puts in work at rehearsals that he's not paid for, and also runs the risk that the play may fail. But on the other hand he only works two or three hours a day. Some actors get from three hundred to one thousand dollars a week. Even in the matter of smaller parts salaries are excessive. The other day I sent for a man who had been working for me for seventy-five dollars a week and offered him a hundred dollars in a new play; but he stated that this year his salary would be one hundred and fifty dollars, so I let him go.

When casting a play, if we can't get the distinct personality we require we look for ability, which is the next best thing. But by shopping about we usually get the ideal man. Or, perhaps, the personality of the actor who applies to us may change our ideal a bit—a sort of compromise, as it were. When the part is a very big one we sometimes have to take the best man we can get and educate him into it. We are a school of acting on the stage.

During my school days I held, I think, every position in the theater except that of musical director. I even played the banjo once in the old Howard Athenæum in Boston, when the leader of the orchestra conceived the idea of a trick overture, which consisted of singing, banjo and mandolin playing. I never had any desire to be an actor, but I've saved many a performance in emergencies arising from accident, where I jumped in and played parts just to keep the curtain up. How well I succeeded in these performances I do not know. Once I played a part in The Widow Jones when May Irwin was starring in that piece, and I took two or three different parts in The Climbers during the run of the Amelia Bingham company at the Bijou. The parts were small, to be sure, but important. On another occasion I had an organization of my own out—White Heather—with Rose Coghlan as star. One of the gentlemen had to leave hurriedly and I played his part for a month—on the stage one minute, then in the box office counting up, then rushing back and putting on my clothes for the scene I acted in, then out in front again, the calm, debonair manager. All this experience has been of great help to me in dealing with actors. Particularly has this alternating between box office and stage during a performance taught me how to aid an actor in projecting a part over the footlights.

There are not many actors who are students. Too many of them simply memorize the words of the part and do the stage director's bidding, without injecting into their work the personality of the character that the author has created. The American actor, as a rule, is too independent to be taught; and the foreigner, even if he has studied the part, is not apt to assert his conception of it or to "stand up" to a dogmatic stage manager.

The actor above all things is temperamental—which is as it should be. But, nevertheless, this quality is a thorn in the flesh of the methodical manager. An actor will sometimes rehearse three or four days, feel dissatisfied with his part, throw it down and walk out. Perhaps I warn him that he is not doing so well as he should; sometimes he makes a struggle and does better. I have had as many as seven or eight men in one part before the play was produced—changing every day or so. This is very trying not only to the manager but to the other members of the cast, who must constantly adapt themselves to the work of new persons.

The trouble with experienced actresses who have never been stars is the ever-present desire to get out of line and stand in front. One of our greatest actresses will not do team work. She always makes herself prominent, which throws the whole scene out of focus. Though she is successful in her particular part she is hurting the play. This actress has been a star and cannot resign herself to being eclipsed by some one else. I have been obliged, again and again, to dismiss valuable actresses because of this very fault. The temperamental quality of the actor keeps the manager always on the alert, always apprehensive. The other Saturday morning I got a wire from a young lady in one of my companies a thousand miles away stating that she was going to quit that night. There was no one to take her place and it required some hustling to get a suitable successor in New York, but we managed to do it. Players often quarrel among themselves, petty jealousies arise, one or both threaten to resign, and the manager becomes a board of arbitration—which is not the lightest of his troubles.

One hears much complaining by actors that they are sometimes left stranded; but, owing to the commercialization of the theater, this sort of thing rarely happens nowadays with reputable companies. One hears of the hardship that the actor suffers where the manager gives him his two weeks' notice as per contract. But one rarely hears of the times that the actor leaves the manager in the lurch, regardless of contract. In fulfilling his obligations the manager must contend with the temperament of the actor, his irascibility, his impulsiveness, his ignorance of business conditions and, to a great extent, his selfishness. When the actor quits on a day's notice, he does not stop to consider that his act may throw the whole thing out of gear. If the manager does not play a house as agreed he must pay damages to the theater owner. These are based on the cost of advertising, opening the house, engaging help for the night, and an approximate estimate of what the theater's share of the receipts would have been, gauged by similar attractions under like conditions. Usually the contracts stipulate the measure of damages.

Soldiers of Fortune

NOR does the actor consider, when he talks of the risk he runs of losing the time given to rehearsal, that the manager gambles much more heavily. He gambles against the weather. If it storm on the first night the sale of seats is apt to fall off fifty per cent. He gambles against local conditions, sickness, financial depression and the like, and against rival attractions that may be old favorites in some town in which his play is new.

The cast having been selected the work of getting the production together begins. This goes on during rehearsal. By production we mean scenery, properties, lighting and all physical and mechanical necessaries. In order economically to put on a play the manager, in addition to being familiar with the abilities of actors and the like, must know the theater proper from box office to wings and from footlights to rigging loft. There are a thousand and one leakages that he can stop—and it is the minute leakages that sap the strength of the business. Peculiarly the production of a play has never been reduced to the exact science that marks the turning out of a new machine in a great shop. We never can tell exactly how a thing is going to look until it's put up—and here is where experience comes in.

In one of my first ventures as a producing manager we put on Soldiers of Fortune with Robert Edeson as the star. We had made it a two-carload production, not knowing just where we were going to play. I finally secured the Savoy Theater, the stage of which was entirely too small for our scenery. Mr. Augustus Thomas, who had dramatized Richard Harding Davis' book, said: "We shall have to get in an expert to put on that production." I agreed and said I would be the expert. I went into the theater Saturday evening at eleven o'clock and never left the building or even had my clothes off until five o'clock on Monday evening, when I went home to prepare for the opening performance. There wasn't a moment when I wasn't at work, carefully gauging, measuring, cutting and fitting that production. My experience on this occasion

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CONSIDER THE LIVER

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

OF ALL the flowers born to blush unseen the liver is the most eminent. If it were only as conspicuous as the brain we should probably be just as proud of it. As it is it excels the brain in weight and is an even more desirable citizen and sturdier pillar of society. Yet we loftily ignore the liver's existence and never speak of it except when it is "out of order," though, as its mere size would indicate, it is one of the most important, most hardworked and overstrained as well as most delicately adjusted and exquisitely efficient structures in the body. It plays whatever tune it will upon the keyboard of the brain cortex and colors the visions of the mind as a spotlight does the draperies of the ballet.

Yet most of us do not even know where this power behind the throne sits in darkness. We refer pains in the left side of it to the heart, in the middle of it to the stomach and call the remainder of its disturbances pains in the chest or stitches in the side.

If we knew half as much chemistry as the liver has known these five million years past, the secrets of the universe would lie before us like an open book. Even today it is the most wonderful and resourceful chemical laboratory in the world. Nothing can equal it—even in Germany.

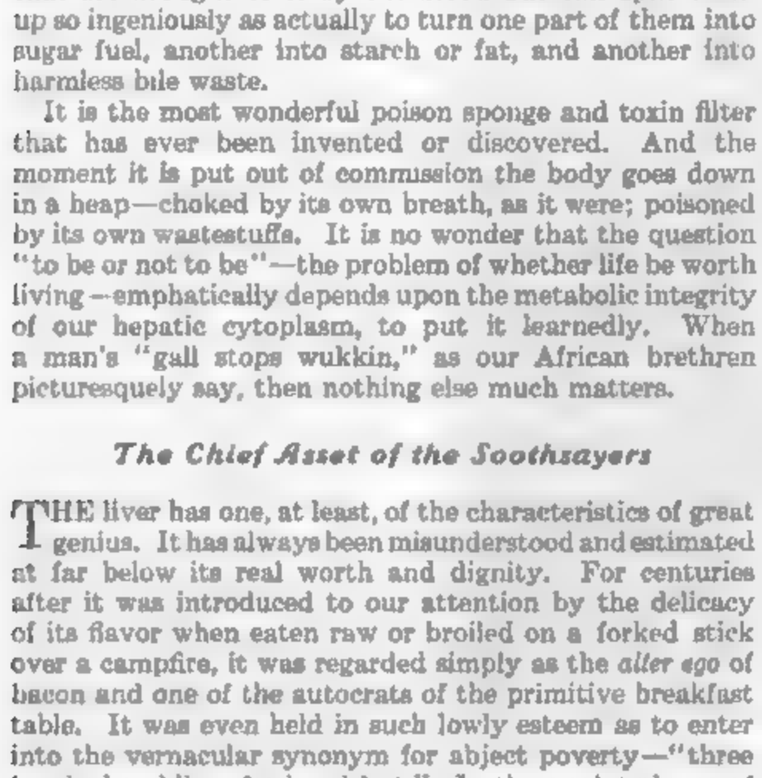
We think we have done wonders in discovering a poison that will kill or neutralize the toxins of a single germ—such as mercury, or the diphtheria antitoxin; but one little six-sided, sallow-looking lozenge of a liver cell—no larger than the head of a pin—not only can neutralize and destroy any one of forty different toxins and poisons that are brought to it by the blood but can split them up so ingeniously as actually to turn one part of them into sugar fuel, another into starch or fat, and another into harmless bile waste.

It is the most wonderful poison sponge and toxin filter that has ever been invented or discovered. And the moment it is put out of commission the body goes down in a heap—choked by its own breath, as it were; poisoned by its own wastestuffs. It is no wonder that the question "to be or not to be"—the problem of whether life be worth living—emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm, to put it learnedly. When a man's "gall stops wukkin," as our African brethren picturesquely say, then nothing else much matters.

The Chief Asset of the Soothsayers

THE liver has one, at least, of the characteristics of great genius. It has always been misunderstood and estimated at far below its real worth and dignity. For centuries after it was introduced to our attention by the delicacy of its flavor when eaten raw or broiled on a forked stick over a campfire, it was regarded simply as the *alter ego* of bacon and one of the autocrats of the primitive breakfast table. It was even held in such lowly esteem as to enter into the vernacular synonym for abject poverty—"three in a bed and liver for breakfast." In the quaint phrase of the old saw, "Ef a man wuz born in a stable that doesn't make him a horse." The liver was born of and from the foodtube; but, like Wesley, it has taken all the world for its parish, and a powerful preacher of righteousness and clean living it has been. When a man says he has a clear conscience he usually means that his liver is working well.

Until within recent years our knowledge of the liver was of the vaguest and most curious sort. Its first introduction to our official notice was at the hands of those quaint old mountebanks, the Roman augurs, or *haruspices*, who, in their temples and shrines, were accustomed to foretell the future and give advice in times of war and uncertainty by examining the internal organs of freshly killed animals—much as their doddering lineal descendants today tell fortunes by reading the lines of the palm or interpreting the grounds in a coffee-cup.



Submit to the Challenge of That Matchless and Incorruptible Sentinel at the Outer Wicket of the Gate of the Body-Fortress

The liver was one of the augurs' highest trump cards in this kind of hocus-pocus, chiefly on account of its size and striking appearance, and also probably from the fact that it showed more changes which even their ignorant eyes could appreciate, as a result of the attack of different diseases or from the use of different kinds of foods, than almost any other readily discoverable organ in the body.

Nobody but an expert pathologist can make much out of the changes in the heart, even when it has been the site of fatal disease. The only readily obvious changes in the stomach are in its size, which even the limited intelligence of the augurs soon led them to discover depended solely upon the amount of food it contained. And the lungs are merely more or less reddened and solidified "lights" to the general eye. The liver, however, which weighs three pounds and is the size of a Rugby football to begin with, may, if fatty or hypertrophic, swell up to six, seven or eight pounds, and turn from dull purplish red to light golden brown in the process. In some diseases it may shrink down into a wrinkled and twisted three-quarter-pound slab of scar tissue no bigger than a slipper, when it is called atrophic—or, if knobby and sole-like, it is called "hob-nailed."

Such changes as these are fit to conjure with; they give the imagination something to work on and furnish an excellent groundwork for prophecy—far more than most prophecies have in fact.

When to these striking and dramatic changes, which the mass of the organ itself is capable of, are added additional variations and color contrasts furnished by the changes in size, color, shape and thickness of the wall of the pear-shaped, dark green gall-bladder, contrasting so vividly with the liver's dull purplish red background, one can readily see what a superb asset in their primitive flimflam games the old augurs had in the liver. In their little game it was not hearts that were trumps but livers.

Grotesque old harlequins and conjurers as they were, they were the harbingers and, indeed, the forefathers not only of religion but of medicine. Out of their vague and rambling conjectures grew up our whole theory of psychology—the three faculties of the mind, for instance: the head, or intellect; the heart, or will; and the liver and bowels, or emotions. These, carried over into the realm of theology, produced such singular figures of speech as a "clean heart," "bowels of compassion," and so on.

All our psychology—and our philosophy up to thirty-five years ago—was based frankly and flatly upon the philosophy of these primitive vivisectionists.

On the borderland between mind and matter, between philosophy and physics, was built up the quaint old fairy tale of the four temperaments—the bilious, the sanguine, the lymphatic and the nervous. Each kind of temperament was supposed to be due to the dominance in the body of four corresponding fluids or "humors"—the bile, produced by the liver and stored in the gall-bladder, as any child could see for himself; the sanguine, produced in the heart and contained in and symbolized by the blood; the nervous, secreted by the brain and poured out all over the body through the nerve trunks; and the lymphatic, secreted by the lymph glands or "kernels," such as can be felt in the neck and armpits and groins, and symbolized by that milky, whitish fluid, the lymph. Thus a man's "humor" literally came to mean his mental state.

Even in scientific medicine we have scarcely shaken ourselves clear of the absurd obsession of the four temperaments yet, while in popular and psychological thinking it still holds full sway. In this quaint and picturesque game of colors and fluids and symbols the liver naturally took a high rank and played a prominent part on account of its many qualifications for striking the eye and its wide range of variations in size, color and texture.

Though we laugh at the augurs' methods of divining the future and of deciding what to do in case of doubt nowadays—except when we are very badly frightened or unusually silly, which happens even to the wisest of us once in a while—primitive practice has graven the liver deep into our language in such a way that it will never be effaced. Not only has the term "livery" or "bilious" quite as much mental or emotional significance as the word physical, but we refer just as much to the condition of the liver when we say that we are simply depressed and blue, and generally discouraged and out of sorts, as we do when we actually say that we have a coated tongue or a burning stomach.

Little, Insignificant, Gumdrop-Looking Cells in Our Body Can Do Things With One Hand Tied Behind Them

Almost half of the words we use in describing mental states, particularly of a depressed character, are drawn from the liver. For instance, we have not the remotest idea that we are borrowing anything from those quaint old medicine-men or augurs if, indeed, we ever remember having heard of them before—when we say that we feel "melancholy"; but when we come to dissect the word we find that it simply means in Greek "black bile"—in other words, that we are under the influence of an unusually large amount of biliary secretion in our system.

To describe a more permanent mental depression we say that one of our friends has become a "hypochondriac"; and when that word is cut up it resolves itself into "under the cartilages," meaning the cartilages or gristly parts of the lower ribs under which the liver lies. When we describe ourselves as "nervous" the nerve fluid is supposed to be secreted in excess in our systems and to be overstimulating us and making us "jumpy" and excitable.

So real a thing, for instance, was this nerve fluid believed to be that even as late as the middle of the fifteenth century great and distinguished surgeons, like Ambroise Paré, when amputating limbs, used to tie off not merely the arteries to prevent the escape of blood but the nerve trunks to prevent the escape of the nervous fluid, the loss of which, it was firmly believed, would cause the patient to bleed to death just as genuinely as if an artery had been left untied. How exquisitely this tying of the nerve trunks must have added to the comfort of the unfortunate patient can be well imagined.

Our Internal Filtration Plant

MANY of our proverbial differences of point of view are due to the particular poisons which, like the eagles at Prometheus' are gnawing at our liver. The old proverb, *Tot homines, quot sententiæ*—"So many men, so many opinions"—would be nearer the truth if it read: "So many livers, so many grouches." What a man knows is a matter of his brain, but what he believes depends on his liver.

As medicine and religion have a common ancestry, which is one of the reasons why they sometimes "scrap" so cordially when they get together—it is a family fuss, and the primitive shaman or voodoo was both priest and physician—these necromantic ideas about the liver were transferred bodily into primitive medicine. From the very earliest times there has been a singular tendency to associate all depressed and melancholic or apathetic states of both mind and body with a disordered condition of the liver. And the conjecture, irrational as was its origin and grotesque as is its logic, was not far wide of the mark after all.

There is nearly always some rational basis, some kernel of truth, some shrewd guess underlying every popular impression or even superstition, grotesque as it may be in its details and absurd in the extremes to which it may be carried. The germ of truth underlying all the old melancholic conceptions of the liver was that, as we have just discovered upon definite experimental grounds within the last half-century, our mental as well as our bodily states are very largely dependent upon the poisoning of our nerves and our brains by toxins carried to them in the blood from a hundred different sources within and without the body. And as we have also discovered in the past couple of decades that the liver is the great toxin absorber and antitoxin generator for the entire body, no matter what may be the sources of the poison, it is clear that our views of existence, and whether it is worth while continuing it or not, must depend very largely upon the efficiency of our liver-filters.

Of course every one knows that the liver is a digestive organ, and that its main business is to secrete the bile. It does very much more than that, however, and the manufacture of bile is one of the least important of its functions. The stock of the bile has gone steadily below par ever since it was carefully investigated and accurately studied, and it is now regarded as chiefly an excretion or waste product, poured into the alimentary canal in order to be got rid of; though Nature, with her wonderful and irrepressible economy, has contrived to utilize it on its way out for some trifling services and odd jobs, principally in the way of housecleaning.

Not only does all the blood from the walls of the active part of the foodtube go directly to the liver through the great portal vein and its branches, thus carrying every particle of the dissolved food and any of the poisons that are contained directly to the liver, but also the millrace current of blood from the great trunkline artery of the body—the aorta—is received by the liver. This means, of course, not merely that almost every scrap of our food passes through the liver before any other tissue in the body can get even a smell of it but also that, owing to the size of the artery and the vigorous pumping of the heart, all the blood is driven through the liver-filter once in twenty minutes.

When a Man's "Gall Stone Wukkin," as Our African Brethren Picturesquely Say, Then Nothing Else Much Matters

The liver, then, is a combination of quarantine station and filter—first for the food, and second for all sorts of poisons in the blood from all over the body. No organ in the body has been more maligned and none is more worthy of our highest gratitude and esteem. It has been accused from time immemorial of flooding the body with a dark green tide of its biliary secretion and producing not only that dark brown taste in the mouth but all the tortures of melancholia and biliousness, the "hip" and the "hump," out of sheer exuberance of spirit or pure cussedness. It really stands as a majestic sentinel at the main gate of the body-fortress, giving neither sleep to its eyes nor slumber to its eyelids day or night, testing with laboratory rigidity every drop of melted food before allowing it to pass on to the muscle cells and the nerve cells, challenging every poison and toxin and arresting every invading bacillus or vagrant germ.

Then when, worn out with overwork or overwhelmed by a sudden flood of poisons too powerful for it to check, it allows some toxin-invader to slip by it and play havoc with the cells of our nervous system we say we are "bilious"—and blame the liver!

Why One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison

FOR many centuries, on account of its commanding position upon the great blood-stream that carries melted food from the alimentary canal to the heart, we supposed that the liver's chief if not only function was to deal with and bar out poisons contained in our food or resulting from its digestion and indigestion. Thus the principal causes of the liver's disturbances and diseases were supposed to be food and drink and the things that were mixed with them; but this has been found to be far too narrow a view. Indeed we are rapidly coming to the opinion that a large share if not a majority of the diseases of the liver have little or nothing to do, in their origin, with either food or drink.

We have also come to realize that many of the so-called digestive disturbances of the liver are caused, not by the food itself, either in its amount, quality or combinations, but by the bacteria or other germs or parasites with which food is contaminated and which are introduced with it, just as we have seen is the case also with dyspepsia, indigestion and the disorders of the alimentary canal in general.

The well-known "tropical" or "East Indian" liver, for instance, which is so common a cause of complaint among retired merchants, traders, military officers and government officials who have served long terms in tropical climates, absurdly supposed to be due to the eating of too much meat, fats and other "heating" foods, is now known to be due almost solely to the attack of the disease germs and parasites that swarm in hot climates. Indeed probably two-thirds if not three-fourths of "tropical liver" is due to just two of these parasites—the plasmodium of malaria and the amœba of dysentery.

Scores of attempts have been made to produce enlargement, shrinking, fatty degeneration or other diseased conditions of the liver by feeding animals upon excessive amounts of different kinds of foods, especially such as are supposed to throw most work upon the liver. It has been found utterly impossible to produce anything more than the most temporary disturbances by means of food, even when administered with a stomach-pump and utterly alien to the natural tastes and requirements of the animal; but the moment disease germs were mixed with the food then it was perfectly possible to produce, almost at will, any liver condition that might be desired. Certain animals which were unusually vigorous and healthy proved the exception, as they were able to destroy and digest even large quantities of these germs without any apparent effect upon their livers.

Diseased conditions of the liver could also be produced by mixing small amounts of mineral poisons like lead and arsenic with the food; and one or two organic poisons like chloroform and alcohol were also found to have special injurious effects upon the liver. It was found necessary, however, much to the surprise of the experimenters when endeavoring to produce the classic so-called alcoholic changes in the liver, to administer it in very large amounts—sufficient, in fact, by its direct irritating effect upon the stomach, to set up a catarrhal irritation and inflammation of the lining of the alimentary canal. Thus the relation between alcohol and diseases of the liver, including the famous hobnailed or drunkard's liver, is not so direct as we at one time supposed it to be.

In fact the action of the liver upon alcohol throws an interesting light upon its method of dealing with other poisons which, like alcohol, would be highly injurious to both nerve and muscle cells all over the body if they were permitted to get past the liver in their original form. The cells of the liver possess a remarkable and ingenious power of not merely stopping poisons as a filter might but of actually converting them into harmless substances which can be permitted to pass into the blood without injury to the body.

This it does by breaking down or, in chemical language, "splitting" their molecules; and that is probably why the liver has so little power of antagonizing or arresting simple metallic poisons like lead and arsenic—for their molecules are, in the first place, very small and simple; and, in the second place, when broken down or split up the fragments are still poisonous.

What makes the problem still more difficult and the intelligence of the liver cell even more superhuman—for the whole is not always greater than its parts except in pure mathematics, and little, insignificant, gumdrop-looking cells in our body can do things with one hand tied behind them, so to speak, which we could not do to save our lives—is that not only may all poisons except mineral ones be split into perfectly harmless compounds but also, conversely, all foods, however harmless and nutritious, may be split into poisonous compounds—and this splitting actually takes place in the process of digestion.

For instance, two of the most dangerous of known poisons—the one on account of its deadliness and the other on account of its commonness—prussic acid and alcohol, are actually produced in the human body, not merely daily but hourly and every minute, in the process of digestion. The amount of prussic acid produced, of course, is very small indeed; but the amount of alcohol is considerable, for the latest studies indicate that nearly a quart of it is formed in the body every twenty-four hours. The prussic acid is so promptly converted into something harmless, and the alcohol burnt so swiftly as fuel in the muscle-engine into simple carbonic acid and water, that these poisons have no time to do any harm to the body tissues; but if the liver were not strictly "on the job," like Doctor Wiley, day and night, think of what might happen to the body from the accidental poisons from its foodstuffs.

If, therefore, you would avoid biliousness first and foremost submit to the challenge of that matchless and incorruptible sentinel at the outer wicket of the gate of the body-fortress—the nose—every piece of food that you eat, and refuse to take into your mouth anything that smells tainted or "fishy," or musty or flat, or disagreeable in any way, or to swallow it if it tastes unpleasant. This will result in barring out, not only those spoiled foods which nobody likes but also those half-spoiled foodstuffs and drinks which most of us have carefully trained ourselves to like in defiance of our instincts—such as alcohol, tobacco, sauerkraut, Limburger and "hot stuff" generally. Though we should lose something in amusement, we should lose nothing in point of nutrition and gain much in the way of health by so doing.

Though bad foods and drinks will account for a considerable number of the milder and more short-lived attacks of biliousness and liver trouble they are very far from explaining the more permanent and lasting diseases of that organ. Indeed a conviction is steadily growing, as our study becomes more accurate and our experiences wider, that a large share if not the majority of chronic liver troubles are not due to food at all.

The liver occupies one of the most dangerous posts in the entire body, as it is the testing point, filter and garbage burner to which are brought not merely all the poisons that enter with the food, or are formed in the alimentary canal as a result of indigestion, but at least two-thirds of all the poisons, living and dead, that get into the body from other sources. It is only in recent years that we began to discover the enormous and important part the liver plays in our bodily resistance to the attacks of fevers—that is to say, of the germs of infectious diseases.

We have long known, of course, that in certain infectious diseases, especially those that were chronic or lasted for long periods of time—such as malaria—the liver became very much enlarged and would afterward be found to be in a highly diseased condition, even though the patient had survived the immediate attack of the infection for many years.

The same was true, of course, in the chronic dysentery of the tropics, in gout and in certain forms of prolonged poisoning by inorganic poisons like lead and phosphorus; but these facts did not make much impression on our minds, as we merely put them down to the fact that the liver suffered from prolonged saturation of the disease poisons just as any other organ or tissue in the body would.

The Most Loyal Organ of Our Anatomy

A DECADE or so ago, however, our attention was called to the promptness with which the liver would be attacked by certain poisons in a rather dramatic and unexpected manner. This came only when we were investigating and endeavoring to find the cause of a number of sudden deaths after the taking of chloroform for prolonged surgical operations. Much to our surprise the most striking and uniform feature in most of these cases after death was fatty degeneration of the liver. We had previously supposed that changes of that sort took weeks if not months to produce, but this discovery set the pathologists to thinking and experimenting; and it was quickly found, first, that this sudden fatty degeneration could be readily produced in animals by large single doses of chloroform and other poisons, and also, what was still more interesting, by infecting the animals with the germs of various contagious diseases.

That sent us back to the post-mortem room at once, to examine the livers of those who had died of such acute infections; and we were not long in discovering that the most profound and serious changes produced anywhere in the body of our patients by even such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, childbed fever, surgical fever or blood poisoning and diphtheria were often to be found in the liver. The reason why these changes had escaped us before was that they seldom made much change in either the size, or color, or appearance of the liver to the naked eye, and that it was necessary to make a microscopic examination of the liver-stuff in order to be sure of them.

This gave us a clew to a number of these cases—for instance, why jaundice should occur in fatal cases of a good many acute infections, such as typhoid fever, malaria, childbed fever, pneumonia and peritonitis or blood poisoning. It explained why, in certain exceedingly fatal forms of pneumonia, such as the dreaded "miners' pneumonia" of our Western mining camps, the liver should be found after death as a blackened and broken-down mass, so destroyed and altered that it had attracted the attention of even the mining-camp doctors and the disease had become popularly known as "black death of the liver."

In fact by piecing together all our information we came to the conclusion that the first place, so to speak, to which the germs and poisons of infectious diseases—no matter where they might have entered the body—were hurried by the blood stream was the liver; that it bore the first brunt and the heaviest shock of their attack; that so long as it was able to neutralize the poisons and arrest or destroy the germs the infection did not "take" and the

Their Doddering Lineal Descendants Today Tell Fortunes by Reading the Lines of the Palm

body, as a whole, escaped the attack of the disease—in short, that resistance to a given disease, and the question as to whether we succumbed to an infection and developed a full-grown attack or not, depended largely and fundamentally upon the liver.

Further, in cases where its first resistance had been overcome and the body had proceeded to develop a general attack of the disease, the extent to which the liver was able to half neutralize the toxins introduced by the germs all over the body would be the measure of the vigor with which we would resist the attack; and the question of recovery was largely a matter of whether the liver was able to rally its forces and gradually get the upper hand of the invaders and neutralize their poisons, or whether it sank under the attack and finally relinquished the field to the enemy. Whatever our disease a large majority of us die by liver failure, followed quickly by heart poisoning. When the heart fails in the final exitus it is because its muscle cells have been fed with unneutralized poisons instead of food by the blood.

Most forms of overgrowth or enlargement of the liver are now believed to be due to a rapid multiplication of the liver cells under the attack of the poisons of some infectious disease.

Even in its fall the liver remains loyal to the body, for this enlargement or overgrowth, which was originally regarded as purely inflammatory, has now been discovered to be an actual increase of new and comparatively healthy liver tissue. In other words it is a genuine attempt at growth on the part of the liver in order to cope with the increased amount of poisons brought to it.

Probably a large share of these enlargements achieve their aim, conquer the poison and again disappear without ever having attracted our attention at all; but a considerable number of them are not so fortunate, and the newly formed cells begin to break down and their places are taken by fibrous or scar tissue. This as it matures hardens and shrinks, crushing within its pythonlike grasp the remaining healthy liver cells; and in the course of months or years our overgrown liver is converted into a leathery, wrinkled, scar-indented mass of fibrous tissue, with only a few islands of healthy liver cells scattered about.

Whenever these few islands get below the minimum neutralizing requirements of the body the patient dies; but if he lives long enough the process will go on until the shrinking has reduced the liver to a half or even a third of its normal size. So that whether a man dies of an enlarged or a shrunken liver depends chiefly upon the stage of the process at which his vitality gives way.

Even in the present stage of our knowledge it is probably not too much to say that if you have been fortunate

Nearly a Quart of Alcohol Is Formed in the Body Every Twenty-Four Hours!

enough to avoid certain of the great diseases that have a special tendency to attack the liver, such as typhoid fever, malaria, dysentery and pneumonia; or if you have been attacked by them and made a good recovery and have given yourself every possible chance in the way of judicious feeding, skillful treatment and rest to throw off their effects you need have comparatively little fear of serious disease of your liver. As there is no earthly reason why these four great diseases, together with a great many others that play a lesser part in damaging the liver, should not be wiped out entirely—and their conquest is now only a question of time, intelligence and money—it can be seen that the prospect for the liver is anything but discouraging.

As has already been intimated some permanent or chronic diseases of the liver are produced by the prolonged absorption of small amounts of inorganic poisons, such as lead, phosphorus and arsenic, usually introduced into the bodies of workers in particular trades involving the handling of these poisons. Fortunately the public conscience has now become awakened on this subject and is insisting in no uncertain tones that no individual, however successful or able, shall be allowed to poison his fellow beings for his own profit; and that any industry which cannot be conducted without ruining the health and threatening the lives of its employees shall be put out of business.

Our motto in considering diseases of the liver today emphatically is "Look for the poison." We are not only finding the poisons with accuracy and dispatch but discovering that nine-tenths of them are preventable and may be avoided by the exercise of ordinary cleanliness and intelligence.

Considering the ancient source of our beliefs about the liver, it is small wonder that many of them have little more foundation than the alleged influence of the stages of the moon on the growth of potatoes.

A good illustration is afforded by those familiar blotches of brownish or yellowish color upon the face and neck, which are known the world over as "liver spots," *Leber Flecken*, and so on. These have nothing whatever to do

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Our Medieval High Schools

Shall We Educate Children for the Twelfth or the Twentieth Century?

By William Hughes Mearns

ILLUSTRATION BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE high school is at present like the child in the Solomon story—in danger of being cut into bits and handed out to various claimants. The college has for some time put up a pretty strong case for ownership and in some instances has quite decided the sort of clothes the high school shall wear and the way it shall walk and talk; particularly—when one considers the college entrance requirements in English, Latin, Greek, French and German—particularly the way it shall talk. At various times the college has Miltonized it, Chaucerized it, Virgilized it, Schillered it, physicked and chemicaled it. No wonder that at present the child shows tendencies to revolt and, here and there, is boldly making faces at its guardian!

The National Education Association is at this moment making a nation-wide canvass of the sentiment of high schools in regard to the control which the college should have over them. Dr. Benjamin A. Heydrick, of the New York High School of Commerce, is the chairman of the committee on English studies, which is communicating directly with the teachers in every high school, public and private, in the larger towns and cities; and the question at issue is the serious one of ownership. Summed up, their questionnaire asks: "Is the main function of the high school to prepare youth for college? And if that is part of its business do we serve our communities best by permitting the college to decide how we shall do it?"

A much older claimant for possession of the high school is Culture, a courtly old gentleman, with doubled stock under chin. Culture reminds us that he it was who really discovered the high school. He points to the Boston Latin School, the first secondary school in America, as the place where boys were taught the classics and mathematics to give them the education of a gentleman and, to use the culturist's own words, "to prepare them most effectively for nothing in particular!" The high school is a "finishing school," he claims, where a pupil gets abstract mental training; the mind is put through a dumbbell exercise of conjugation, declension, literal and free translation of languages excusably dead, and an Indian-club drill of higher mathematics. The theory is that a chap who stood through the ordeal aimed confessedly at nothing practical, later could stand for anything; and for a certain portion of the population this has always been a good theory.

The culture chaps had the high schools all to themselves for a long while and still dispute the ground successfully in some places. When they had control the high school—there was commonly but one in a large community—was an institution of distinction; its "professors" were known and quoted; it competed with the college for students; and in some cases, notably the Free Academy—later City College—New York, and the Central High School, Philadelphia, granted degrees of equal standing. In the fifties it was a question in the minds of Philadelphia boys whether it was more profitable to take the course at the college department of the University of Pennsylvania or at the Central High School, one of the oldest secondary schools outside of New England; each conferred a bachelor's degree under grant from the same legislature, the faculty of one institution might bear comparison with the other, and neither the entrance requirement nor the length of the course was materially different. Until quite recent years the graduates of these schools were received directly into the professional schools of law and medicine. The remains of the culture control is found in the classical courses common to most of the older high schools and to the so-called Latin high schools of New England.

In 1875 manual training put in its plea for place. It was followed by the commercial course, which came accompanied by domestic science, *et al.* College and culture set upon these chaps as a mother would upon child-stealing gipsies. Science, in all sorts of theoretical and practical forms, had been working its way in almost insidiously, and had first been endured, then pitied and secretly embraced; but manual training, shorthand—*horribile dictu!*—bookkeeping, cookery!—there was something vulgarly practical about these; and besides, as a clincher argument, they were distressingly popular. For if there was one test of pedagogy that college and culture had agreed upon between them, it was first, that a gentleman's education should be of no use in the world—particularly in the business world; and, second, that it should not be desired by the mob. If it is what they want you don't want it; if everybody cries for it it isn't worth crying for!

The worst fact in the history of manual training is that it, too, came under the spell of culture. One still hears instructors in handwork proudly averring that there is nothing useful in *their* training. Teach a boy to chip and file the left side of a nut, but don't tell him it is a nut. There is "culture" in learning to grind a steel blade to an angle of thirty degrees, provided the youngster never guesses he can stick a wooden handle on one end and make a chisel. How the manual "trainingist" used to look askance at the trade school! The old disgust of culture for workaday was in his attitude. "My goodness!" we can hear him say. "Don't put those four mitered sticks together, boy! Don't you know that makes a picture frame?" Then he might add kindly: "If you really want to learn to make something useful the best thing you can do is to make something useless; there's nothing like it!"

"There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint," remarked the king to Alice as he munched away.

"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better," she suggested—"or some sal volatile."

"I didn't say there was nothing better," the king replied; "I said there was nothing *like* it!" Which Alice did not venture to deny.

To you who work for a living—and slowly grow through your daily experience into a bigger, more tolerant, wiser person—culture may not mean so much; but it is a terrific bugaboo in "educational circles." Suggest to a pedagogue that Latin may be made more palatable at the beginning by less grammar-grind and more reading of simple stories; or that German may be taught more easily in the lower grades by the "conversational method"; or that a boy may write a better composition by avoiding topics like The Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth or An Analysis of the Tone Values in the Vision of Sir Launfal. Suggest such matters, and you are met with: "Ah!—but what about culture?" You—practical you—would say: "If we are to read Latin let's get started; if the children should know German let them begin early—the way the natives do; if a boy hopes ever to write his own language he had better write it." That's because you are trained to go about things in a straightforward way; you know what you want when you want it and you won't be happy until you get it. And probably you haven't any culture or would feel guilty if some one found it on you. Now what is culture? Judged by the way they talk about it in educational conventions, it's something you must be born with; it's something you only acquire; it's something you strive for but never wholly achieve. Studying Latin verbs

will give it to you—though many a *Civis Romanus* never came within a *millia passuum* of it. Greek, applied three times a week for at least two years, is recommended by some. Others say chemistry is the thing, when exposed in laboratories not too practical; and most wise men agree that the higher mathematics is full of it. Jenkins got his by tutoring for his degree at Harvard; Emerson got it by loitering in the library. Sir Isaac Newton got it by observing an apple—Lincoln, by observing everything. Bruno was burned for having it and Thomson was made a peer.

Culture is an incommunicable communion with Nature; it is clean hands and a pure collar; it is the possession of great-grandparents—white, Christian preferred; it is the achievement of tolerance; it is the proper use of "shall" and "will"; it is a knowledge of Hegelian philosophy; it is Greek; it is Latin; it is a five-foot shelf of books; it is twenty thousand a year; it is a sight of truth and a draught of wisdom; it is a frock coat and pearl gloves. All A. B.'s have it—except A. B. seamen; some B. S.'s and—mooted point—an occasional Ph. B. Teachers in private academies have it; Episcopal clergymen have it; likewise college professors and the students in the "classical course." It may thrive in thatched cottages and even in Buckingham Palace. No one ever saw it; it cannot be measured or chemically analyzed; the fellow that claims it the loudest never has had it; the chap that really has it never mentions the matter; and it can be obtained only by a studious cultivation of one kind of education—my kind!

"Isn't that rather a great deal to make one word mean?" inquired Alice thoughtfully.

"When I make one word do a lot of work like that," explained Humpty Dumpty pompously, "I always pay it extra."

But remember: Culture never by any hap lurks in aught useful. There is culture in Greek until you begin to teach it to others at two dollars an hour—which explains a thing or two about some teachers of Greek. Even to the Greek, Greek was not culture, for he had to use the thing in his business. Finding the parallax of the sun is culture; but not surveying a plot for a railroad siding. So is dipping litmus paper into HNO_3; but not testing the coaltar in shellacked chocolates. So is drawing diagrams of Florentine palaces; but not building a bank. So—quite lately—is reading books on social science; but not serving as a watcher in an election booth. Archæology and the collection of uncut first editions are cultural; but there is no culture in agriculture.

Being a Person of the Better Sort

SO NOW you will understand how lately it has been unearthed and—what really was the case all along—that it is quite unimportant who discovered the high school; the material fact is that the people have taken possession of it. Some one else may have founded the institution—most good things have their rise in private philanthropy—certain "persons of the better sort," as some one somewhat snobbishly styled them, who wanted a special education for their young sons—daughters, at first, were negligible—in order that said sons, via law, medicine, letters and the church, might eventually become persons of the better sort themselves. Until about 1888 or 1890 the high school was an institution for this special group. Naturally, they had every right to make it conform to what they believed to be their needs; but at that period the people preëmpted the high school and, during the decade of 1890 to 1900, kept the school architect everlastingly busy housing their kind.

At first the people were content to take the traditional course, though they murmured. And when the first crop of people-graduates, diploma in pocket and Greek in head, started out to hunt a vulgar "job," the business men of the community began to write those sarcastic letters to the papers about the need for more R's, little Latin and less Greek. What boots it, they said, whether your graduate knows how to eliminate x and y if he is too dainty to paint a roof, or pound hot bolts, or stoke a stationary engine, or tie up a decent package? And what does he know about wool and shoddy? they asked. Can he estimate a wall-paper job? Can he tackle an accountant's problem in our bookkeeping department? Can he type a respectable business letter? Can he sell shoes? You see, the people's boy had eventually to work for his living and four years of book education was his sole capital! No doubt he was a better fellow for his high-school training, and in the long run his equipment counted; but his adjustment to the practical was too slow for his good and in some cases, save as a preparation for professional life, his training unfitted him for any adjustment at all.

The people, however, have not discovered the high school half so thoroughly as they are destined to do in the next few years. In spite of the extraordinary rush into the secondary schools, beginning with 1890, there are hundreds of thousands of children of high-school age—many of them quite unable to take any sort of traditional course—who have a right to be fitted somehow for efficient work. The state stands ready theoretically to make better citizens out of any of these boys and girls; but until lately the educators have lacked a program.

The program is still hampered, both by the believers in culture and by the college. In a most significant report, just put into circulation by the Secondary Department of the National Education Association, an attempt is made to free the high school from its close articulation with the college, in order that it might articulate better with boy-and-girl needs. Character is given to the report by the high reputation of its signers.

The report advocates a simpler and more flexible high-school course, the certificate of which shall be accepted by the college without restriction, even though the secondary school is to permit a wide election of studies, including practical courses that prepare for business and trade. "Many students," the report explains, "do not go to college because they took those courses which were dictated by their aptitudes and needs instead of courses prescribed by the college. On the other hand, many students do not take the courses which they need because they think they may go to college."

To quote a most significant statement from this document: "It is coming to be clearly recognized that the chief characteristic of education in a democracy, as contrasted with that in a society dominated by class distinctions, is the principle of the 'open door.' The principle of the open door is part of the great idea of the conservation of human gifts. It demands that personal worth should be recognized wherever found. The college is only one of the many doors that should be kept open."

The modern notion of the open door, as applied to secondary education, has in it, therefore, no antagonism to culture or to college; but it means more than a commercial course in stenography beside a course in Latin and Greek. It signifies a study of individual needs and an attempt to fit that individual for what the best wisdom of the moment considers his welfare! In the West, particularly, this has meant a program of studies made afresh for each boy and girl—exactly as nowadays corrective physical exercises are prescribed differently for each pupil. The resolute following out of this democratic formula has created a stir—as is always the case—reminding us that, "when the chemist disclosed what was in the preservative the result was a shock to the ultra-conservative."

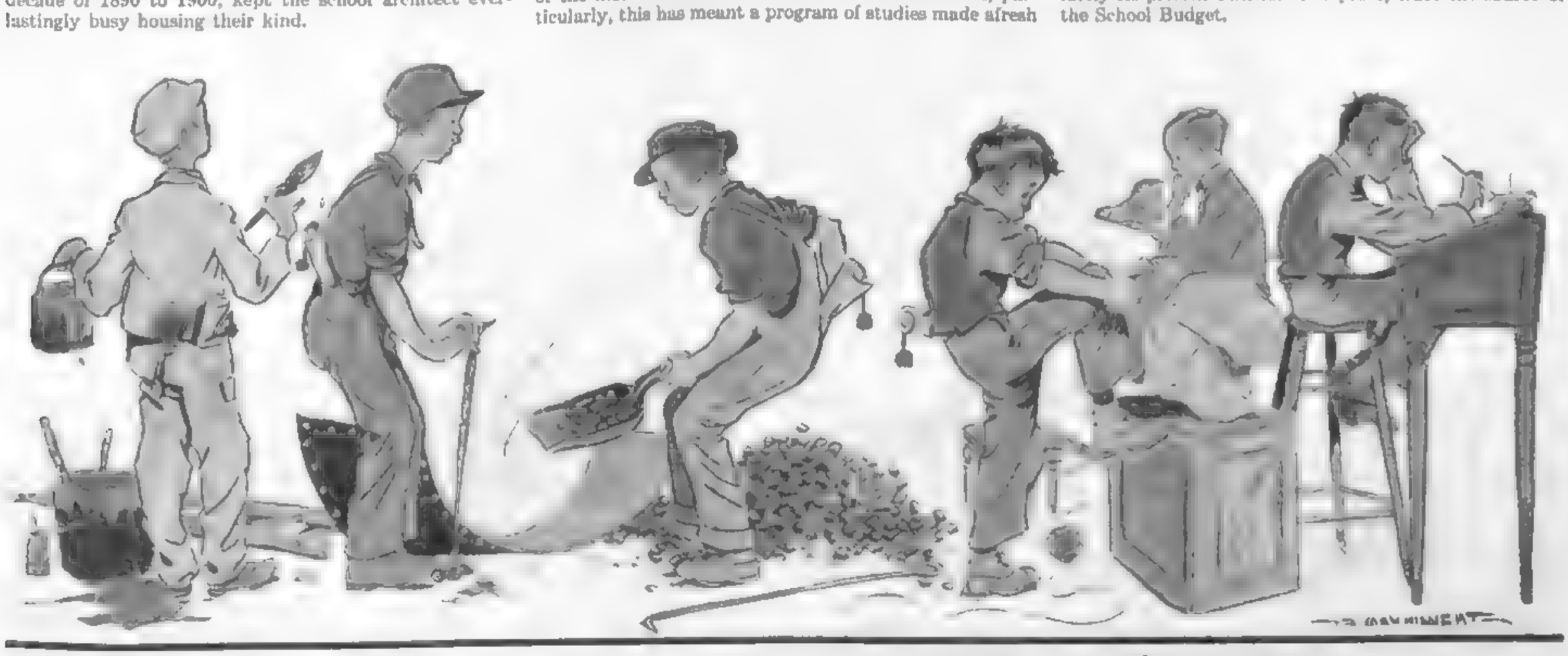
Most untraditional bedfellows sometimes appear. Blacksmithing may be pursued by a student who has already chosen Greek—suggesting Elihu Burritt; while a chap who needs to know more about agriculture is set to work in a field laboratory—and no one cares if he never studies French! In Massachusetts, Commissioner of Education Snedden is developing boys educationally in work that looks marvelously like landscape gardening, house-painting, furniture making; and he claims there's culture in it too! In the end, culture is bound to get you, whatever your original pedagogic position.

Culture Courses and Bread-and-Butter

FOR a while the people, who pay the bills and are therefore keen for bargains and cut rates, may seem to forget that to the ideal of preparing for life there is an ordinary interpretation and an exalted one. So one may expect to see the high schools turned topsyturvy and back several times before they settle into the normal again—which will never be quite the former normal. Still, the new owners show considerable insight. They do not care too much for out-and-out bread-and-butter courses. They give time ungrudgingly to "ornamental design" and to those marvelous four-part songs. Impracticable "organized play" is delightfully popular—the out-of-door and indoor games; the rhythmic wand drills and stately dances, revived from an older time. How it takes you when you see a half hundred skillful lads and maids "footing it featly" in motion poetry, almost Greek! And the new owners have no word of protest for the wonderful pageants and dramas that come with the new festival interest. What artistry the people's children show in the manipulation of wood and metal! And literature, as a vision of the heart of man—enjoyed, sensed, dreamed over—is richer than ever in its contribution to living and preparation for living. These new discoverers believe in vocational training, but they are too wise to ignore the avocational needs, to use George Drayton Strayer's phrase; they ask for an education to meet the hours of daily work, though they demand, not less earnestly, an education for the blessed hours of leisure. The bread-and-butter-fly that they seem to know lives too often on an impoverished diet and expires early of malnutrition—see Professor L. Carroll: Through the Looking-Glass.

The community has rediscovered the high school—the whole community, including those "persons of the better sort" who desire Greek and Latin and theoretical mathematics. The high school, as nowadays conceived, is a democratic institution that is attempting to meet every legitimate educational need of boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Preparation for lifework is its ideal, which need not be a low one; and it bases its scheme of studies upon no traditional plan that will not bear the test of efficient service to the community about it.

It is the people's college, to describe it in the old phrase endeared by nearly seventy years of use; and, though the culturist was its original discoverer and the college its temporary captor, the whole people are absolutely its present owners. For proof, trace the source of the School Budget.



What Boots It Whether Your Graduate Knows How to Eliminate X and Y if He Is Too Dainty to Paint a Roof or Pound Hot Bolts?

THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

She Felt Queer, as if an Angel Had Just Spit in Her Face

VII

THERE are bombs and bombs. Those, for example, cast honorably by a hostile army into a defenseless city, and the assassin variety, aimed by anarchists at the stomachs of respectable people, "and many others," as children say in the geography class when they are naming the products of foreign countries. But the most thrilling of all is the human bomb that drops down into a somnambulent community with its fuse burning. Jim Bone produced this effect upon the peaceful coma of Ruckersville. During the few weeks after his arrival there was a curious cleared space about him upon which no one intruded. That is to say, no one asked him how was his health, or what was his business, or how long he purposed to remain. But every one saw that his fuse was burning; and no one knew whether this meant that he would shoot the sheriff, or behave like the conventional prodigal and go up to be prayed for at the evening service in church, where the usual June revival was in progress. During the day he might be seen seated beneath the awning of Daddisman's Hotel, his chair tilted back against the wall, his long legs spread out impudently on the sidewalk, his body doubled till he sat on the small of his back, and his shirt laced up in front with a blue shoestring. He was really a wounded man suffering from the cupid fever. But no one knew this. The dog that had attached itself to him that first evening was literally the one creature who understood the situation. The dog lay always in front, hindlegs folded forward, forepaws extended and his red-brown hound's head resting upon them, while his adoring eyes never left the face of his friend except when some one passed. Then he arose, extended his tail, wagged it in expository fashion as much as to say: "This is Mr. Jim Bone, my new master. You may remember him; he left here some years ago. Nice fellow, feeds well and no bad habits."

The trouble was, nobody believed the dog. One day shortly after Bone's arrival Tony Adams, who had been sober long enough to shave and put on a clean shirt, hurried round the corner, came close to his chair and murmured in that mysterious male undertone men have when they smell blood:

"Better git up and git, Jim. The sheriff's after you. Swore out a warrant for you early this morning."

"Say, he did?"

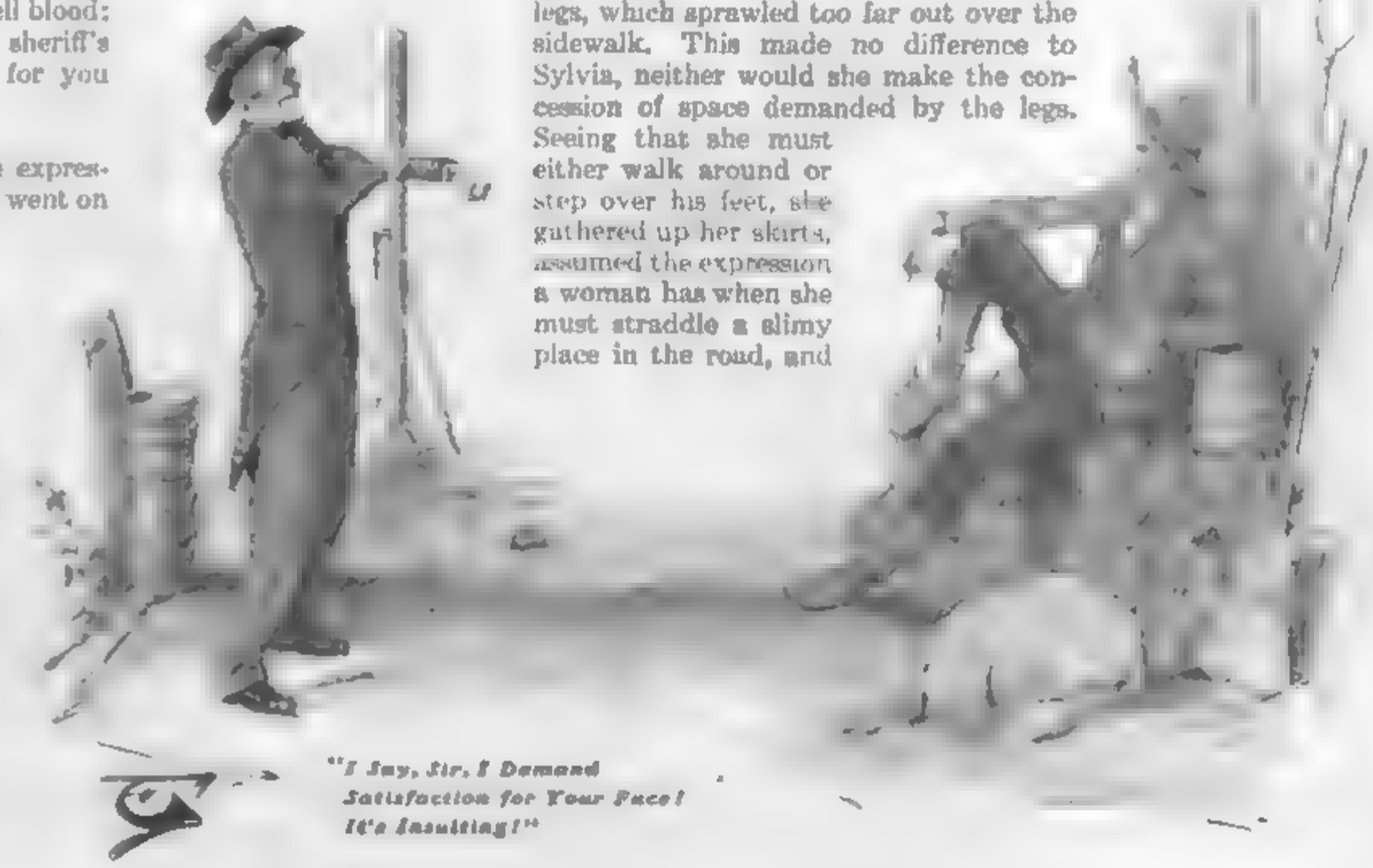
His lethargy was the superlative expression of contempt for the sheriff. He went on whittling the stick upon which he was at that moment engaged.

Tony had become his adoring but distant satellite. He would have been a boon companion like the dog, but Mr. Bone treated him with the same reserve that he did the rest of the community. Tony had the feeling that his fate hung in the balance of that dark, inscrutable face. He sometimes followed him into Bilfire's saloon and bore with humility the insult of not being asked to drink with the hero. Tony received the impression that, not being quite a man, he was not yet entitled to the privilege of drinking with one. He felt like a fool on probation. And he resented nothing. But he desired above everything that Jim would ask a favor of him. He was merely standing afar off, publican fashion, fascinated and waiting for this direful demigod in top-boots to make up his mind as to what sacrifice and service he desired of him.

The life of the world in miniature flowed slowly, softly through the streets of the town. And the peculiar features of it appeared to fascinate Bone. He was taking a census of the situation; he was being revived from the long past. He observed the young negro lads now in the rabbit-hunting period of their development, and recalled far back the time when he was their whooping companion upon the red hills in the broom sedge. He recognized the faces of certain old tubby black mammies, and of lean old men, black and white. All drifted by like shadows that memory cast upon the golden background of his youth. No one spoke to him. He was the italics of a dark and bloody night to them, now twenty years old but still remembered. Ruckersville was not in the habit of emptying its veins upon a card table. All difficulties were carried on in a vituperating vocabulary or, in extreme excess, with bare fists. Georgians do not like to kill. They have a morality against the shedding of human blood with a knife. And they were not inclined now to welcome the man who had left four scars, varying from three to five inches in length, upon the person of Tony Adams. Tony was nobody's pet, still his veins were a sacred trust imparted to him by Nature, which had been violated by this shanky prodigal. If he went up to be prayed for, good and well. If he did not, then he was not a proper prodigal and they would have nothing to do with him. This was about the size of it.

Meanwhile Jim made no advances. He had not determined in his own mind yet whether to continue the rôle of criminal, which had shadowed his past in Ruckersville and had since made him the hero of more than one Western tour; or to yield his scalp as a lover; or to become a prominent citizen; or simply to go away with his feathers singed. The whole situation had been complicated by Sylvia Story, the woman he had seen that first day upon the porch of the old house beyond the oat field. If Sylvia had been a star-faced maiden the situation might have been simple. He could have managed to kiss her by this time and, satisfied with that commonplace victory—which men of his type rarely press farther with star-faced maidens—he might have gone on about his business. The thing that troubled him was whether he could kiss Sylvia. She was the kind of woman who excites this sort of speculation in a man without gratifying his curiosity. He had seen her once on the street, and she made no modest pretense of not seeing him.

Once he was sitting under the hotel awning when she passed, stepping with that curious muscular grace common to some women and to jungle cats. She covered him some distance off with the dark mystery of her splendid eyes. It was the serene challenge of the woman who has the upper hand and knows it. He understood and resented the insinuation. No man knows how to court such a woman. His instinct is to catch her around the waist and walk off with her without any preliminary romanticism. But this had never been done in Ruckersville. The only retort he could make now was to refuse to draw in the length of his legs, which sprawled too far out over the sidewalk. This made no difference to Sylvia, neither would she make the concession of space demanded by the legs. Seeing that she must either walk around or step over his feet, she gathered up her skirts, assumed the expression a woman has when she must straddle a slimy place in the road, and was about to step over the first one, when he capitulated and jerked both out of the way with a growl.



"I Say, Sir, I Demand Satisfaction for Your Face! It's Insulting!"

"Still," the keen sting of a smile in the tail of Sylvia's eye seemed to say as she went on, "you had to move [illegible]."

When a woman makes a point like that a man's animal self-respect compels him to remain upon the scene until he wins. Love is not love, either in men or women. It is the instinct to subjugate, an instinct of which Nature makes excellent use. This accounts for the unhappiness that love engenders in the breasts of its victims. There were evening hours every day when Mr. Bone felt like a particularly vicious steer that has had his horns sawed off. He was not himself. He was better than himself. He was forced by this ever-renewing emotion to "freshen up," so to speak. That is another natural thing about love that looks queer. It has a grotesque way of rejuvenating a man in spite of his age and habits. This is why the old widower wears a telltale blossom in his buttonhole. He cannot help it.

Nature is a series of nets prepared to catch us, to retain us a while as we drift downward on our way back to dust. God is not nearly so particular as some preachers represent about the way He redeems a man. The gospel is much broader than the Acts of the Apostles. Every instinct is a candle buoy to life everlasting. The only way you get down at the end is because you retain the awful privilege of falling from grace—every grace, including that of love. This is really an expression of His respect for man. You have forever the right to fall. And this was what depressed our hero as he considered his present situation. He had been in love so often, had so many times experienced the transitory recreation of passion. He was one who took his salvation backward and lost it every time he went forward. That is to say, the women he had loved were the women who had ended by tiring him the most. You could not trust them to last. He did not dream how equally true the reverse of this same experience was for the women in question.

In short, his plans had gone wrong. Fate had ignored them. He had somehow been deprived of cutting the figure he meant to cut when he decided to make this brief visit to the home of his youth. He was an indifferent ranchman, who had made a fortune accidentally by staking a claim somewhere in Colorado during one of his periodical sprees.

He was returning from New York, where he had been to close the deal in which he sold his stake for an amazing sum. By a digression from the straight route back to New Mexico he could take in Ruckersville, merely as an eagle might visit an old discarded nest. Nothing had been farther from his intention than to remain there longer than it would take to "paint the old town red." But from the moment he had set foot in it he had been in a trance, a trance that he knew was ridiculous, but that he could not make up his mind to break. The fact is, his mind had been dissolved, not only by Sylvia but by the whole situation. One day a wagon loaded with shingles and drawn by a pair of black-and-white spotted oxen passed. The hubs of the wheels needed greasing and gave a groaning voice to the thing as it went by. The oxen held their heads close to the ground beneath the yoke, leaned away from each other and crept along at a snail's pace. He restrained the impulse to run out and swing on to the pole that projected behind, as he had done when he was a boy. Really he was alarmed at this recrudescence of the youth he had been. Not being a psychologist, he did not understand how some accident of a long-forgotten sight, or a song, or any little circumstance, might change the mental cylinders and cause the mind to act merely in terms of the past. He was obliged to go to Bilfire's saloon and take three drinks before he could recover his normal consciousness.

When he was not loafing in the saloon or beneath the awning of the hotel he sometimes transferred himself to a seat upon a bag of seed potatoes in front of the store of Magnis, Luster & Co. He would there be flanked upon one side by a measure of rutabaga

turnips and on the other by an open sack of dried peaches. He helped himself from each alternately, devouring both with equal relish. Turnips were the only fresh food he ate. At the hotel he persisted in demanding canned goods, mostly beef and tomatoes. This perversion of taste puzzled everybody in Ruckersville, for everybody had heard of it. He was the central topic of all the backbiting done in the town at this time.

"Eats like he'd been on an Arctic expedition," said Daddisman.

As a matter of fact, he had lived for years where the only food supplies were canned stuffs, such as men, when they have no women to cook for them, are very apt to resort to.

While he peeled his turnip and sliced it into his mouth, he stared at the monument raised in memory of the Confederate soldiers, which stood before him in the middle of the square and for some reason appeared to afford him amusement. The truth was, the figure of the soldier on the pedestal was of extremely short stature. This was due to the fact that the Daughters of the Confederacy, who had erected the monument, had not been able to afford the price demanded, and the skinflint sculptor shortened the legs of the hero to make up the difference. It was a sacred defect about which Ruckersville was so sensitive that it was never mentioned. No one doubts that as many men of low stature are brave as of tall stature; but the altitude of hero worship requires, if you raise a statue to the memory of a man, even if he is not over five feet high, that the thing shall be at least ten feet to produce the proper effect. Jim Bone had seen the world, particularly the world of the West, where the sense of things is gigantic. And the realistic brevity of the legs of the Confederate hero tickled him. He discovered in it that element of the grotesque that is so characteristic of the South, when it exalteth itself either in oratory or in any other form of exaggeration. The visible facts never warranted the proclamation. We are too poor in dollars and cents to evidence the greatness of our spirits.

One day as he sat contemplating the gallant pose of the duck-legged statue, with his mouth drawn back in a wedge-shaped smile and his nose tilted at the usual offensive angle above it, a sharp tenor voice interrupted his reverie:

"Sir, do you mean anything derogatory to the glory of the Confederacy by that damned grin?"

Slowly the wedge-shaped grin was turned up and fixed upon Captain Martin, who had placed himself directly, boldly, in front of the offense. It widened, increased, and it continued to mean the same thing, whatever that was.

"I say, sir, I demand satisfaction for your face! It's insulting!" He squared his poor old body, dashed at first onesleeve, then the other, to push them up, balled the skinny old hand into a fist, crooked the arm above, and grasped his biceps in the other hand with restrained emotion. His mustache bristled, his goatee worked furiously. His eyes danced with valorous frenzy.

Bone stood up, shook his loose trousers legs down, closed his claspknife with a snap, turned his back upon the captain and remarked as he walked off:

"The legs of the durn thing's too short. Glory ought always to be long in its stride."

Every day Bone devoted the kissing hour of twilight to Sylvia Story. No one suspected this, least of all Sylvia, a circumstance for which he was devoutly thankful. For he was the sworn enemy of his passion and desired to escape before it should be discovered. Nevertheless, in the late afternoon he and the dog retired to his room in the hotel, where he made an elaborate toilet. That is to say, he scrubbed thoroughly, put on a clean shirt laced with a red shoestring, exchanged his corduroy trousers for a pair of gray checked ones—which showed his symptoms only by a green thread that ran through the checks—and brushed his boots. He was with his boots as a woman is with her corset—he could not do without them. They were a part of his magnificent leg consciousness. And, no matter how hot the weather was, if he was in love he wore boots, just as Mildred Percey would have tightened the waist laces of her corset. Love is probably the first evolution in the physical history of man and the inspiration of the first bath that Adam took. You will observe that the natural primitive boy never voluntarily bathes behind his ears or shaves the back of his neck until he reaches that age of adolescence when he actually "sees a girl." Then he begins to oil his wings and perfume himself. Later he leaves off the perfume and waxes his mustache.

The dog superintended these preparations with sympathy and every appearance of masculine intelligence. He applied the test of his nose to the checked trousers and found them satisfactory. He stood in front of the poor hobbled lover and wagged his tail in unison, while the afflicted one sat down, bent double, and secretly shined his boots as far up as they could be made to shine. When they were ready to start, and the lover made sure that his hat was on sideways at the lady-killing angle, the dog leaped pleasantly upon his hindlegs and did all he could to cheer Jim Bone, for it was perfectly clear to his hound's sense of the situation that the victim resented the bondage of decking himself according to the demands of love.

The two then went out together. Mr. Bone put his hands in his pockets, smoked a cigar which sustained the same angle to his nose that a hen's tail does to her back when she sings, and meant the same thing. He strolled through the town in this style, with Bimber trotting at his heels, the dog's hindlegs about two inches farther to the right than his forelegs, and his tail held delicately at half-mast. They were observed from behind the primly starched curtains of old Mr. Percey's residence as they went by, also from behind the equally maidenly reserved curtains of the Misses Yancey's residence. But neither of them was conscious of this flattery. From sundown to dark they engaged in a leisurely, spectacular walk upon the hill and in the pasture about the old house on the edge of town, where Sylvia Story lived with her father, Mr. Clark Story. That is to say, the dog pretended to hunt in order to give his master the decent cover of an occupation. The man merely strode moodily, grandly about after Bimber, filled with indignation and disgust for himself and an unendurable longing to see Sylvia at one of the windows or out on the old hooded porch. This was denied him. She was the kind of woman a man must overtake. She would never face about and wait for him. Her experience proved that this was not necessary in her case.

"He Loves Me—He Puts Me Yet, When I am So Old," Enunciated Amy Softly, as if She Whispered a Miracle

VIII

WHEN the hour for revival services at the church arrived, the prodigal, accompanied by Tony Adams and the dog, was always to be seen, seated three benches in the rear of the congregation. Tony wore the expression of a lost boy and occupied the darkest corner. The dog sat upon the floor and had to be kicked when certain hymns were sung to keep him from adding a howling refrain. Mr. Bone covered all the remaining space. His arms were stretched as far as they could reach along the back of the bench, his legs spraddled as usual in an unguinly manner. There was nothing offensive in his expression. It was merely enigmatical, and might have resembled Satan's if he had been permitted to attend choir practice in Heaven.

Ruckersville was a church-going community. The sinners believed in God even more than the saints did. This is generally the case. As a rule, a saint gets to believe more and more in himself; but a sinner is deprived of this privilege and continues probably the dearest child of the Father in this world, being sadly conscious of his unworthiness. And it explains in terms of humanity the reasons why the publican's prayer is so much prized to this day. It is the one proper prayer ever uttered by a mere man, and for that reason it is set down in the Scriptures as a pattern.

The trouble with Ruckersville was that about a generation before the present prodigal was born the saints had got the upper hand of the situation and had created a decimated public opinion, which excluded all worldly amusements, golden ornaments, and many other things as natural for men and women to have as their hair and legs. The crop of sinners resulting from this arrangement was overwhelming. If you played cards you were lost, and

might as well go the whole hog—gamble—and have done with it. If you drank you were also lost, and might as well get drunk for the same reason. If young, male or female but more particularly the latter -and experiencing that pastoral frivolity of the leg muscles that can only be relieved by dancing, your feet took hold on hell. You showed the evidence of a fallen nature. Virtue had gone out of you. There was not a girl or a respectable woman in Ruckersville who had ever danced a minuet or waltzed with a man's arm about her waist. It appeared that there was something contagious about either the arm or the waist. The subject was so scandalous that no one ever explained which one had the contagion. This, of course, was not the case in the old Joseph Rucker julep days of romance and king's-grant prosperity. But when your aristocrat becomes poor and religious in his pride, he is one of the narrowest-minded moral skinflints in creation. This was why there were so many well-born, bony, unmarried, chaste, poor-spirited women in the town. It also explained in part why all the men drank, played cards for money and went fox hunting in desperation. The poor creatures instinctively revolted against the lockstep of such inhuman respectability. Righteousness is a terrible thing when a conscientious fool enforces it. And if nine-tenths of us did not backslide, the world would dwindle down to a few childless ascetics on each continent and just the devil walking to and fro with all the natural instincts to tempt them back to life.

At the time of which I am writing there were but two persons in Ruckersville who had any inkling of this truth. One was Jim Bone, who was making a sort of heathen effort at comprehension as he sat behind the congregation and divided his attention between the wonderful head of Sylvia Story, who sat in the choir singing like a vestal virgin, and the general forlornness in the faces of the elder men and women, who appeared to have been saved by some kind of devastating grace.

The other person who really understood was Amy White, a blind pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, who sat in her gorgeously flowered calico dress with some of the older women in the amen corner, dreaming her dreams and thinking up broader salvation scriptures for her little Book of Life, into which Elbert copied them from time to time. Being blind and good she could not see to divide the sheep from the goats. She was in her heart that sweet rain that falls alike upon the just and the unjust. She was forgiven by those who saw her lack of discrimination because of her limitations.

The preacher's eloquence had become fiery and concentrated since the appearance of Jim Bone in the congregation. The preacher was a good man, who firmly believed that his Heavenly Father was a severe one. His religion was a sort of spiritual penitentiary of the soul, and nothing could exceed the ardor with which he sincerely labored for the incarceration of other souls. As the prodigal sat night after night apparently unmoved, the mind of the whole congregation settled upon him. Amy felt the tension, but was unable to account for it.

One night in the midst of a poignant silence, following an invitation to sinners to come forward for prayers, she leaned over to Rachel Martin, the captain's wife, her brow sweetly puzzled with fine wrinkles, and whispered:

"Rachel, what is the matter? There must be a terrible sinner present."

It was as if she had said:

"Rachel, there must be a skunk in the house. I smell him!"

"There is!" whispered Mrs. Martin. "It's that Jim Bone, settin' yonder on the back bench as if he enjoyed damnation, makin' of himself a stumblin' block to this revival."

"I remember him years ago," returned Amy. "He wasn't a bad boy."

"No," snapped Mrs. Martin, "just bad enough to slit Tony Adams open in four places with his pocket-knife the night before he left here. And from the looks of him he hasn't improved any out West where he's been livin'."

Mrs. Martin was righteously indignant. This is the severest form of indignation known to man, because it can be indulged to any extent conscientiously. And in Ruckersville she was the very fountain of it. She was in religious circles what Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was everywhere else, the moving spirit. Rachel Martin was a stout woman, whose hats refused to become her. Her features were too drastic to harmonize with anything so feminine as a turban or a lady's bonnet. She loved the captain with all her heart, talked about her neighbors scandalously, read a leaflet at every meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, and always prayed for "a closer walk with God." But she was not a hypocrite. She was only a spiritual ignoramus. She had the courage of her convictions, a dangerous form of valor in any kind of ignoramus. And she was now about to show it. She moved restlessly in her place beside Amy—like a setting hen so ruffled and disturbed in her nest that she has a good mind to get up, get off of it and go peck somebody. The awful absurdity of her attitude was that she believed she was being "moved by the Spirit." The silence became frightful. The preacher stood waiting. Everybody forgot that they also were sinners, and waited with him.

If the prodigal on the back bench suspected that this was his affair, he did not show it in a single lineament of his face. His repose was profound. You might have said it was gentle. He really had been moved. He had been changed; but if it had been known how changed, the preacher at least might have fainted. It is astonishing what thoughts, what strange inspirations will come to a man in church. Suddenly, as Jim sat there with the people before him, he had a sense of them, what they had suffered; the poverty an stringency of their lives touched him half humorously, half compassionately. He did not hear the exhortation nor see the sad, beseeching, mourning faces turned in his direction. He was making up his mind to redeem the place and the people from the dullness and dreariness that stupefied them. He was enjoying the sensation of a humorist and a philanthropist at the same time.

Naturally Mrs. Rachel Martin could not have known this. She arose from her place, fixed her eyes calmly, compellingly upon him, and advanced down the aisle. Nothing is more common still in many communities, especially in the South, than a church-worker who will go about in the congregation during a revival, personally exhorting particularly hardened or refractory sinners.

There was a stir in the congregation, a mere stir. No one turned his or her head any more than you would look in on a boy who is about to be spanked by his mother. Every one expected a severe struggle between Rachel and the prodigal.

Mr. Bone remained serenely unconscious. He was absorbed in the sudden unfolding of his plans for the future. He did not even observe the approach of Mrs. Martin, and it had passed out of his memory what such a visitation might signify—so long a time had elapsed since he had been in a company where one man or woman considered himself better than any other. But Tony saw and understood with the helpless alarm of a poor sheep whose transgressions have long since relegated him to the company of goats.

Mrs. Martin paused halfway down the aisle to take out her glasses and put them on. Tony took advantage of this moment of inattention to slide gently, noiselessly down out of sight. He assumed a cramped but four-legged posture very gratifying to the dog, who accepted the advent as a personal compliment and immediately made room for him.

Rachel was surprised when she got her glasses on. She thought she had seen Tony back there, but she concluded that she must have been mistaken. She went in between the benches and sat down by the prodigal, who at once recalled his attention from the plans he was elaborating and fixed it, along with his eyes, upon Mrs. Martin. He remembered her as she looked when he was a youth. She had not changed. He recalled that in those days there was an undeclared enmity between them. The nature of it had to do with a certain June-apple tree in the Rucker-Martin garden.

She sat down beside him, regarded him serenely over the top of her glasses and began:

"Jim, I knew your mother. Her grandfather was my grandfather's second cousin. She's not here to do for you as a mother would, an' I'm goin' to take her place as near as I can."

It was as if she meant:

"I owe it to the family, and cannot allow even a distant relative of mine to be damned without making a conscientious effort to save him from such a fate."

Mr. Bone understood, drew his members together, crossed his legs, furled his arms, nodded his head, and gave her a steady, disconcerting attention.

"You've been here a month now, and this meetin's been goin' on and you here every night showin' no signs of repentance. You've come home to stay, I reckon, and we want you to lay aside your wildness, make up your mind to behave yourself, get up off of this bench, and go up yonder to that altar and pray for forgiveness."

"Just as lief!" was the astonishing reply, as if he had not thought of it before. He was not repentant, being of that class of men who grow the way they are going without the pruning of public prayers. And, like many another in a similar situation, he had no compunction about acting a lie, rather than undergo the hysteria of an argument about his soul. Such a man's soul is always his spiritual $x\ y\ z$, which equals the unknown.

"Come along then!" said Rachel, rising and making way for him.

The next moment they advanced down the aisle, Mr. Bone in front, with his hands tied behind him, so to speak. He was looking straight into the eyes of Sylvia Story. If you did not understand, you might have called it a sacrilege, that queer appeal of the $x\ y\ z$ to the unknown other half of his equation. Rachel brought up the rear. You experienced a change of heart at the sight of her. The tears were streaming down her grim old face, softening it. She had done a good deed. The sod of her soul was turning green, was blossoming before your eyes. A fool may become great in the twinkling of an eye. God has arranged it so without reference to our little systems of judgment. The hypocrite is sometimes a saint for one aurora moment, and the saint does not always avoid the limelight of hypocrisy. They knelt together, side by side. It was as if Rachel wanted the Lord to see her there. We are all such children as that in the presence of Him, sometimes hiding, sometimes showing off.

On his knees the prodigal was immense. On hers, the old tartar saint was no longer absurd.

Sylvia Story was the only person who was sufficiently detached from the scene at the altar to observe what was going on in the back of the house. Slowly the head of Tony Adams reappeared. His fine, thin, blond hair was tousled. He slyly lifted himself to a sitting posture upon the bench. He wore the expression of an actor who had missed his cue and had been left in the wings on this account. It was an expression of pathetic regret. This was his fate always; and if by any chance he got the right cue he invariably went on a spree and lost it. The dog crept out in the aisle, sat down, and pointed his nose inquisitively at the kneeling figure of his master. It seemed to him that he had better remain in the background with Tony. He hoped everything would turn out for the best. Still, that was a very queer, unmasterly attitude in which he beheld his master.

Young Mr. Ellis, the minister, stood inside the altar rail, wearing that peculiar animation of the transfigured human. If he had been Peter on the Sea of Galilee and had caught one fish—a leviathan—in his net, he could not have been better satisfied. Still, he looked out over the congregation and said: "Is there not another?"

No one moved. Apparently there was not. The sea flowed by in the sweet smile of thankful faces. He lifted his hands. "Let us pray!"

That is always a majestic sentence. It brings the Maker of the heavens and the earth upon the scene. It banishes the sneers of the world; it makes an atheist look like a rotten gourd. No matter what errors of doctrine went before, or what shallow sentimentality of singing, or how many hypocrites or sinners are present, the curtain rises for a moment upon the far eternity of man, and we have a fleeting glimpse of little stars holding up their hands to shut out the too-great glory of God.

It is neither here nor there that a few younger, prayer-messenger angels may have tittered at the dumbness of the prodigal kneeling so well-flanked by saints. A man is as much entitled to his dumb prayers as he is to any others—often more so. And Jim was in an embarrassing position, not before his Heavenly Father, but beside his saints. He knew that he had been changed; but it was not

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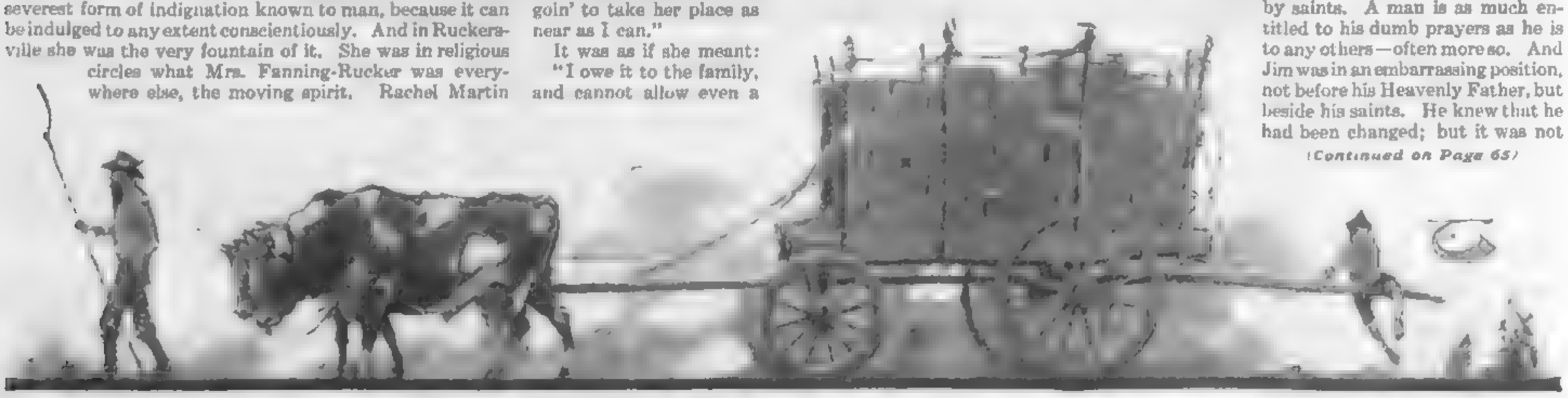

He Restrained the Impulse to Run Out and Swing on to the Pole

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXX

ARNOLD stood quite still for several moments. The shock seemed to deprive him of the power of speech.

"Is it my fancy," Sabatini inquired, "or is the name familiar to you?"

"The name is familiar," Arnold confessed. Sabatini for a moment appeared to be puzzled.

"Lalonde," he repeated to himself. "Why, Lalonde," he added, looking up quickly, "was the name of the young lady whom you brought with you to Bourne End. An uncommon name too."

"Her uncle," Arnold declared—"the same man beyond a doubt. The police tried to arrest him two days ago and he escaped. You might have read of it in the paper. It was spoken of as an attempt to capture an anarchist. Lalonde fired at them when he made his escape."

Sabatini sighed.

"It is a small world," he admitted. "I know all about Isaac Lalonde, but I am very sorry indeed to hear that the young lady is connected with him. She seemed—I hope you will forgive me—to speak as though she lived in straitened circumstances. Do you mind telling me whether this event is likely to prove of inconvenience to her?"

Arnold shook his head.

"I am making arrangements to find her another apartment," he said. "We have been through some very dark times together. I feel that I have the right to do everything that is necessary. I have no one else to support."

Sabatini hesitated.

"If one might be permitted ——" he began with what was for him a considerable amount of diffidence.

Arnold interposed a little brusquely.

"The care of Ruth Lalonde is upon my shoulders," he insisted. "There can be no question about that. From me it is not charity, for she shared her meals with me when I was practically starving. I am going to ask you more questions."

"Proceed, by all means," Sabatini invited.

"Was Starling concerned in this Rosario affair?"

"Not directly," Sabatini admitted.

"Then why," Arnold demanded, "does he hide and behave like a frightened child?"

"A pertinent question," Sabatini agreed. "You have to take into account the man's constitutional cowardice. It is a fact, however, that he was perfectly well aware of what was going to happen, and there are circumstances connected with the affair—a document, for instance, which we know to be in the hands of the police—that account for their suspicions and would certainly tend to implicate our friend Starling. It would be quite easy to make out a very strong case against him."

"I do not understand," Arnold said after several moments' silence, "what interest Isaac Lalonde could possibly have had in killing Rosario."

Sabatini contemplated for a few moments the tip of his shoe. Then he sighed gently and lit a cigarette.

"For a young man," he remarked, "it is certain that you have a great deal of curiosity. Still you have also, I believe, discretion. Listen then. There is a certain country in the south of Europe which all those who are behind the scenes know to be on the brink of a revolution. The capital is already filled with newspaper correspondents; the thunder mutters day by day. The army is unpaid and full of discontent. For that reason it is believed that their spirit is entirely revolutionary. Every morning we who know expect to read in the papers that the royal palace has been stormed and that the king is an exile. This was the state of things until about a week ago. Did you read the papers on Tuesday morning last?"

Arnold shook his head. "Perhaps," he replied. "I saw nothing that I can remember."

"That morning," Sabatini continued—"the morning of Rosario's death—one read that the government of that country, which had vainly applied for a loan to all the bankers of Europe with a view to satisfying the claims of the army and navy, had at last succeeded in arranging one through the intervention of Rosario. The paragraph was probably inspired, but it spoke plainly. It went so far even as to say that the loan had probably averted a revolution. The man who had saved the monarchy of an ancient nation was Rosario. One of his rewards, I think, was to have been a title and a distinguished order. It was understood among us that this was the real bait. Rosario's actual reward you know of."

"But where does Isaac Lalonde come in?" Arnold demanded.

"Isaac Lalonde," Sabatini said, "is the London secretary of the revolutionary party of the country of which I have been speaking. I think," he concluded, "that your intelligence will make the rest clear."

Sabatini Paused Only to Light a Cigarette and Read the Telegram He Held Between His Fingers

With the palm of his hand Arnold struck the table on the edge of which he was sitting.

"Look here," he asked hoarsely; "if you knew all these things, if you knew that Isaac Lalonde had committed this murder, why do you go about with your lips closed? Why haven't you told the truth? An innocent man might be arrested at any time."

Sabatini smiled tolerantly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "why should I? Be reasonable! When you reach my age you will find that silence is often best. As a matter of fact, in this case my sympathies are very much involved. It is in the mind of many of those who hold the strings that when that revolution does take place it will be I who shall lead it."

Arnold was again bewildered.

"But you," he protested, "are of the ancient nobility of Europe. What place have you among a crowd of anarchists and revolutionaries?"

"You jump at conclusions, my young friend," Sabatini remarked. "The country of which we have spoken is my country, the country from which by an unjust decree I am exiled. There are among those who desire a change of government many aristocrats. It is not the democracy only whose hatred has been aroused by the selfish and brutal methods of the reigning house."

Arnold got down from his table and walked to the window. The telephone rang with some insignificant inquiry from a customer. The incident somehow relieved him. It brought him back to the world of everyday events. The reality of life once more obtruded itself upon his conscience. All the time Sabatini lounged at ease and watched Arnold, always with the faint beginning of a smile upon his lips.

"What I have told you," the latter continued after a few moments' pause, "must not during these days pass beyond the four walls of this singularly uninviting-looking apartment. I have nothing to add to or take from what I have said. The subject is closed. If you have more questions on any other subject I have still a few minutes."

"Very well, then," Arnold said, coming back to his place, "let us consider the Rosario matter disposed of. Let us go back for a moment to Starling. Tell me why you and your sister saw danger to yourselves in Starling's nervous breakdown? Tell me why, when I returned to Pelham Lodge with her that night, she found a dead man in her room, a man whose body was afterward mysteriously removed?"

"Quite a spirited number of questions," Sabatini remarked. "Well, to begin with, then, Rosario signed his death-warrant the moment he wrote his name across the parchment that guaranteed the loan. On the night when you first visited Pelham Lodge we heard the news. I believe that Lalonde and his friends would have killed him that night if they could have got at him. Lalonde, however, was a person of strange and inaccessible habits. He hated all aristocrats and he refused even to communicate with me. Speaking for myself, I was just as determined as Isaac Lalonde that Rosario should never conclude that loan. I told him so that night—Starling and I together. It was thought necessary, by those whose word I am content to accept, that what I had to say to Rosario should come through Starling. It was Starling, therefore, who told him what his position would be if he proceeded farther. I must admit that the fellow showed courage. He took a note of Starling's words, which he declared at the time should be deposited in his safe, so that if anything should happen to him some evidence might be forthcoming. The police without a doubt have been in possession of this document, and curiously enough Starling was at the Milan that day. You will perceive, therefore, that in the absence even of a reasonable alibi it might be difficult to prove his innocence. To our surprise, however—for we had some faith in the fellow—instead of taking this matter with the indifference of a brave man he has chosen to behave like a child. In his present half-maudlin state he would, I am afraid, if in serious danger of conviction, make statements likely to cause a good deal of inconvenience to myself, my sister's friends and others."

"Does he know himself who committed the murder?" Arnold asked.

Sabatini smiled.

"Perfectly well," he admitted, "but the fact helps him very little. Isaac Lalonde is rather a notable figure among European criminals. He belongs to a company of anarchists well-meaning but bloodthirsty, who hold by one another to the death. If Starling to save himself were to disclose the name of the real murderer he would simply make his exit from this life with a knife through his heart instead of the hangman's rope about his neck. These fellows, I believe, seldom commit crimes, but they are very much in earnest and very dangerous. If you ever happen to meet one of them with a red signet ring upon his fourth finger you can look out for trouble."

Arnold shivered for a moment.

"I have seen that ring," he murmured.

"You were a spectator of the tragedy, I remember," Sabatini agreed pleasantly. "Now are you quite satisfied about Starling?"

"I have heard all I want to about that," Arnold admitted.

"We come, then, to your last question," Sabatini said. "You demand to know the meaning of the unfortunate incident that occurred in my sister's boudoir. Here I think that I am really going to surprise you."

"Nothing," Arnold declared fervently, "could surprise me. However, go on."

"Neither Fenella nor myself," Sabatini asserted, "has the slightest idea as to how that man met with his death."

"But you know who he was?" Arnold asked. "You know why he was watching your house, why he seems to have broken into it?"

"I can assure you," Sabatini repeated, "that not only am I ignorant as to how the man met with his death, but I have no idea what he was doing in the house at all. The night Rosario was there it was different. They were on his track then, without a doubt, and they meant mischief. Since then, however, there has been a pronounced difference of opinion between the two branches of the revolutionary party—the one that I represent and the one that

includes Lalonde and his friends. The consequence is that although we may be said to be working for the same ends we have drawn a little apart. We have had no communications whatever with Lalonde and his friends since the murder of Rosario. Therefore, I can only repeat that I am entirely in the dark as to what that man was doing in my sister's rooms or how he met with his death. You must remember that these fellows are all more or less criminals. Lalonde, I believe, is something of an exception, but the rest of them are at war with society to the extent of enriching themselves at the expense of their wealthier neighbors on every possible occasion. It is quite likely that the night they were watching Rosario it may have occurred to them that my sister's room contained a good many valuable trifles and was easily entered, especially as they seem to have had a meeting-place close at hand. That, however, is pure surmise. You follow me?"

Arnold sighed.

"In a way I suppose I do," he admitted. "But—it isn't easy, is it?"

"These matters are not easy," Sabatini agreed. "There are motives and counter-motives to be taken note of with which at present I do not weary you. I give you the clew. It is enough."

"But the mystery of the man's body being removed ——" Arnold began.

Sabatini shrugged his shoulders.

"Our knowledge ends with what I have told you," he said. "We have no idea who killed the man, and what we know about his removal we know only from what you saw."

Arnold sat thinking for several moments. The telephone rang and some one inquired for Mr. Weatherley. When he had answered it he turned once more to his visitor.

"Do you know," he remarked, "that nothing that you have yet told me throws the slightest light upon the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley?"

Sabatini smiled.

"Ah! Well," he said, "I am afraid that as yet I have not fully appreciated that incident. In France it is by no means unusual that a man should take a hurried journey from his family. I, perhaps, have not sufficiently taken into account Mr. Weatherley's exactness and probity of life. His disappearance may, indeed, have a more alarming significance than either my sister or I have been inclined to give it, but let me assure you of this, my dear Chetwode, that even if Mr. Weatherley has come to serious grief neither Fenella nor I can suggest the slightest explanation for it. She knows of no reason for his absence. Neither do I. She is, however, just as convinced as I am that he will turn up again, and before very long."

Sabatini pushed away his chair and prepared to leave. His hand fell carelessly and yet almost affectionately upon the young man's shoulder.

"Perhaps," he said quietly, "I am what you are doubtless thinking me—something of a *poseur*. Perhaps I do like making a tax upon your sober British rectitude. I will admit that the spirit of adventure is in my heart; I will admit that there is in my blood the desire to take from him who hath and give to him who hath not; but on the other hand I have my standards, and I seriously do not think that you would be risking very much if you accepted my invitation to lunch today."

Arnold held out his hand.

"If I hesitate for a single moment," he replied frankly, "it is because of my work here. However, as you say that Mrs. Weatherley will be there, I will come."

"We shall look forward to the pleasure then," Sabatini concluded. "Now I will leave you to go on with your money-coining. *Au revoir!*"

He strolled gracefully out, pausing on his way through the clerks' office to offer a courteous farewell to Mr. Jarvis. The great automobile glided away. Arnold came back from the window and sat down in front of his desk. Before his eyes was a pile of invoices, in his brain a strange medley of facts and fancies.

Mr. Jarvis came back again.

"About those Canadian loans, Chetwode," he began.

Arnold recognized the voice of his savior.

"We'll go into the matter at once," he declared briskly.

XXXI

IT SEEMED to Arnold that he had passed indeed into a different world as he followed Count Sabatini's austere-looking butler across the white stone hall into the cool dining room, where the little party he had come to join was already at luncheon. Outside an unexpected heat seemed to have baked the streets and drained the very life from the air. Here the blinds were closely drawn; the great height of the room with its plain, faultless decorations, its pleasant sweet-smelling flowers and the faint breeze that came through the closely drawn Venetians, made it like a little oasis of coolness and repose. The luncheon party consisted of four people—Count Sabatini himself, Lady Bennington, Fenella and a young man Arnold had seen once before, who was attached to one of the Legations. Fenella held out both her hands.

"I'm afraid I am late," Arnold said.

"It is my fault for not mentioning the hour," Sabatini interposed. "We are Continental in our tastes and we like to breakfast early."

"In any case you would be forgiven," Fenella declared with a fleeting smile, "for this, as you know, is our party of reconciliation."

"What, have you two been quarreling?" Lady Blennington exclaimed. "You don't deserve to have admirers, Fenella. You always treat them badly. How is it you've never been to see me, Mr. Chetwode?"

"Not because I have forgotten your kind invitation," Arnold replied, taking the chair by Fenella's side which the butler was holding for him. "Unfortunately I am at work nearly every afternoon."

"Mr. Chetwode is my husband's secretary now, you must remember," Fenella remarked, "and during his absence he naturally finds a great deal to do."

"Well, I am sure I am only too glad," Lady Blennington said, "to hear of a young man who does any work at all nowadays. They mostly seem to do nothing but hang about looking for a job. When you told me," she continued, "that you were really in the city I wasn't at all sure that you were in earnest."

Sabatini sighed.

"I can assure you, Lady Blennington," he declared, "that so far as my sex is represented here today we are very strenuous people indeed. Signor Di Marito here carries upon his shoulders a burden just at the present moment that few of the ambassadors would care to have to deal with. Mr. Chetwode I have visited in his office, and I can assure you that so far as regards his industry there is no manner of doubt. As for myself ——"

Lady Blennington interrupted gayly.

"Come," she said, "I believe it of these two others if you insist, but you are not going to ask us to believe that you, the personification of idleness, are also among the toilers!"

Sabatini looked at her reproachfully.

"One is always misunderstood," he murmured. "This morning, as a matter of fact, I have been occupied since daybreak."

"Let us hear all about it," Lady Blennington demanded.

"My energies have been directed into two channels," Sabatini announced. "I have been making preparations for a possible journey and I have been trying to find a missing man."

Arnold looked up quickly. Fenella paused with her glass raised to her lips.

"Who is the missing man?" Lady Blennington asked.

"Mr. Weatherley," Sabatini replied. "We can scarcely call him that perhaps, but he has certainly gone off on a little expedition without leaving his address."

"Well, you amaze me!" Lady Blennington exclaimed. "I never thought that he was that sort of a husband."

"Did you make any discoveries?" Arnold asked.

Sabatini shook his head.

"None," he confessed. "As an investigator I was a failure. However, I must say that I prosecuted my inquiries in one direction only. It may interest you to know that I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Weatherley's disappearance is not connected in any way with the matters of which we spoke this morning."

"Then it remains the more mysterious," Arnold declared.

"Fenella, at any rate, is not disposed to wear widow's weeds," Lady Blennington remarked. "Cheer up, dear, he'll come back all right. Husbands always do. It is our other intimate friends who desert us."

Fenella laughed.

"I am quite sure that you are right," she admitted. "I am not really worried at all. It is a very annoying manner, however, to go away, this—a desertion most unceremonious. And now Andrea here tells me that at any moment he too may leave me."

They all looked at him. Count Sabatini inclined his head gravely.

"Nothing is decided," he said. "I have friends abroad who generally let me know when things are stirring. There is a little cloud—it may blow over or it may be the presage of a storm. In a day or two we shall know."

"You men are to be envied," Lady Blennington sighed, speaking for a moment more seriously. "You have the power always to roam. You follow the news of the world wherever you will. The drum beats, you pull up your stakes and away you go. But for us poor women, alas! there is never any pulling up of the stakes. We, too, hear the music—perhaps we hear it oftener than you—but we may not follow."

"You have compensations," Sabatini remarked.

"We have compensations, of course," Lady Blennington admitted, "but what do they amount to after all?"

"You have also a different set of interests," Signor Di Marito interposed. "There are other things in the life of a woman than to listen always to the wander music."

"The question is as old as the hills," Fenella declared, "and it bores me. I want some more omelet. Really, Andrea, your chef is a treasure. If you get your summons I think that I shall take him over. Who will come to the theater with me tonight? I have two stalls."

"I can't," Lady Blennington remarked. "I am going to a foolish dinner party; besides which, of course, you don't want to be bothered with a woman."

"Nor can I," Sabatini echoed. "I have appointments all the evening."

"I, alas!" Signor Di Marito sighed, "must not leave my post for one single moment. These are no days for theater-going for my poor countrymen."

"Then the duty seems to devolve upon you," Fenella decided, smiling toward Arnold.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but I too seem to be unfortunate. I could not possibly get away from the city in time."

"Absurd!" Fenella answered a little sharply. "You are like a boy with a new hobby. It is I who wish you to leave when you choose."

"Apart from that," Arnold continued, "I am sorry, but I have an engagement for the evening."

She made a little grimace.

"With your invalid friend?"

Arnold assented.

"I should not like to leave her alone this evening. She has been in a great deal of trouble lately."

There was a moment's silence. A slight frown had gathered on Fenella's forehead.

"I noticed that she was dressed wholly in black," she remarked. "Perhaps she is in trouble because she has lost a relative lately?"

"She appears to have no relatives in the world," Arnold declared, "except an uncle, and he, I am afraid, is a little worse than useless to her."

Sabatini, who had been listening, leaned a little forward.

"She lives entirely alone with the uncle of whom you have spoken?" he asked.

"Up till yesterday she has done so," Arnold answered gravely. "Just at present, as you know, he has gone away. I only wish that I could find him."

"Going away, as you put it," Fenella murmured, "seems to be rather the fashion just now."

Arnold glanced up quickly, but her expression was entirely innocent. He looked across the table, however, and found that Sabatini was watching him pensively. Fenella leaned toward him. She spoke almost in a whisper, but her tone was cold, almost unfriendly.

"I think," she said, "that with regard to that young woman you carry chivalry too far."

Arnold flushed slightly. Then Sabatini with a little murmur of words changed the conversation. Once more it became entirely general, and presently the meal drew toward a pleasant termination and Fenella and Lady Blennington left together. At the moment of departure the former turned toward Arnold.

"So I cannot induce you to become my escort for tonight?" she asked.

There was appeal, half humorous, half pathetic, in her eyes. Arnold hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I am sorry," he said, "but indeed I shall not be able to leave the office until after the time for the theater."

"You will not obey my orders about the office?"

"I could not in any case leave Ruth alone this evening," he replied.

Fenella turned away from him. The little gesture with which she refused to see his hand seemed to be one of dismissal.

"Signor Di Marito, you will take us to the automobile, will you not?" she said. "Perhaps we can drop you somewhere? Goodby, Andrea, and thank you very much for your charming luncheon. If the message comes you will telephone, I know."

Arnold lingered behind while Sabatini showed his guests to the door. When he too would have left, however, his host motioned him to resume his chair.

"Sit down for a few minutes," he begged. "You have probably seen enough of me for today, but I may be called away from England at any moment and there is a question I want to ask you before I go."

Arnold nodded.

"You are really in earnest, then, about leaving?" he asked.

"Assuredly," Sabatini replied. "I cannot tell you exactly how things may go in my country, but if there is a rising against the reigning house a Sabatini will certainly be there. I have had some experience in soldiering and I have a following. It is true that I am an exile, but I feel that my place is somewhere near the frontier."

Arnold glanced enviously at the man who lounged in the chair opposite to him. Count Sabatini seemed to carry even about his person a flavor from the far-off land of adventures.

"What I want to ask you is this," Sabatini said: "A few minutes ago you declared that you were anxious to discover the whereabouts of your little friend's uncle. Tell me why."

"I will tell you with pleasure," Arnold answered. "You see she is left absolutely alone in the world. I do not grumble at the charge of her, for when I was nearly starving she was kind to me and we passed our darkest days together. On the other hand, I know that she feels it

keenly, and I think it is only right to try and find out if she has no relatives or friends who could possibly look after her."

"It is perfectly reasonable," Sabatini confessed. "I can tell you where to find Isaac Lalonde if you wish."

Arnold's little exclamation was one almost of dismay.

"You know?" he cried.

"Naturally," Sabatini admitted. "You have a tender conscience, my young friend, and a very limited knowledge of the great necessities of the world. You think that a man like Isaac Lalonde has no real place in a wholesome state of society. You have some reason in what you think, but you are not altogether right. In any case this is the truth. However much it may horrify you to know it, and notwithstanding our recent difference of opinion, communications have frequently taken place between the committee that is organizing the outbreak in Portugal, as one of which you may number me, and the extreme anarchists whom Isaac represents."

"You would not really accept aid from such!" Arnold exclaimed.

Sabatini smiled tolerantly.

"There are many unworthy materials," he said, "that go to the building of a great structure. Youth rebels at their use, but age and experience recognize their necessity. The anarchist of your halfpenny papers and police news is not always the bloodthirsty ruffian that you who read of him are led to suppose. Very often he is a man who strenuously seeks to see the light. It is not always his fault if the way that is shown him to freedom must sometimes cross the rivers of blood."

Arnold moved uneasily in his chair. His host spoke with such quiet conviction that the stock arguments that rose to his lips seemed, somehow, curiously ineffective.

"Nevertheless," he protested, "the philosophy of revolutions ——"

"We will not discuss it," Sabatini declared with a smile. "You and I need not waste our time in academic discussion. These things are beside the mark. What I had to say to you is this: If you really wish to speak with Isaac Lalonde and will give me your word to keep the knowledge of his whereabouts to yourself I can tell you where to find him."

"I do wish to speak to him for the reasons I have told you," Arnold replied. "If he were to disappear from the face of the earth, as seems extremely probable at the present moment, Ruth would be left without a friend in the world except myself."

Sabatini wrote an address upon a small slip of paper.

"You will find him there," he announced. "Go slowly, for the neighborhood is dangerous. Can I drop you anywhere?"

Arnold shook his head.

"Thank you," he said, "I must go straight back to the office. I have already been absent too long. I will take the tube from the corner."

Sabatini escorted his guest to the door. As they stood there together, looking down into the quiet street, Sabatini laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"I will not say goodby," he declared, "because, although I am here waiting all the time, I do not believe that the hour has come for me to go. It will be soon, but not just yet. When we first met I thought that I should like to take you with me. I thought that the life in what will become practically a new country would appeal to you. Since then I have changed my mind. I have thought of my own career and I have seen that it is not the life or career for a young man to follow. The adventures of the worker in the cities are a little grayer, perhaps, than those that come to the man who is born a wanderer, but they lead home just as surely—perhaps more safely. *Au revoir!*" He turned away abruptly. The door was softly closed. Arnold went down the steps and set his face cityward.

XXXII

ARNOLD, as he neared the end of his journey, felt indeed that he had found his way into some alien world. The streets through which, after many directions, he had passed had all been strange to him, strange not only on account of their narrowness, their poverty, their ill flavor, but on account also of the foreign names above the shops, the street cries and the dark, unfamiliar aspects of the people. After losing his way more than once he discovered at last a short street branching out of a narrow but populous thoroughfare. There were no visible numbers, but, counting the houses on the left-hand side and finding the door of the seventh open, he made his way inside. The place was silent and seemed deserted. He climbed the stairs to the second story and knocked at the door of the front room. So far, although barely a hundred yards away was a street teeming with human beings, he had not seen a soul in the place.

His first knock remained unanswered. He tried again. This time he heard a movement or sound inside that he construed as an invitation to enter. He threw open the door and stepped inside. The blind was closely drawn, and to his eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, there seemed to be no one in the place. Suddenly the fire of an electric

"What are You Doing Here?"

torch flashed into his eyes, a familiar voice from a distant corner addressed him.

"What are you doing here?"

The light was as suddenly turned off. Arnold could see now that the man whom he had come to visit had barricaded himself behind an upturned table in the distant corner of the room.

"I want a word or two with you, Isaac," Arnold said.

"Who told you where to find me?"

"Count Sabatini."

"Have you told any one else?"

"No!"

"Are you alone?"

"Absolutely."

Isaac came slowly out into the room. His appearance, if possible, was a little more ghastly even than when Arnold had seen him last. He was unshaven and his eyes shone with the furtiveness of some hunted animal. In his hand he was holding a murderous-looking pistol.

"Say what you want—be quick—and get away," Isaac muttered. "I am not here to receive visitors—not your sort anyway. You understand that?"

"You seem to be prepared to receive some one in a most unpleasant manner," Arnold said gravely. "Is that sort of thing worth while, Isaac?"

"Worth while!"

There was a brief pause. Arnold, having asked his question, was looking at his companion half in horror, half in pity. Isaac, white with passion, seemed unable for the moment to make any intelligible reply. Then, drawing in his breath as though with an effort, he walked past Arnold and stood for a moment on the threshold of the door, listening intently. Satisfied, apparently, that there was nothing to be heard save the usual street noises, he closed the door softly and came back into the room.

"You," he said to Arnold, "are one of the clods of the earth to whom it is not given to understand. You are one of those who would fall before the carriages of the rich and hold out your hands for their alms. You are one of those who could weep and weep and watch the children die, wringing your hands, while the greedy ones of the world stuff themselves at their costly restaurants. The world is full of such as you. It is full, too, of many like myself, in whose blood the fever burns, into whose brain the knowledge of things has entered, in whose heart the iron burns."

"That's all right for Hyde Park," Arnold declared bluntly, "but do you imagine you are going to help straighten the world by this sort of thing?"

"In my way I am," Isaac snarled. "What do you know of it, you smooth-faced, healthy young animal, comfortably born, comfortably bred, falling always on your feet in comfortable fashion with the poison of comfort in your veins. You look at my pistol as an evil thing because it can spell the difference between life and death."

"It's the wrong method, Isaac," Arnold insisted earnestly.

Isaac threw out his hand—a little gesture half of contempt, not altogether without its touch of dignity.

"This isn't any place for words," he said, "nor is it given to you to be the champion of your class. Let me alone. Speak your errand and be gone! No one can tell when the end may come. It will be better for you, when it does, that you are not here."

"I have come on account of your niece whom you left penniless and homeless," Arnold said sternly. "With your immense sympathy for others, perhaps you can explain this little act of inattention on your part."

Isaac's start of surprise was genuine enough.

"I had forgotten her for the moment," he admitted curtly. "I saw the red fires that night and since then there has been hardly a moment to breathe or think—nothing to do but get ready for the end. I had forgotten her."

"She is safe for the present," Arnold told him. "My circumstances have improved and I have taken a small flat in which there is a room for her. This may do for the present, but Ruth, after all, is a young woman. She is morbidly sensitive. However willing I may be, and I am willing, it is not right that she should remain with me. I have always taken it for granted that save for you she has no relatives and no friends. Is this the truth? Is there no one whom she has the right to ask for a home?"

Isaac was silent. Some movements in the street below disturbed him and he walked with catlike tread to the window, peering through a hole in the blind for several moments. When he was satisfied that nothing unusual was going on he came back.

"Listen," he said hoarsely. "I am a dead man already in all but fact. I can tell you nothing of Ruth's relatives. Better that she starved on the streets than found them.

(Continued on Page 53)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The Craze for Commissions

FIVE years ago Congress enacted that the Department of Commerce and Labor investigate and report upon "the industrial, social, moral, educational and physical condition of woman and child workers in the United States, wherever employed."

Congress, of course, has no power to legislate concerning the social, moral and physical condition of workers outside the District of Columbia, except possibly in certain cases where the work is a part of interstate commerce. The investigation was made, however, and the report is being published in forty-five volumes at a cost said to exceed three hundred thousand dollars.

It is now proposed that Congress shall establish in the Department of Commerce and Labor a permanent Children's Bureau—"to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life." There are not many mundane matters that do not in some way or other pertain to the welfare of children and child life, and that consequently would be outside the jurisdiction of this bureau; but, with rare exceptions, only the states can legislate upon the matters which the bureau would investigate. Since only the states can legislate it is urged that only the states should investigate; but a state that is backward about legislating would certainly be even more backward about investigating, and a report by the Federal Government might force its hand. In short, the bureau might be a very effectual muckraker of the backward states—and that seems to be its chief recommendation.

Constitutionally speaking, any state has an unquestioned right to be as backward as it pleases in regard to child welfare or any other social matter; but the strictly constitutional view of the relations between state and Federal Government is rapidly giving way. Not only does Congress steadily gain a wider field for direct legislation, but there is a constant demand that it help—indirectly—to do what it has no power to accomplish by direct act. In other words, the United States, like the industrial companies, tends more and more to consolidate.

Disorganized Uncle Sam

THE United States tends rapidly to consolidate. The powers and activities of the central Government, as compared with those of the states, steadily expand. Instead of striving, according to the Jeffersonian formula, to have the Federal Government do as little as possible, we are striving every day to have it do as much as possible. The Supreme Court gives it an ever-widening field for direct legislation, and investigations into matters that it cannot directly legislate upon are increasingly demanded of it. The reports upon woman and child workers and the Children's Bureau Bill are examples. Evidently the time is near at hand—if it has not already arrived—when virtually every business and social relationship will be, in some degree or other, under the hand of the general Government.

However, the Government itself doesn't consolidate. Its organization is a good deal what it was under Jefferson. The recent report of the President's efficiency commission shows how little unity there is in the huge concern at Washington. Every new bureau and every new investigation goes serenely on its own way. Congress hastily tacks on an office here, a commissionership there, in response to the pressing demand of people who are interested in that particular bit of work; but real organization is quite lacking. President and Cabinet are busy also with pressing demands of the moment, usually of a political nature. There is no board of directors—no executive committee looking over the whole machine with an eye single to its most efficient working. "Who on earth," Senator Gallinger feelingly inquired, "is going to read forty-five volumes of a report on woman and child workers?" Nobody, we fear; and nobody, it seems, had any idea there was to be a forty-five-volume report. The investigation began with a very modest appropriation, which was increased year by year. It is all done piecemeal—which means it is all done wastefully. Why not organize?

A Banking Scandal

THE banking business in the United States probably pays about seven per cent on the money invested. Dividends paid by the national banks last year amounted to six and three-quarter per cent on the combined capital and surplus of the banks; and it is seldom that stock can be bought in a bank at less than its book value, including the surplus. City bank stocks usually sell, year in and year out, decidedly higher than any other class of shares in proportion to dividends paid—at such a premium that the purchaser gets only three or four per cent on the money invested. Of course, all the hazards incident to banking fall, first of all, upon the stockholder. The purchaser of bank stock must assume the risk, in case the concern fails, not only of losing his original investment but of being assessed to pay the depositors.

The steady demand for the stock of well-established banks at a high premium by expert investors shows, of course, how remote the chance of failure is; but that alone hardly explains the preference for bank-stock investments. Banking is the most genteel of trades. It receives, by and large, greater respect than any other. The banker, by immemorial custom, is a sort of quasi-public dignitary. Which brings us round to the point that several states—to their own disgrace and to the disgrace of their bankers—still permit the scandal of absolutely unregulated, unsupervised "private" banks of deposit. Any tramp who comes along can hang out a sign advertising himself as a "bank" and, playing upon the public's confidence in banks, take in deposits. This scandal could not continue if the bankers in those states discharged their duty to the public by denouncing it. No unregulated, uninspected bank of deposit should be tolerated anywhere.

The Short Story on the Stage

A FEW years ago the standard vaudeville program was taken up with song-and-dance artists, jugglers, contortionists, monologists, trained dogs and performing seals. Nowadays the typical program will contain two or three one-act plays or "sketches"—that is, dramatized short stories. Often the short story in dramatic form takes up half or two-thirds of the total time of the performance. Probably the vaudeville managers learned this from moving-picture shows, which are admittedly the most significant theatrical development of our times, and consist largely in presenting short stories in pantomime.

It has long been recognized that, on the whole, we do much better with short stories than with novels. A great many very successful short stories are published, but not a great many very successful novels. On the one hand, with relatively few exceptions, five or six thousand words is as much as an author really has to say at a given time on a given subject. On the other hand, comparatively few readers care to listen to more than that at a stretch. The stage is getting round to it by way of the moving-picture show and the vaudeville sketch. Probably some venturesome manager will begin giving a two-hour entertainment, say, consisting of anywhere from three to five one-act plays; and if the drama should work into the short story in that way our stage would begin to give a broader, truer picture of national life. Most of the plays that fail have something to commend them. Boiled down to one act—with that something retained—they might succeed very well.

The Fathers on Recall

AS TO the tenure of office of members of Congress, the first Constitution of these United States provided, in Article V: "Delegates shall be annually appointed in such manner as the legislature of each state shall direct to meet in Congress on the first Monday in November in every year, with a power reserved to each state to recall its delegates, or any of them, at any time within the year and to send others in their stead."

Some of the ablest among the framers of the present Constitution insisted that members of the House of Representatives should stand for reëlection every year, that their constituents might retain a firm hold over them. Gerry declared the people of New England would never surrender the principle of annual election of representatives. The Fathers debated long before adopting the compromise of a two-year term. Recall, in short, is by no means the newfangled and un-American invention of Insurgents which its opponents describe it as being.

The Farmer's Wife

IF YOU wish information upon any subject of a social nature—such, say, as the prevalence of lumbago among dockwallopers, or literacy in the Fiji Islands—you will probably find, upon inquiry in the proper quarter, that there is a well-established and flourishing association or society for the very purpose of dealing with the subject you have in mind. You will find an International Dockwallopers' Lumbago Association, or an International Society for Promoting Literacy in the Fiji Islands, holding yearly congresses and publishing instructive reports that tell you all about it.

This associating and convening and deliberating has extended to nearly every conceivable human condition. Just recently it was further extended to the next-to-oldest human condition. There was, that is, a First International Congress of Farm Women—held in Colorado and attended by delegates, who were actual farm wives, from foreign countries, as well as from the United States.

We hear and speak a great deal about the farmer. We call him the foundation stone of all industry, the original creator of wealth and the backbone of the country—especially when we wish him to vote for us or to buy another threshing machine; but the truth is, with all his merits, he is second fiddle to his wife. If there is any one class that this country should get down on its knees to it's the farm women. Whatever farm men have done the women have done—and more also. They haven't been heard from very much heretofore. It is significant that the president of this almost newest of associations is from Canada, and the vice-president is from Oklahoma.

Obituary Bombast

WE WISH Congress would pass a law or adopt a rule that only good sense shall be spoken of the dead. Grown-up men recently rose in that body and emitted sounds as follows:

"When the human harps of the nations of the earth shall sing out in after years in acclaim the songs of the memory of great men of past ages, none shall be more sweetly enjoyed by the people of the American Republic than the one of the life, labors, sacrifices and good deeds of ——." "In the field of politics he was a giant and in many respects comparable to the renowned Earl of Warwick, who in English history has been styled the setter-up and puller-down of kings." "A tall cedar has fallen, and many hearts are sad!"

The deceased member of Congress in whose memory these and other similar noises were made was a person of considerable ability and of many amiable qualities. It is a shame to make him a subject for laughter. When either house of Congress gives itself over to a memorial session people who really respected the deceased must shudder.

Failures in Business

BUSINESS in the United States, year in and year out, is really more stable than many people suppose. Failures are rare. It is true that last year, when commercial mortality was slightly above the average, over twelve thousand concerns went into bankruptcy; but there were over one million six hundred thousand concerns in business; so that, roughly, only one business concern out of every hundred and thirty failed. In view of the great number of small adventurers in business—the clerk who is setting up for himself largely on credit, and so on—this shows a stable condition. Indeed, over ninety per cent of the concerns that failed were of the smallest size, employing capital of less than five thousand dollars. Among larger concerns, failure, relatively speaking, scarcely ever happens. For example, in 1911 failures among concerns with liabilities of one hundred thousand dollars or over numbered only two hundred and twenty-one.

Bradstreet's, to which we are indebted for these figures, classifies business failures according to their causes—such as incompetent management, speculation outside of the business, neglect of business, personal extravagance, lack of capital, and so on. Its conclusion is that seventy-nine per cent of the failures are due to some fault on the part of the bankrupt, while only twenty-one per cent are attributable to causes that might be considered beyond his control. We suspect that this apportionment errs on the charitable side. Our own observation is that outright, absolute failure which was really unavoidable is the extremely rare exception—not only in business but in every walk of life. Relative failure, of course, is common. The man who doesn't fail at some point and in some degree may be born once in a thousand years, but utter bankruptcy that was unavoidable hardly ever occurs.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who Wouldn't Dine at the White House

Horatius at the Bridge

THERE is nothing personal in it—nothing at all personal—when William L. Ward's friends call him Slippery Bill. It is merely a little term of affection. As one intimate puts it deliciously, and with a nice discrimination as to personal pronouns: "We call him Slippery Bill as a term of affection—not that he is really that, you know; but there always seems to be such an atmosphere of mystery about his comings and goings and his whisperings that one catches oneself indulging in entirely unwarranted suspicions as to the stability of his convictions."

The fact is, Bill uses the star trap in his comings and goings for the same reason the actors use it—to mystify the audience. You see him in the headquarters of the Republican National Committee, for example; and suddenly—pouf!—he has disappeared, vanished. You do not know whether he has gone down through the floor or up through the ceiling; but he is gone! And while you are sitting there, dazed—bing!—in he comes through the side of the wall or up he bobs from behind the desk.

Language was made to conceal thought, we have been informed, but Bill has amplified that axiom by convincing all who know him that whispering was made to conceal language. Bill is as mysterious as a story-book detective. If he wants to take you to luncheon he will call you off to a corner, see to it that all the doors and windows are closed, and ask you as confidentially as if he were telling you of a plot to run William J. Bryan for the legislature from Westchester County, New York. Naturally Bill is of great use as a Republican national committeeman. He makes everything epochal by the cloak of mystery he throws around the circumstances involved, and thus preserves the ancient political tradition that politics must be secret and secretive. It would never do, you know, to tell the people what is going on at national headquarters. Of course the people have no rights in the premises. All they are supposed to do is to put up the money and vote as the committee wants them to—and ask no questions; by virtue of which condition they will be told no lies—which is the only way they can escape being lied to, at that.

Bill, as you must know, is the Republican boss of Westchester County, which is a large and populous section of the state of New York abutting on the city of New York, where thousands of commuters spend their nights. Moreover, Bill is the really-truly lay-me-down-and-cut-me-in-twoly boss of Westchester County. If so be Bill deemed it advisable to import a few Mexicans or a few Filipinos or a few Turks, and make them delegates to the national convention, that is exactly what would be done, and nothing else. His jurisdiction extends up along the Hudson River, and he jurisdictates in some of the contiguous territory.

What it Means to be a Friend to Caesar

HE HAS been in politics for many years, has Bill, and probably he has as extensive and varied a list of political acquaintances as anybody in this country, ranging all the way from his ward handy men to presidents and near-presidents and would-be presidents of these United States. His particular long suit is being able to prognosticate what is going to happen nationally by observing—in advance of the event—what is going to happen in Westchester County. Bill never fails. If, a few weeks before election, after he has made his prognosis, Bill is convinced that all is lost he retires to the high grass and it is impossible to find him until the scheduled calamity has befallen the Grand Old Party.

It is Bill's idea that politics is essentially a game in which the desired result is the greatest good to the greatest number; and to that end all is fish that comes to his net. Those who happen to know him well have heard him denounce eminent statesmen in the choicest Westchester manner, and also have observed him with his arms round their necks and his confidential whispers percolating into their eager ears—within the hour.

Moreover, Bill has other lines of merit. It is doubtful if any managing politician has a closer and more responsive acquaintance with men of large means than Bill; and it is undeniably the fact that no man in this country or any other has a wiser conception of the proper and beneficial uses of money in politics. And whenever it is necessary for Bill to appear on the scene, backed by the flattering and unanimous indorsement of his constituents, Bill always so appears. He is a wonder in that regard.

Quite recently Bill bulged into the limelight in Washington by putting on a show of his own in connection with the committee meeting that selected Chicago as the place to nominate the next Republican candidate for president. Always a student of history, Bill chose to personate Horatius on that occasion; and it must be said for him that he provided an interesting and highly moral entertainment. You remember Horatius had a little job which the exigencies of the situation required him to do single-handed—and he did it. To be sure, Horatius had two companions—and Bill had a couple of Westchester County men along; but, to all intents and purposes, Horatius turned the trick—and so did Bill.

"As we wax hot in faction," says Macaulay, "in battle we wax cold; wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old." Macaulay, of course, though he had a good working knowledge of Horatius, never knew Bill Ward; but he had a clear conception of the present Republican National Committee when he penned those lines about waxing hot in faction and waxing cold in battle. That is exactly how those Republicans waxed—all but William Ward.

He waxed hot in faction and he kept on waxing hotter and hotter until the time came for his performance; at which moment he told the messenger from the White House, who arrived with an invitation to dine within the flattering portals of that edifice, to go and take a long, running jump! As for Bill, he intended to dine where he was; and all this talk about an invitation from the White House being a command was pifflesque and piffilarious piffle—take it from him!

The point wasn't that Bill wouldn't dine at the White House, but it centers on the reason why he wouldn't. Bill had been a party to the selection of his warm and personal friend, Vice-President James S. Sherman, as chairman of a certain convention held at Saratoga a time agone, and Mr. Taft, who extended the invitation to dinner, had been a party first to the selection and then to the de-selection of the same. Hence Bill was sore; and, though he was no sorer than any of the others, he showed his soreness and stood by his hurts. In common with most of the other committeemen, he had been lambasting Taft from the minute he landed in Washington, and before and since; and he didn't care to be the guest of the man he was deprecating.

So Bill held the bridge alone, *à la* Horatius—held it to a Westchester County fare-you-well; "and even the ranks of Tuscany"—meaning the deprecators who didn't have the courage of their conversation—"could scarce forbear to cheer." All of which entitles Bill to a medal or two when viewed from certain angles; and all of which means, also, that unless Bill is propitiated there will be about four delegates to the next Republican convention from the state of New York who will not vote for William Howard Taft, the same being those engineered and personally conducted—to say nothing of personally selected—by William Lukens Ward.

Ward is a manufacturer who indulges in politics as a diversion or a politician who indulges in manufacturing as a side line—I forget which. He is rich. His business activities have been varied and successful. Those who know him well are unable to recall any line of business to which his attention has been devoted wherein he has not gained an advantage or two—or, mayhap, three.

Mr. William L. Bill Ward may not be so prominent in the public prints as some others, except when he is putting on a show at Washington; but any person of Republican leanings who desires official and organization Republican indorsement in the state of New York—and unanimous!—will do well to cultivate him. Likewise, that "any-person" designation includes all and sundry—and goes even and goes forcibly for so powerful an any-person as William Howard Taft, whose name is not unfamiliar to our readers.

The Return of Tommie

NOT long ago Governor Woodrow Wilson, whose various activities have had some small mention in the newspapers and other engines of publicity recently, went down to Augusta, Georgia—where he lived when a boy and where his father was a minister for some years—for a day or two of rest.

He told his friends he just wanted to roam round the old town, revisit familiar scenes and do nothing else. In the course of his wanderings he came to the house of a dear old lady who was a pillar in his father's church. Wilson's lost first name is Thomas; and when he was a boy—and, indeed, while he was in college—he was known as Tommie Wilson.

Mr. Wilson called on the dear old lady. She was very glad to see him after he had told her his name and recalled his father's pastorate.

"Why, Tommie," she said, "how you have grown!"

"Yes," assented the governor; "I have grown some."

"Indeed you have! I remember you perfectly when you were a little bit of a boy. And I certainly hope you have prospered."

The dear old lady was genuinely interested.

"Oh, yes; I have done very well," Governor Wilson said.

"I am so glad—so very glad! By-the-way, Tommie, what are you doing now?"

Distasteful Taffy

THE late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was dining at his hotel in Washington when an effusive stranger sat down near him. The stranger introduced himself to Senator Hoar and immediately launched into a eulogy of the senator in the most glowing terms. He taffied the senator for ten minutes, much to that statesman's apparent discomfort.

Finally he said:

"Why, only the other day, Senator, a man with whom I was traveling told me you are the greatest patriot and the greatest orator and the greatest statesman New England ever sent to the Senate! He was a well-informed man. I met him only the other day when he was on his way—on his way—to—odd, I can't remember—on his way to ——"

"A lunatic asylum!" snapped Hoar.

A Northern Exposure

IN THE days before the railroad reached Post, Texas, C. W. Post had a wagon train of fifty mules and thirteen wagons hauling freight ninety miles from the nearest railroad station.

During the winter "northers" sometimes came, with driving rain and snow. The freighters slept under the wagons in the regular canvas roll that was carried, no matter what the weather.

One night, when a "norther" was blowing, Post was with the outfit and was squatted over a fire trying to keep warm.

Some of the freighters had not turned in and were sitting round the fire smoking and talking. One of the huskiest of them said to Post:

"Say, boss, I've done quit sleepin' under my wagon."

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Post. "Are you afraid the wagon will break down in the night and crush you?"

"Nope; 'tain't that. I put my roll out on the grass. It's too deuced confinin' under the wagon for me!"

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY

The For Sale Signs Have Been Removed to Give Way to a Huge Billboard

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD M. BRETT

THERE are two classes of men who make a business of selling businesses—honest and dishonest. Statistics are not at hand for settling which class is in the majority, but fortunately common experience and common sense need no figures to prove that the former vastly outnumber the latter. Were the contrary true, the business of dealing in businesses would have come to an abrupt end long ago, for nothing is shorter lived than fraud, and the more patent the fraud the less chance it has for survival against the wits of the community made ever sharper by the constant growth in the means of publicity, education and social intercourse.

But, on the other hand, as there are tricks in every trade it would be unfair to expect that this branch of modern commerce be exempt from rascals and rogues, tricky brokers and unprincipled dealers in frauds. These, however small their numbers by comparison with their betters, are among the powers that prey, and how wary of them must be the confiding and the trustful on whom they prey, this article may prove. It may also prove that as nothing succeeds like success so nothing tends to breed dishonesty more rapidly than dishonesty, for generally speaking the man who has been swindled is corrupted by the hard process; he loses his high regard for human nature and grows cynical enough to be quite willing to fleece another in order to save himself. His faith in the golden rule gone, he would only too often do even as he has been done.

Smith, for instance, ventures practically his all in the purchase of a grocery store and finds out a few days after his name went up over the door that he has been viciously "stung"; but, instead of sitting down, wringing his hands, bemoaning his fate and wasting his time and money in consulting a lawyer, he simply laughs and says to himself: "I'll do as I was done by—and see if I can't find as thoroughgoing a sucker as I am to take my place." Straightway, invoking the power of the press to help him in his search, he inserts an advertisement to this effect:

"Owing to bad health, I must sacrifice for cash, before leaving for California on the doctor's orders, a highly profitable grocery store in a live neighborhood!"

Willing Victims

JONES, who has just come from the country and can't wait until he finds an opening into which to drop his money, reads Smith's lament and rushes to the rescue. When he arrives on the scene to give first aid to the injured he finds poor Smith in a far corner of his shop, either hobbling round on a crutch or swathed in bandages. Smith greets Jones with a long face and then starts to inveigh against existence in terms that would have made Job seem by comparison a dilettante in pessimism.

Poor Redfern Is Back at His Old Post

Meanwhile Smith's faithful wife rushes to the telephone in the druggist's shop round the corner and tips it off to her own and her husband's relatives and friends that the curtain is up and the farce, A Fool and His Money, has begun. By the time she returns the procession of trade, thus artificially stimulated, has started its march on the shop to purchase a cake of stale yeast or two dried lemons or a loaf of moldy bread—all of which may be returned later on—in order to give the deserted shop the air of activity and the atmosphere of prosperity, if only by haggling over what the haggler doesn't intend to buy, or by asking questions one answer to which may satisfy as well as another.

Then the bell of Smith's own telephone chimes in to furnish a little lively music for the benefit of Jones, the impressed; and Smith limps across the floor to take a long order, which he hands over to his wife or Smith, Junior, to fill and put back—after the gentle Jones' departure—in the bins, the barrels and the boxes from which its component parts were gathered.

And between these various maneuvers he finds leisure to excoriate in vivid language the fate and the rheumatism that have conspired to snatch from him his thriving business. Jones, pretending to hide his eagerness to get possession of this valuable bit of property, keeps offering Smith more and more sympathy for his rheumatism and less and less money for his goodwill and assets. Finally they come to terms that represent a little less than Smith expected to realize and considerably more than Jones wanted to pay.

Some days later, Smith, a wiser and more sophisticated man, pulls off his bandages or throws away his crutch and travels in first-class style on Jones' money to parts unknown; and a week or two after that red-letter date Jones, regretting the cost attached to acquiring an education, sits up nights to frame an advertisement that will attract Brown, who is tired of clerking for Robinson and who wants to prove his caliber by starting out for himself.

Now in a community where there are enough Smiths, Joneses and Browns engaged in the innocent pastime of continuously fleecing one another, it would be incomprehensibly strange if somebody with a gift for organization, on surveying a field so rich in potentialities, didn't come to the conclusion that the waste inflicted by these individual operations was next to shameful. Accordingly this inevitable genius steps in and invents a scheme with such sublime simplicity to recommend it that one wonders why the invention was so belated. He starts with the assumption that the two greatest drugs on the market are real estate that won't sell and shops that are losing money. Since, save for the intervention of happy chance in the shape of a "sucker," it is difficult to sell such shops or real estate for hard cash or its equivalent, the schemer reasons it would be feasible and might prove profitable to play one against the other. Thereupon he makes it his business to ferret out lots in a vicinity where even the For Sale signs look as if they were ashamed of their presence. Next he calls on their discouraged owners and after a few minutes of eloquent dickering effects a purchase of several choice lots for something like fifty dollars, cash down, for each lot. Wanting something else besides the valueless dirt for his money, he is sure to take in each case a dummy mortgage of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars.

Armed with one of these instruments, he calls on Smith, Jones or Brown, and offers to trade him the mortgage for his grocery store and an extra cash consideration of three hundred dollars. The grocer, in bitter terms, may spurn his visitor's advances at first; but later, caught by the beguiling arguments, the grocer consents to taking a half-day's ride in the trolley in order to look at that bit of real estate located on the outer edge of the remote prairies. Over night the forlorn neighborhood in which that strip of land is located has suffered an extensive and wondrous change. The For Sale signs, with their hangdog appearance and their shamefaced expression, have been removed to give way to a huge billboard, on which is painted in brilliant white letters against a sober background of black:

PLEASANT VIEW SUBDIVISION

Extensive improvements in paving, drainage, sewage and landscape gardening to be begun immediately. Our beautiful plans may be seen on application at our office. Money loaned for the building of homes which meet with the approval of our architects. Choice lots for sale at a reasonable figure if bought at once. Only desirable parties need apply. No special assessments.

The grocer surveys the lot, looks at the sign, runs back to size up the lot once more, reads the sign again—and then reflects that, though present appearances may be slightly to the contrary, the property has a future. To purchase the mortgage, he concludes, may be a gamble; but then he is in a condition of mind where one's natural tendency is to throw good money after bad, in the desperate hope that the good may coax the erring and mistaken lucre back to the old homestead. Besides, he needs the exciting diversion of gambling to take his mind off worse trouble—and he succumbs to the temptation.

The Pussy in the Corner

PERHAPS, if he is a shrewder and more cautious Smith than the average Smith, he may admire the artistic lettering on the sign, but will realize that the less such art and business have to do with each other the better, and steadfastly refuse to make the trade. In which case the great organizer may induce him to consider another piece of property whereon there is a plaster of, say, only eighteen hundred dollars, offering to trade the mortgage, plus two hundred dollars in currency, for the grocery store. The mere mention of hard cash is an irresistible lure, and Smith reaches for it the way a falling acrobat reaches for a guy rope.

This part of the transaction being concluded, the organizer turns over his victim's staples and fixtures to the department of his three-cornered business which has special facilities for handling them and bides his time—usually no more than a day or so—for selling the goods at another generous profit to the man who replies to the advertisement:

"Forced bankruptcy sale on all kinds of up-to-date grocery supplies and fixtures at considerably less than one-third of their original cost."

So does organized effort cure sickness and do the ailing good. Possibly illness of this sort is treated as it so richly deserves; for only too often, when a man advertises that his business is for sale solely on account of bad health, it will be found on investigation that the business is what he falsely states about his health—very bad; and that his health is what he falsely states about the business—very good, indeed, thank you.

Not long ago one of the famous institutions of Chicago was a popular restaurant, established by a former waiter, that catered almost exclusively to transient trade. Farmers, stockmen and countryfolk in general used to dine there—and then go back home and entertain their neighbors with accounts of what one could make a quarter do in Chicago, if one only knew how to do it. Residents were wise enough to eat where they paid a little more and got a good deal less. The food was something no epicure would describe under any consideration—especially the meats, which, though they were treated to chemicals before they were served, should have been condemned before the stuff left the butcher's under cover of darkness.

The *restaurateur* heaped up a pretty fortune out of this questionable business; and he was adding to the wealth

so accumulated when the Government stepped in and made it impossible for him to purchase his decayed supplies from decadent sources. He was now in a quandary—if he raised his prices or cut down the size of his portions he might as well suspend business. On the other hand, if he didn't boost the figures on the right-hand side of his bill-of-fare or diminish the cuts of what he had the temerity to call his choice meats, he would be running his establishment at a big loss. He racked his brains in the hope of discovering a remedy for his financial ills, and then he was struck with the happy idea that sickness might prove his cure. Suddenly he determined that he had incipient consumption. Far from making the attempt to keep to himself the secret of his dejected appearance and the loss of his onetime professional good humor, he went out of his way to take his rural trade into his confidence. The richer his patron the more confidential he became; and to the most affluent of them all, a Michigan lumberman, he bared his tender and capacious bosom and admitted openly that the dread disease might carry him away almost any day.

That night, lying awake in his bed at the hotel, the man from Michigan reflected that the restaurant might be just the thing needed to give his oldest son a start in life—and all the more so because his own lumber business had been slowly dwindling. He stayed on in Chicago, a week longer than his affairs necessitated, to talk Colorado to the victim of tuberculosis, who always shook his head gravely and looked as if his heart were breaking whenever a salubrious climate came up as a topic for conversation. Finally, with full many a groan and sigh, the *restaurateur* let himself be convinced that his first duty to life and the nation was to care for his health.

The Part That Bookkeeping Plays

THE first battle in the campaign having been won, the lumberman started out on his second, softly dropping the hint that he might possibly find a purchaser for the restaurant if its owner would let it go at anything like a reasonable figure. Here the enemy showed considerable vitality, energy and pluck—for a consumptive. He turned face and stoutly refused to give up his gold mine under any consideration whatsoever. The mere thought of so doing made him worse and brought on a dangerous fit of coughing. He had lived for his restaurant; now he intended to die with it. Besides, if he had wanted to sell—to do which he needed but to walk round the corner—he could get whatever he cared to ask. Ever since he had shown signs of failing health his wide circle of wealthy acquaintances and his numerous business friends had proved their profound sympathy by offering to relieve him of his property for half of what it was worth.

The lumberman masked his batteries for another day; then he resumed fire with all his guns blazing at full. The *restaurateur*, slowly retreating from a stronghold he had fought so stubbornly to maintain, acknowledged himself defeated at last and offered to capitulate for one hundred thousand dollars. A long parley over the terms of surrender followed; and the victor, seeing he could do no better with his valiant foe, offered to accept the enforced conditions if the books proved the charge was not exorbitant.

Skinner Received His Visitor in His Apartment at the Hotel

His antagonist, however, parried that thrust with the false remark that he had never kept books. Indeed, since he had made twenty thousand dollars a year for a period of twenty years without books, why should he go to the trouble of keeping them? He had taken warning from the number of good men who had gone to the wall for no other reason on earth except their cumbersome systems of accounting; it soon grew to be a fad and one watched one's books more than one's business. But how could he tell what he made without the aid of books? Simple enough! The cash he took in minus the cash he paid out represented his profits. But why didn't he check through a bank? The answer to that was still more simple: The first bank through which he checked had gone into bankruptcy, and after that bitter lesson he preferred to intrust his surplus earnings to a box in the safe-deposit vault. Whenever his savings reached the sum of ten or fifteen thousand dollars he withdrew them to invest the amount in real estate or first mortgages.

This story, when taken into account with the obvious success, the tangible assets and the thriving trade of its relator, was quite plausible; at any rate it was plausible enough to convince the man whose eagerness to grab the prize from a possessor so seemingly reluctant to let it go blinded his long and carefully cultivated sense of caution. Up to the day the son closed the doors of that restaurant and disposed of the lease on its premises the lumberman spent most of his time in answering advertisements and explaining to advertisers the reasons why he thought the keeping of books was a superstition that sensible men should not recognize.

However, it does not invariably serve the interest of a knave to deny that he has ever kept books. On the contrary, there are specialists in the line of selling businesses who go in for bookkeeping with all the vim of which they are capable. They pay to bookkeeping homage that is religious and they reverence it as the finest of the arts. Still, as the following may illustrate, they are not in the art for the art's sake.

A popular salesman for a Western drygoods store concluded that he was worth more to himself than to his employers; and, as his employers quite agreed with him when he made known his theory of values, he concentrated his savings and assets in the form of a draft and moved eastward with it. There is a theory current to the effect that one's chances of being separated from baggage of that sort increase in direct proportion as one moves toward the rising sun.

At any rate the Gideon had not much more than left his train at Chicago—whereupon he began to avail himself of the opportunity of talking as much and as loud as he liked while in the city—when it became a bit of trade gossip that he was in the market for a modest retail drygoods shop which would prove responsive to the efforts of a gifted merchandiser and—gradually taking on extra stories—lift itself and its owner to greater prominence.

This sensational news reached a broker in businesses whom for the sake of convenience we may call Skinner; and his civic pride and devotion were at once on edge lest the young Lochinvar leave Chicago to spend his money in some other city that might speciously offer to give him more for it. The agent, moreover, thought himself in the best possible position to satisfy the drummer; for only the week before he had agreed to find a purchaser for a North Side drygoods shop that belonged to an honest but rather inefficient German. There had been only one little proviso attached to the agreement—namely, that the German's books were to be examined by the agent's own accountant. In case Skinner failed to sell the business there would be no charge at all for the job; but should success crown his efforts the shopkeeper was to meet the expert's bill of five hundred dollars.

Trailing the Gideon and finding him, Skinner awakened his interest in the drygoods shop in less than no time; and before three days had passed he had worked him up to the buying point. Then he convinced his prospective customer that he ought, for his own sake and protection, to demand a thorough audit. No shrewd, farsighted merchant ever invested in a business without first having the books overhauled; and he, as a reputable agent with a name to maintain, never permitted his clients to embark on any venture unless they delved into the bottom of the ledgers first. The Gideon not only declared that the agent was absolutely in the right but he added also that the agent deserved the highest sort of commendation for thus protecting his customers; and right then and there Skinner drew up an agreement that was just the opposite of the one concluded with the owner of the shop—if the drummer bought out the German the auditing would cost him nothing; if he refused to buy he must pay the accountant's charges. When the inventory was taken and the final statement drawn up the drummer properly concluded that he would rather defray the expenses of the examination than evade them by buying a business the balance-sheet of which showed that for every dollar in assets it had at least two in liabilities. It was a tails-I-win-heads-you-lose game for Skinner, who paid the auditor one hundred dollars for services not worth fifty and pocketed the balance.

The Mere Thought Made Him Worse and Brought on a Dangerous Fit of Coughing

Why Redfern Ran Amuck

ANOTHER case in point is that of Redfern, the Chicago bookkeeper, whose shoulders had grown round and his hair gray by a good thirty years of toil at the desk when he fell heir to a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Almost before he recovered from the shock he resolved to run his own business if for nothing more than to prove his executive ability and demonstrate to his employers what a mistake they had made in chaining him to a stool. The lawyer scarcely had delivered to him his inheritance in the shape of gilt-edge securities and first-class bonds before Redfern advertised that he was ready to invest the sum of his inheritance in a substantial manufacturing enterprise.

Among the host of answers that poured in on him, one in particular fascinated his attention. It was signed by the junior member of a well-known firm engaged in manufacturing a line of popular household remedies. The letter, which merely declined to give particulars by mail and asked for a personal interview, was not written on the firm's paper, but, oddly enough, on the stationery of the Pioneers Club. It was this oddity that at once claimed the former bookkeeper's serious consideration. To him the Pioneers represented, as it did in fact, the very temple of the respectabilities; and the temple was all the more sacred in his eyes because long ago he had given up his cherished hope of ever being admitted to it. Even the engraved letterhead of the Pioneers was to him a guaranty of inviolable faith.

When he called on Nicolls, the junior member of the firm aforesaid, he found that worthy, much to his surprise, in a condition that may be described best as moribund. There was no pretense about it—the man had one foot in the grave and the other dangling over it. Neither Redfern nor anybody else could fairly doubt Nicoll's statement that ill health was the only reason for his wish to retire from business; and yet his health was no worse than ever it had been, for Nicolls was the sort of man who always looks as if he were going to die and never does until he is well into the eighties.

Glibly, plausibly, yet without waste of words or the least show of anxiety, Nicolls related to his visitor that he had fought retiring from his business, to the building up of which he had sacrificed his health and his youth, as he had fought death itself—inch by inch and sword in hand. Now that he must surrender, he would do so with good grace and for a consideration. The consideration was fifty thousand dollars cash down and fifty more to be paid out of the profits of the business during the next four years. As for Cowles, the senior member of the firm, he wouldn't

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sell his half interest in the enterprise for—well, it was simply out of the question! He wouldn't sell. In fact, if Cowles' surplus capital weren't tied up in mining properties he wouldn't dream of letting half of the concern get out of the family.

In substantiation of all his statements, Mr. Nicolls turned his visitor loose on the books; and Redfern, who loved nothing more than a set of books well kept, was in Heaven. He came down to earth only when he discovered that the last year's profits of the firm showed a falling off of something like eighteen thousand dollars over the preceding three years. Nicolls explained all that in his easy, unruffled manner; the last year his health had been so much worse than ever it had been before that he couldn't give anything like the proper attention to his affairs, and Cowles had devoted so much of his energy and time to mines that the sale of medicine languished from the neglect. New blood and twelve months' concentration on the needs of the business would easily push the concern up to the pinnacle from which it had slipped back.

Then Redfern—simple soul!—made the fatal plunge and bought out Nicolls, who immediately handed over, in accordance with his previous agreement, one-half of the purchase money to Cowles. Less than a month later the new purchaser learned what he should have found out through a careful investigation in the first place—that the bottom had fallen out of the demand for the firm's once popular remedies and that, the wholesalers being overstocked with them, the stuff absolutely refused to move.

Today poor Redfern, who loves nothing better than to explain to those who will listen to him that the business and not his own ability was at fault, is back at his old post, his gray hair turned quite white and his round shoulders sadly bent.

Other men, less honest and perhaps more lucky than Redfern, have managed to creep from under their crushing difficulties by calling in some outside assistance. A salient example is that of a young inventor who sank all his earnings and the money he had accumulated from the profits of several successful patents in the manufacture of some kind of a cleaner. He was just about ready to put his machine on the market when he found himself outclassed by several other geniuses, who not only made a cleaner that was better and cheaper than his own but also had the insuperable advantage of making it first. Giving way to despair, our inventor was about to shut down his factory, sell his tools and supplies for old junk and go into bankruptcy, when one of his friends who had backed the venture recommended the services of that same Mr. Skinner whom we have met before.

The Schemes of Mr. Skinner

Skinner paid a flying visit to the factory, surveyed its now almost worthless paraphernalia with a critical eye and, after making the condition that he should get two-thirds of whatever he realized on it, took at once the preliminary measures for disposing of it. His first step was to change the name of the machine from the Majestic to the Little Giant Noiseless Cleaner. All other machines, he insisted, made too much noise. The Little Giant, therefore, must be featured as being absolutely noiseless. When the inventor protested that he could only reduce his contrivance to silence by removing the gears which made the cleaning possible, Skinner was quick to object that he didn't intend to guarantee the machine would clean but that it would run noiselessly.

The dustbag, he demonstrated to the wonder of the inventor—to whom that ingenious idea never had occurred—could be filled before the motor was started and the machine put to work on a carpet that had been beaten beforehand with a plain, old-fashioned stick.

His second step was to incorporate the company; and his third was to insert an advertisement in at least a dozen papers, declaring he had forty thousand dollars to invest in any live proposition which the state might have to offer to a gentleman moral enough to accept only eighteen per cent on his money. The answers which flooded in from every nook and corner of that commonwealth forced the mail-carrier who delivered them to Skinner to groan under his burden. One correspondent—no less a personage than the president of the Aurora Borealis Mines Corporation—faithfully promised him a two-hundred-per-cent return on his capital; and, since the highest offered by anybody else was only one hundred per cent, Skinner naturally decided to give him the preference. He telegraphed at once to the writer saying he would take the very next train and drive over to the town of Aurora Borealis to investigate the proposition for himself; and an hour after that message made the heart of its receiver quiver with delight he sent a second explaining that he had sprained his ankle on the way to the station and was obliged to keep to his room. That night, in the wilderness far-distant, a disappointed mortal vented his wrath on his long, unkempt whiskers and sought consolation from a black, wicked-looking bottle. In the morning, good sense returning with sobriety, he became fearful that, if he didn't go to Skinner, Skinner's money would go to somebody else; and accordingly he wired the broker that he would take the first train which would carry him to the broker.

With a crutch at his side, one foot carefully bandaged and half buried in the pillows that filled the seat of the chair on which it rested limply and resignedly, Skinner received his visitor in his apartment at the hotel. The president of the Aurora Borealis, pulling his sorrel whiskers condolingly and adjusting his face to the proper position, expressed more sympathy for that broken ankle than Skinner conscientiously felt would have been due him if the same accident had actually happened to his neck. His heart went out to the kind, bluff miner, and to prove it he opened a bottle that had been distilled in '63 and had gone on accumulating strength ever since the date of its birth. When his glass had been filled and emptied several times in rapid succession the president unlocked his satchel and pulled out of it a map showing the location of the seven hundred and fifty acres that belonged to the Aurora Borealis company, and pinned it on the wall. Then he cleared his throat and told in vigorous speech—to which Skinner listened with a grave face—all that Nature had done for that marvelously endowed tract of land.

Caught in His Own Net

Foreseeing that the Government would one day turn the great forests of the adjacent territory into a national reservation, and forbid steam engines to pass through it lest a spark set its magnificent trees on fire, Nature in her omniscience had created a series of magnificent waterfalls at the head of Lake Aurora Borealis in order that the company might convert their horsepower into electricity for pulling the cars on the outer edge of Uncle Sam's park. This monopoly would yield the Aurora Borealis corporation a profit of over a million and a half annually for hauling only the ores of its less fortunate competitors to the junction of the main line. An additional bagatelle of one hundred thousand dollars was to be earned by moving freight back to the mines and whirling thousands of summer tourists to the magnificent scenery at the end of the route. The tourists would stop at least over night in the Hotel Aurora Borealis—the plans for the construction of which were already complete—on top of the mountains overlooking the falls.

Ever busy falls! They were to entertain the tourist, haul the cars, supply a treatment of electrolysis to the company's eight-thousand-dollar daily output of gold and silver at an additional profit of five thousand dollars for every twenty-four hours, and turn the wheels of a huge mill to be engaged in continuously sawing up timber, purchased by contract from the Government at four dollars a thousand and sold at an annual profit of nine millions.

The president interrupted himself long enough at this point to display the highly polished samples of the woods and the rich specimens of the minerals which he drew forth from the bottom of his grip; and then he steamed on to mention casually the enormous by-products of wood-spirits, electric lights, turpentine, tar, charcoal, resin, creosoting material, paint and oil.

Nature evidently had forgotten nothing of which the president or anybody else could think.

Finally, drawing it out of the chamois-skin in which it was swathed, he produced the prize of the whole mineralogical and forestal collection—a lump of molybdenite, the rarest and most precious metal yet discovered by man. Only three mines of it in the whole world!—the largest, of course,

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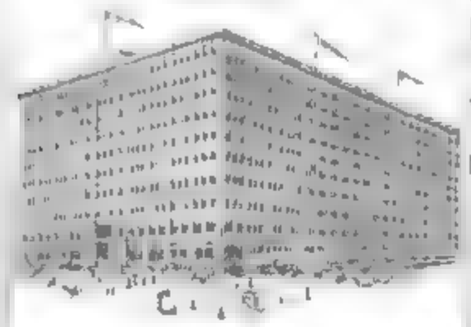

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on the property of the Aurora Borealis; the second, which was negligible, in Australia, and the third, which was owned by the government and had saved the whole country from going into bankruptcy, in Norway.

To the astounded Skinner, who asserted that he had never before heard of molybdenite his bewhiskered visitor explained that its value arose from the fact that its properties, when combined with nickel, gave steel improved elongation and strength, and made it impervious to the shells of the enemy. Coat cartridges with it, and rapid-firing guns remained cooler than the men behind them.

Skinner, filling his guest's glass once more, toasted the Aurora Borealis—the greatest stock proposition, he was perfectly frank to confess, that ever had come to his notice. He was staggered when he paused to reflect that the mishap to his ankle had almost snatched out of his clutches the fortune he was about to grasp: and he could find no words to express his gratitude to the president, who had traveled all that distance to bring him the wealth he couldn't go to get. Two great things had happened to him in his whole business career—the Aurora Borealis Mines Corporation and the Little Giant Cleaner; but, of course, the Little Giant, which netted him only thirty-nine and one-half per cent on his investment, couldn't be compared with the Aurora. Here the president pricked up his long ears and showed even more avid interest in Skinner's modest statements concerning the Little Giant than in his bottle. Diplomatically he dropped the hint that, if it weren't for the possibly bad effect the short trip would have on his host's ankle, nothing would please him better than to inspect the factory where the Little Giant was adding so copiously to the world's wealth. Altruistically Skinner refused to let his ankle stand in the way of his visitor's pleasure. Indeed, why should he, since he could reach the works by the aid of his crutch, his chauffeur and his limousine, without putting his foot to the ground?

A Ruse That Worked Well

And when they did reach what Skinner had dignified by the name of "the works," they presented an unwonted and impressive appearance of activity, due to the fact that a number of loafers in overalls, hired especially for the occasion, had been distributed round its machinery, with instructions to look busy.

The Little Giant—so noiseless, so efficient, so cheap—captivated the fancy of the miner, and he suggested that a trade in Aurora Borealis for the cleaner stock might be effected on some basis or other; but Skinner waived aside that suggestion as absolutely unfair to the generous person from whom it emanated. Besides, he didn't believe in trades of the sort; bitter experience had taught him they usually resulted unsatisfactorily for both parties concerned. Hard cash was the one medium of exchange that left no regret, no basis for misunderstanding, no recrimination in its trail. The miner hemmed and hawed hesitatingly.

Then Skinner, rising equal to the critical demand of that psychological moment, executed his master stroke by proclaiming that he wouldn't even accept cash—nothing would induce him to do it!—unless the miner would protect himself beyond the peradventure of loss by accepting judgment notes to cover the entire amount of thirty thousand dollars which he might expend in purchasing the controlling interest of the Little Giant.

Two months after the man returned home, with a thick block of Little Giant stock wedged in his satchel between the specimens of molybdenite, gold, silver and woods, he began to show decided symptoms of worry over his bargain, for he had not received from Skinner his promised check for thirty thousand dollars to invest in Aurora Borealis. Immediately he wrote a sharp letter demanding a report on the affairs of the cleaner company; and the report that came in answer to his demand did so little to relieve the distress under which he labored that he instructed his lawyer to foreclose at once on his judgment notes, and the lawyer did foreclose—on a pile of useless machinery and a few dozen worthless Little Giants.

None the less, the miner who came to town to skin Skinner, and who was skinned by him, got at least the judgment notes for his money! Many defrauded purchasers of a business have received even less.

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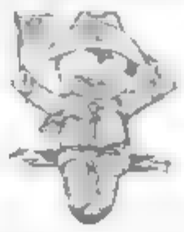

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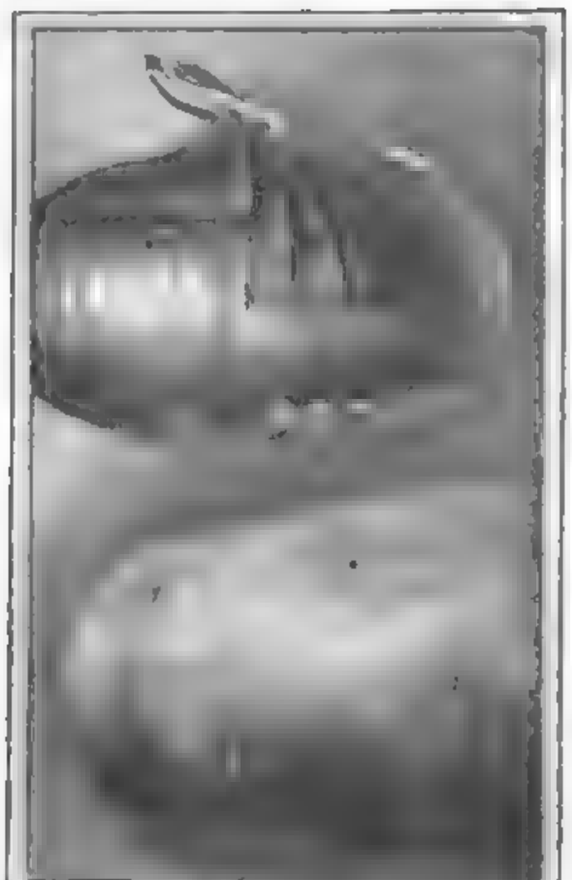

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Weather and How to Foretell It

UNTIL he gets out into the open the city man hardly knows there is any such thing as weather; but it does not take him long to learn that it has much to do with his comfort and success in out-of-door occupations. For city men and others we maintain a somewhat expensive weather bureau, which does all it can to encourage the belief that whatever you see in the newspapers is true. In the old days, before there were any daily newspapers or weather bureaus, out-of-door men had to rely upon other methods of getting at the weather of the future. In many parts of the country there are men, such as hunters, trappers, anglers, or even farmers, necessarily much in the same condition as were the ancients, who relied upon the phenomena of Nature to help them in a forecast.

Government forecasts of the weather—in this country, at least—rest upon the general theory that there are three or four main storm paths, along which travel, with more or less regular speed, centers of low barometer, or storm centers. Round each of these centers, as it passes, the wind changes in direction like the hands of a clock. We may imagine a series of turbine wheels representing storms, passing, in broad terms, from the west and south toward the north and east, the mouth of the St. Lawrence River being a considerable clearing house for these different storm paths. Of course the bureau's predictions are made possible by means of the telegraph. It is easy to see that if it were raining three hundred miles west of you, and if that rainstorm were passing east at the rate of three hundred miles a day, you could learn by wire that it was going to rain at your place tomorrow.

No doubt, also, you have noticed that as the weather clears after a rainstorm it is apt to be a little cooler, very often with the wind coming from the northwest instead of the south or east. If it were the case that all storms advanced along given paths at regular rates of speed, and if it were true that there were no unexpected cross-currents of air breaking into their paths or their progress, weather forecasting in these days of telegraphic facilities would be a cinch. As it is, with these broad statements recognized as but approximately correct, it is not so much a cinch as it is an occupation.

In this article we have really no concern with the weather bureau other than to mark the difference between weather predictions today and those of two thousand years ago, and to inquire to what extent the old methods may be put in force today, with or without a weather bureau. There is a very curious and interesting literature on this matter which takes us back into very early days, and reminds us that the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome did not prevent men from being as anxious as they are today over the question whether or not to take an umbrella down to the office in the morning. Moreover, those old parties were as cocksure of the accuracy of their predictions as any weather chief today.

A Human Weather Vane

For instance, there was Colonel Virgil, famous for his connection with the original Troy laundry. He could write beautiful poetry; moreover, he could take a fall out of the weather with the best of them. Indeed, so good a predictor was he that it seems too bad he does not live today to help out in the presidential forecast. Virgil wrote for the farm papers in his time; and any one familiar with his Georgics must agree that he was the grandest little forecaster that ever came down the Appian Way. Yet he had only the simple machinery of the moon, the clouds, the mists, the appearance of the earth, and such other aids as the crow, the heron, the toad, the dog and other animals. With no better aids than these, he established a reputation as an out-of-door man which has kept him in the memory of anglers until today.

You may see many curious quotations from Virgil in a curious little book printed in 1807 in London, England, entitled A Concise Treatise of the Art of Angling, Confirmed by Actual Experience; Interspersed with Several New and Recent Discoveries; the Whole Forming a Complete Museum. For the Lovers of That Pleasing and Rational Recreation. The author of this book, which has long been out of print so far as known, is one Thomas Best; and his little volume, though not so well known as The Complete Angler, of Izaak Walton, is in some ways almost as interesting. With a calmness that would recommend him for Government purposes, Mr. Best remarks: "An angler should be able to form a judgment on the change of weather, on which his sport entirely depends. If he observes the following signs it will soon become familiar to him." Then he goes on with twenty pages or more of signs which are so interesting as to evoke the wish that his wisdom might be reprinted in full.

Mr. Best points out first the signs of the vapors. A white mist on a meadow usually means fair weather the next day. If a mist rolls up the sides of the hills in the morning there will be no rain. If, on the contrary, it hangs on the hills and drags along the woods, instead of overspreading the level ground, it will turn to rain. Though these weather signs are based on observations in Great Britain, they are worth trying out in this country as well.

The clouds are another factor in weather forecasting. There will be fair weather when the clouds seem to dissolve instead of to gather in denser masses. When there is going to be rain each cloud rises larger than the one before it. This is to be noted before a thunderstorm. Again, when the clouds are very white at the edges and deeply fleecelike toward the middle, with a very bright blue sky about them, they are of a "frosty coldness," and there will be snow, hail or rain.

No Doubting Thomas

When the clouds are high in air, in thin trains like locks of wool or tails of horses—what are known as mares' tails—look out for wind and very likely rain. Note now the accuracy of our author's forerunning of the weather bureau's method of tracing a storm center, with change of wind, and so on. Mr. Best says: "If the clouds as they come forward seem to diverge from a point in the horizon, a wind may be expected from that quarter or the opposite." Also, he says, it will rain before long when the sky is generally clouded, with small, dark or smoky clouds flying underneath. Old-time folks called these clouds "messengers," or "Noah's Arks." There is no surer sign of rain than two different currents of clouds.

Abundant dew on the grass after a fair day means another fair day to follow; but, says Mr. Best, if after such a fair day there is no dew upon the ground and no wind stirring, it is a sign that the vapors go upward and that there will be an accumulation above, which must terminate in rain. There is commonly either a strong dew or a mist over the ground between a red evening and a gray morning; but if a red morning follows there is no dew.

The out-of-door man must study the general look of the sky. If the earth vapors are not precipitated by the cold of night, but still remain hanging aloft, the light of the morning will be colored as it was in the evening and rain will be the consequence. It is bad to see a redness reaching too far upward from the horizon, either in the morning or in the evening. It means rain or wind—or both. If this redness reaches almost to the zenith in the evening, with very ragged clouds, look out for wind from the west or southwest, attended with rain.

One of the most certain signs of rain is a haziness aloft and a whitish, ill-defined sun. Again, if the moon and stars show dimly in the night, and if a ring or halo appears round the moon, there will be rain. This seems to be one of the oldest of the weather signs.

All boys know the appearance of the "sun sucking water" and know that it portends rain. Our old authority describes it thus:

"If the rays of the sun breaking through the clouds are visible in the air, and appear like those horns of irradiation which painters usually place upon the head of Moses,

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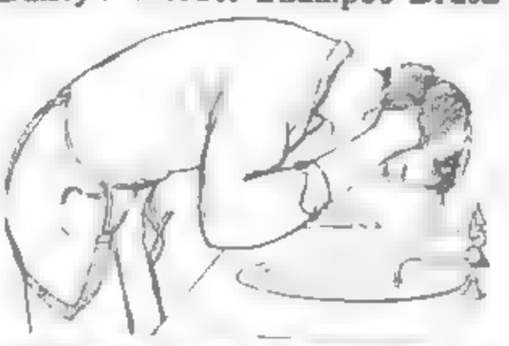

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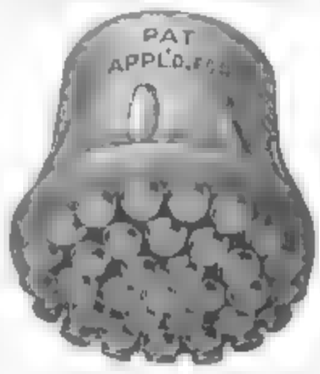

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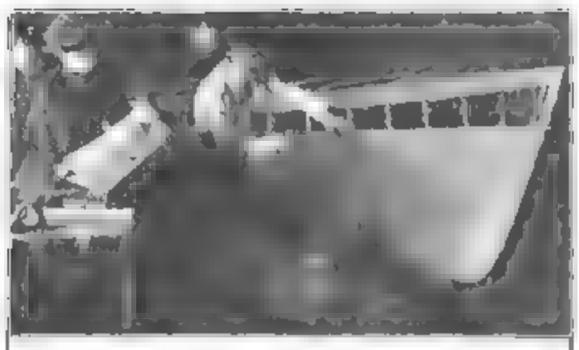

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the air is sensibly filled with vapors which reflect the rays to the sight; and those vapors will soon produce rain."

A sun that sets white or shorn of rays, or that goes down behind a bank of clouds, may be said to indicate bad weather. Again, if the moon looks pale and dim we may expect rain; whereas if red we may expect wind. If white, or of natural color, we may expect fair weather.

The moon is the great stand-by of long-distance forecasting of all ages. Our gentle angler declares that if the moon is rainy throughout her course it will clear at the next change and then in a few days begin to rain again. On the contrary, if the moon has been fair throughout, and it rains at the change, the fair weather will probably be restored about the fourth or fifth day of the moon and continue as before. Mr. Dryden, translating from the original weather chief, Virgil, gave some advice which might well be marked by Professor Moore and the United States Weather Bureau in their endeavor to predict the weather a week or more in advance:

But, four nights old—for that's the surest sign—
With sharpen'd horns, if glorious then she shine,
Next day, not only that but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests.

That these old-time weather prophets were on the trail of what is accepted as weather science today, may further be noted in Mr. Best's observation of the winds:

"When the wind veers about uncertainly to several points of the compass rain is pretty sure to follow. . . . Some have remarked that if the wind, as it veers about, follows the course of the sun, from the east toward the west, it brings fair weather—if the contrary, foul; but there is no prognostic of rain more infallible than a whistling or howling noise of the wind."

Thus it may be seen that, though our old fisherman knew nothing of a "center of low," he did know something about the changing directions of the wind as such a center passed. As to the whistling or howling noise of the wind, each reader will have his own guess.

Clouds and Their Conduct

Our author himself was much of a compiler and not unwilling to take the advice of many friends. He sums up with a few simple rules. If the sun rises red and fiery, he says, wind and rain; if cloudy, with decreasing clouds, certain fair weather. Large clouds mean great showers; small clouds increasing, much rain—large clouds decreasing, fair weather. A dapple or "mackerel" sky generally means rain. Black clouds in the clear evening mean rain; and so do black clouds near the sun or near the moon. If clouds suddenly appear, especially to the south or west, look for hard storms. If many clouds like fleeces of wool are scattered from the east they foretell rain within three days. A general mist before the sun rises, near the full moon, means fair weather. Sudden rains are short; but when the air grows steadily thicker, and the sun, moon and stars dimmer, "it is likely to rain for six hours."

Then follows another parallel of modern science: "If it begins to rain from the south, with a high wind for two or three hours, and the wind falls but the rain continues, it is likely to rain twelve hours or more, and does usually rain till a strong north wind clears the air." We are all familiar with the old adage: "Rain before seven, clear before eleven." Mr. Best says: "If it begins to rain an hour or two before sun-rising it is likely to be fair before noon and to continue so that day; but if the rain begins an hour or two after sun-rising it is likely to rain all that day—except the rainbow be seen before it rains."

Mr. Best goes on to give a long series of shrewd observations of the clouds and their conduct; the strength, direction and duration of the winds, and so on, as observed in the British Isles. And so curiously do these follow the later developments in the science of weather forecasting that it would, doubtless, be interesting to give them in full were they as applicable to this country as no doubt they were to Great Britain.

Yet greater interest, however, attaches to some of the other phases of weather

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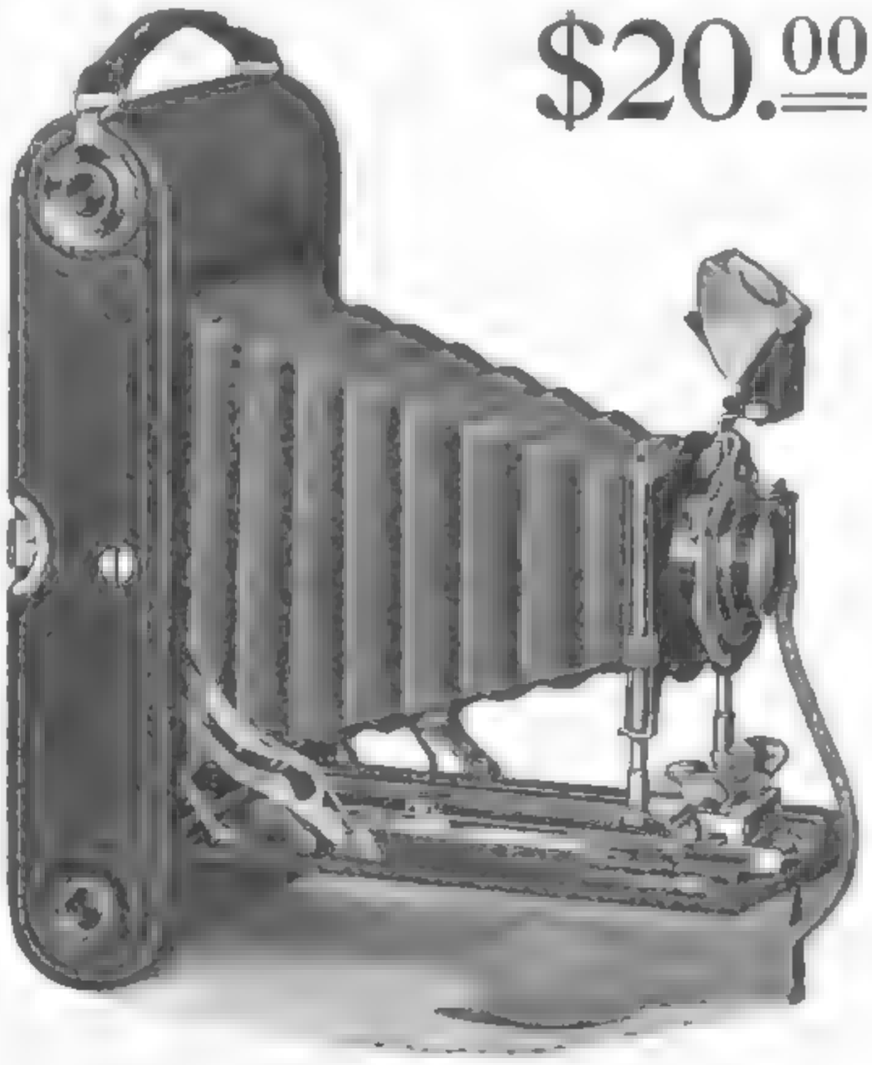

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prediction as they were understood at that time. No less a person than Lord Bacon is called into the game; and regarding him the author says: "The great Lord Bacon gives the following rules, and it is said these rules have never been known to fail: If the new moon does not appear till the fourth day it prognosticates a troubled air for the whole month. If at her first appearance, or within a few days, her lower horn is obscured or dusky or sullied it denotes foul weather before the full. If she be discolored in the middle, storms are to be expected about the full—or about the wane if her upper horn is affected in like manner. If on her fourth day she appears spotless, her horns unblunted, and neither flat nor quite erect, but betwixt both, it promises fair for the greater part of the month." We see here, perhaps, the origin of the old saying that it will not rain if the moon is slanted so the water runs out of the horns.

Lord Bacon was something of an all-round sharp—in fact, almost the household compendium of useful knowledge of his day; and he is much relied upon by Mr. Best in weather lore. Lord Bacon adduces other signs, such as the sweating of walls. He says that if walls that used to sweat are drier than usual at the beginning of winter, or if the eaves of houses drip more slowly than usual, we should expect a hard and frosty winter. A moist, cold summer portends a hard winter, according to Lord Bacon. A hot summer and autumn portend an open winter at first, colder toward the latter part. A warm and open winter portends a hot and dry summer. A serene autumn means a windy winter; a windy winter means a rainy spring; a rainy spring a serene summer—a serene summer a windy autumn. "So that the air on a balance is seldom dead or to itself; nor do the seasons succeed each other in the same tenor for two years together."

Lord Bacon was certainly a considerable prophet—next to Virgil; and, as he was an Englishman, no doubt Mr. Best thought his prophecies were better than those of anybody else, whether before or after the Christian Era. He does not fail, however, to quote from dear old Uncle Pliny. Pliny was strong for the crow as a weather prophet; and he states that it is a sign of rain when birds, especially crows, are noisy near the waters and wash themselves.

Signs of the Times

We have with us also dear old Judge Horace, who used to live round the corner in Rome, and who had a country house where, if the truth be told, he sometimes probably drank more than was good for him.

Horace also had a bet down on the crow, that wise bird of the ages. In the Seventeenth Ode of his Third Book, he remarks:

Aquæ nisi fallit augur,
. . . Annosa cornix.

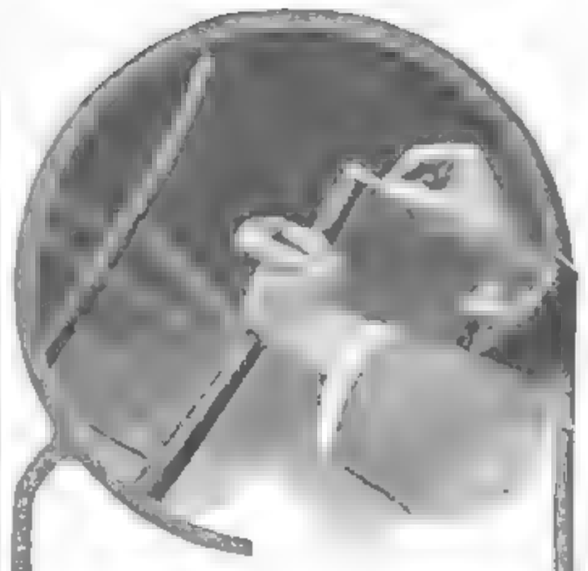
Which, as any member of the Cliffdwellers' Club, of Chicago, will know, is to say:

. . . unless in vain
Croaks the old crow, presaging rain.

Regarding the same bird, Horace elsewhere remarks that it is "prophetic of impending showers."

Most of the weather observations given above have been those made in Southern Europe or in Great Britain. It might justly be said that weather produced in Great Britain ought to be good enough to go anywhere; but there are perhaps ways of forecasting weather more universally applicable than any we have yet mentioned. Our angling authority points out that the flying aloft of swallows surely means a serene sky; but if they skim along the ground or the water we judge rain is not far off—"and the observation will seldom fail." If sheep feed up the hills early in the morning the weather will gradually clear, though the day may start rainy. If the sheep hang to the lowlands rains will increase.

Dogs are sleepy and stupid before rain, and waterfowl dive and wash themselves more than usual before a rain. Even fish are affected and do not bite so well when rain is coming. Flies, on the contrary, bite better than usual. Also, toads may be seen in the paths in the evening, or in open places, where they rarely are seen except before a change in the weather. Our old weather prophet was no mean observer of animate Nature; and he goes on to say: "Before any considerable quantity of rain is to fall, most living creatures are affected



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in some sort as to render them in some way sensible of its approach and of the access of something new to the surface of the earth." He points out that moles work more than usual, and also worms; that ants are busier and all insects more active just before a rain. Bees are always busier just before a rain, but get to their hives before the storm arises. Snails, frogs and toads are uneasy; birds of all sorts are in action. Crows are "more earnest after their prey," as are also swallows and other birds. Swine discover much uneasiness; and sheep, cows and oxen "appear more solicitous and eager in pasture than usual." "Even human beings themselves are not exempt from some sense of a change in their bodies."

Most vegetables expand their flowers in sunshiny weather and against rain close them. This is visible in the down of the dandelion and the flowers of the pimpernel, the opening and shutting of which form the English farmer's weather bulletin. Many glowworms at night mean fair weather. Many gnats flocking out in the open air at sunset mean heat. If they play up and down in the shade expect warm showers. You may anticipate good weather when the larks rise very high and sing for a long time. Also—and bear in mind that all this wisdom is more than a hundred years old—"In men frequently aches, wounds and corns are more troublesome, either toward rain or toward frost."

If ducks and geese pick their wings and cackle or wash themselves very much rain may be expected. They know that if, after rain, there is a cold wind there will be more rain. Again, a sputtering candle, as no less an authority than Virgil points out, means an impending storm. Or as Dryden has it:

The nightly virgin, whilst her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies
When sparkling lamps their spiutt'ring light advance,
And in their sockets oily bubbles dance.

Dryden's translation of Virgil's Georgics points out the whisper which "runs along the leafy wood" before a strong wind. Before a storm also,

The chaff with eddying wind is tossed about,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground,
And floating feathers on the water play.

The Reason in Rhymes

There is a great deal of meat in this curious little book, of which the writer never saw but one copy. Enough has been set down to show both how much and how little we have advanced in the science of weather predictions—that is to say, weather predictions without a weather bureau—in the last two or three thousand years. We may also note that the practice of rhymes and jingles in connection with weather forecasts is a very ancient one. Thus there is a very old English jingle which shows that, even before Lord Bacon flourished, men thought they could predict the weather months in advance—even as they still think in Washington:

Januveer freeze the pot by the fire.
If the grass grow in Januveer
It grows the worst for't all the year.
The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier
Than see a fair Februeer.
March wind and May sun
Make clothes white and maids dun.
When April blows his horn
'Tis good both for hay and corn.
An April flood
Carries away the frog and her brood.
A cold May and windy
Makes a full barn and a findy.
A May flood never did good.
A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
But a swarm in July
Is not worth a fly.

There are scores of other ways of weather forecasting known to sailors, hunters, trappers and savages, men who live much or altogether in the open; and it is sometimes astonishing with what accuracy men of this description will make day-to-day forecasts. The average man of today is not a close observer of Nature or of natural phenomena; but the true sportsman, whether angler or hunter, who desires to get out of his art everything there is in it, might do worse than cultivate his faculties of observation on some such lines as those indicated above. Ancient and honored as they are, it is for us to prove whether or not they are wholly dependable and accurate in our country.

AN INVENTOR'S IDEA and what came of it

IN 1854 when your grandfather was wearing socks made by your grandmother, or by the old hand-knitter of that day, a man with an idea started to improve sock-making methods.

Today, more than 50 years later, the almost human machines he finally invented produce the largest selling mill brand of half-hose in existence.

The man was E. E. Kilbourn, whose portrait appears above, and who is still in the service of the company which exclusively operates his machines.

The record of Mr. Kilbourn's achievements runs thus:

In 1857 he perfected the first machine for making socks automatically. It revolutionized hosiery making. This type of machine became the universal standard flat *seamed* hosiery machine.

Thirty years later he invented another machine—one that would make socks *without seams*.

In 20 years more he had improved this machine so that it would *shape* the sock to fit foot and ankle without a wrinkle.

Finally, he perfected his seamless shaping machine until it equipped *every wear-point* of a sock—toe, heel, sole and ankle—with a *wear-resisting* fabric, making a *thin* sock that would *wear* as well as or better than any thick one.

Such is the story of the development of the present "Interwoven" machine. It is exclusively controlled and operated by the Interwoven Stocking Company. It knits by what is known as "The Interwoven Process." No other machine is like it. No other manufacturer can make the Interwoven sock—the *thin* sock that really *wears;* the *seamless* sock that always *fits*.

Sold direct from mill to wearer only. None sold by dealers. You will find Interwoven Socks at [illegible] in many foreign countries.

All fashionable shades. All weights. Lisles at 25c, 35c, 50c the pair. Pure thread silk at 50c.

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Always look for that nam
hundreds of varieties is
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Each variety of biscuit—swee
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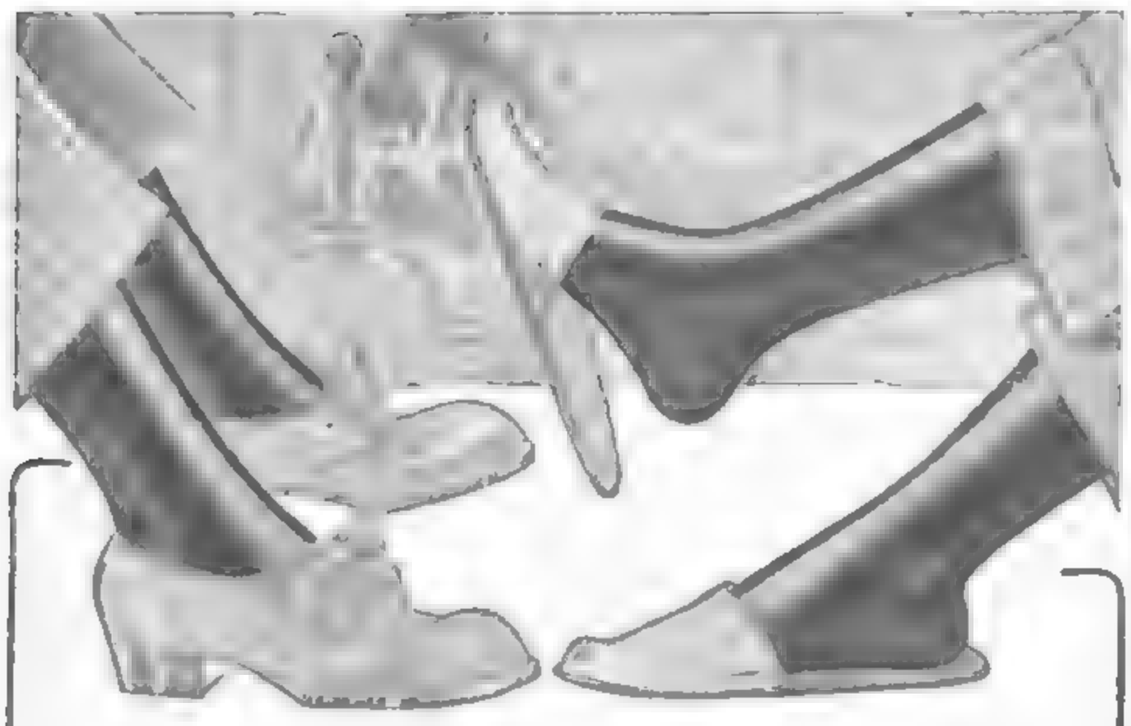

Silk-o-Lisle Socks

All the beauty of silk—all the softness, durability and wearing quality of lisle. This is what you get in Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks. Silk on the outside makes these socks fine and fashionable. Lisle on the inside makes them soft, strong and durable.

And—the price is only 50c a pair.

Send us $3.00 for *six* pairs—$2.00 for *four* pairs—or $1.00 for *two* pairs. We will send them to you postpaid, just as soon as we receive your order. Better still—buy at one of the "Stores That Sell Shawknit." There you will find a full line of Shawknit Socks. You can buy a single pair or as many pairs as you like. But—whatever you buy, be sure to try at least one pair of the new Shawknit Silk-o-Lisles. You will like them. These combinations of silk over lisle give you a selection in solid colors, of Black—Navy Blue—Tan—Pearl Grey—Cream—Cardinal—and Purple.

The combinations in mixed colors are Green Silk over Cardinal lisle—Tan silk over Chocolate Brown lisle—Old Gold over Cardinal lisle—Old Gold over Black lisle—and Green silk over Black lisle.

Then—there is an "Oxford Grey" combination of Black silk over White lisle, for people who like *white next the feet.*

Shawknits Wear Evenly Darning Not Necessary

Shawknit Socks do not need darning. They are knit by the seamless process. This makes them *the natural shape of your feet.* They fit uniformly. Then—just the right amount of re-inforcement at heels and toes, results in even wear at all points and—*no clumsiness.*

We do not ask you to take our say-so about Shawknit Socks, however. We guarantee them *without limit.* Our guarantee has no strings to it. We make no conditions for you. You are the sole judge. Our aim is to please you.

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We make a full line of Shawknit Socks—from 25c the pair up.

Information of all these Socks is in our book—"Stylish Socks." Write for it. It is yours, postpaid, for the asking. Address—Shaw Stocking Co., 103 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

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Dealers—The Shawknit Line includes *all* staples in moderate price socks as well as the new styles we advertise. All are sold *direct to you.* Write for our price list to-day. Address—Shaw Stocking Co., 103 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

THE MONEY MARKET AND INVESTMENT PRICES

By Roger W. Babson

THE president of a large New York bank was once asked by a person having a large sum to loan: "How much is money worth?" The banker replied by asking: "How much is a horse worth?" In retort the business man immediately answered: "A horse is worth what you can get for him." "Well," said the banker, "that's what money's worth." Now this simple story is the fundamental principle underlying the money market, for in a given locality with fixed conditions and fixed collateral or credit, money rates are dependent upon the supply and demand.

Of course, readers who live in small cities or towns probably pay a fixed rate of interest year in and year out, averaging the so-called legal rate of 6 per cent. Although there are certain wealthy and conservative sections of the country where the demand for money is fairly low and the rate only 5 per cent, yet, on the other hand, there are sections in the Northwest and South where the demand greatly exceeds the supply and the normal rate is 8 or 10 per cent or probably more. In all places, however, the above rule applies; for money rates, when all other conditions are fixed, are ultimately dependent upon supply and demand. These other conditions include such features as the security offered, the credit of the borrower, general confidence, the length of time the loan is to run, and various other considerations.

The Way Banks Make Money

I make these explanations primarily in order that the reader who is paying his local bank 6 per cent or more may not be dissatisfied when he sees in the newspaper that money is being loaned in New York and other large cities at from 2 to 4 per cent. If a New York bank were to loan you money it would demand as high a rate as your local banks demand, if not a higher one. When the New York banks loan at the low rates quoted they receive collateral or security which insures that the note will be paid at the moment it matures; if it is not paid they can sell the loan to some other bank. In other words, they can obtain the money any time they wish. When, however, a merchant in a country town borrows from his local bank, that bank will not sell him out if he does not pay his notes when they mature. In other words, the loans that the average country bank makes to local customers are in a way permanent loans; and, to my mind, such banks should always receive a rate almost double what New York banks receive on collateral loans, which truly are quick assets.

As the readers of this weekly know, there are two ways in which banks can make money. The one is by paying from 2 to 4 per cent on deposits and loaning the money at from 5 to 6 per cent, thus making a small difference thereon. This is the method used by the majority of country banks today, and in it lies the explanation of the fact that so many of these banks are just struggling along, the president working for a few hundred dollars a year and the bank clerks depriving themselves in order that the bank may eke out a small dividend. It takes no brains to pay a certain per cent on deposits and loan the same money for a little more; and in any work that does not require brains there is a tremendous amount of competition.

On the other hand, there are a few banks that make money in a much more intelligent and justifiable manner. These banks are practically merchants dealing in money as a commodity, storing up money when it is cheap, as the iceman stores up ice when it is a nuisance, and then loaning out this money for the purchase of raw materials or high-grade securities when money is in great demand and merchants and manufacturers are willing to sacrifice almost anything in order to obtain it. Such banks perform a great service to the community. They perform the same function for business that the governor on an engine performs in regulating the speed of the engine.

Now the country banks simply have use for time money, and are interested simply in loaning it for as high a rate as possible at all times. It is the great city bank, operated with judgment and along the lines above indicated, that uses call rates. When money is a drug on the market these great city institutions loan it on call at a low rate, knowing that the time is coming when it will be in great demand, and that, therefore, they can best serve the business man by having the money ready for his instant use. On the other hand, when money is high and the financial situation is being cleaned up through failures and drastic liquidations, these great banks, knowing that the trouble is over, loan their money on time and obtain a handsome rate, together with special commissions for so doing.

As most of my readers are probably more familiar with the money rates of their local banks than they wish they were, I shall not dwell further on this point; but shall explain in a few words the statement of the money market as it appears each day in the large daily papers of the country, the following being clipped from a recent Boston paper:

Current quoted rates, bank clearings, and so forth, follow:

	BOSTON	NEW YORK
Call loans	4½ @ 5	5 @ 5½
Time Money		
Sixty and ninety days	4	3½
Four and six months	4 @ 4½	4 @ 4
Year money	4½ @ 4½	4½ @ 4½
Commercial paper	4 @ 4½	4 @ 4½
Corporation notes	3½	3½

	TO DAY	YEAR AGO
Bar silver in New York	.55	.54½
Mexican dollars	46½	46

AT THE CLEARING HOUSE

	PAR
New York funds	
Exchanges Boston	$ 30,769,593
Year ago today	26,082,729
Balances	[illegible]
Sub-Treasury credit	[illegible]
Exchanges New York	[illegible]
Year ago today	[illegible]
Balances	48,816,548
Sub-Treasury credit	503,726
New York banks lost on Sub-Treasury operations yesterday	1,456,000
Net loss since Friday	6,546,000

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

In the foreign exchange market today, sterling was easy and Continentals were practically unchanged. Afternoon rates, actual business between bankers, as follows: Sterling—cables, $4.8650; demand, $4.8603 @ 4.8610; sixty days, $4.8200 @ 4.8230; commercial bills, $4.8160 @ 4.8180. Francs, 5.20⅞ less 1/64; marks, 95, plus 1/64; guilders, 40⅛, plus 1/32.

Call and Time Rates

It will be noticed that the first reference is to call rates, and it will be seen that on said day call rates are a little higher in New York than in Boston. Now when a man borrows on call, he borrows with the understanding that he must either pay his loan any moment the bank desires the money, or else he must accept any change in rate that the bank desires to make at any time. That is to say, the rate on call loans may be changed by the bank any day, and the borrower must pay either the said rate or his loan. During the greater part of 1911 call rates were lower in New York than in Boston, owing to the fact that during the larger part of the year small banks all over the country had a large amount of idle money in the New York banks. Owing to the fall and Christmas business, during December these banks withdrew money from New York, which made it necessary for the New York banks to have some of their call loans paid in order to get the money to send West. To have said loans paid these banks chose the method of marking up their rates. As comparatively few country banks outside of New England carry accounts in Boston, Boston banks were not affected in this way, and therefore the Boston rate for call money was not advanced so much.

The next item refers to time rates. Time money, as all readers must know, refers to notes that are given for a definite period at a definite rate. When one borrows from a bank for sixty days, he agrees to keep the money for sixty days and the bank agrees to let the rate remain fixed for sixty days. Therefore, in the case of time money the bank cannot advance the rate during the life of the note, but, on the

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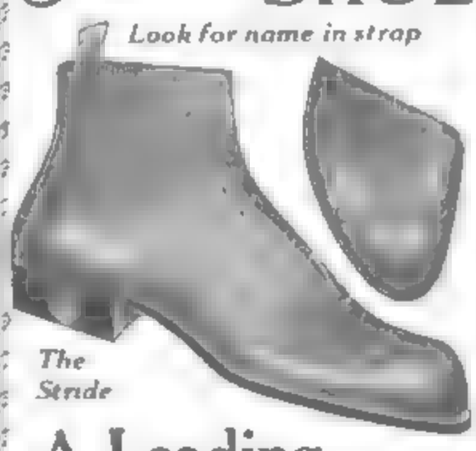

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Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

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Shipped complete, F. O. B. Cincinnati, on receipt of $72.50. Any man can set it up, ready for use, in a few hours. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Absolutely Fireproof, Weatherproof, Lightning Rot and Vermin Proof. Locks just securely. An ideal structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet with full description and illustration, sent on request. (683)

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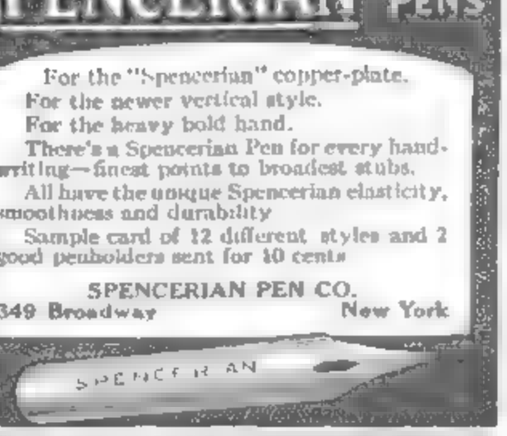

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other hand, the borrower cannot pay the note before it is due or have the advantage of any lower rate in case money should decline. In the case of call money, however, although the bank has the privilege of calling and advancing the rate at any time, yet the borrower also has the privilege of paying up at any time or insisting on a reduction in rate in case money becomes easier.

The first three items under time money show the rates for different periods, and illustrate very well why the country bank must have a higher rate for a permanent loan than the large city bank demands for active loans. It will also be seen that the large city bank demands about one-half of one per cent more for year money than for sixty and ninety day money. The last two items under time money refer to commercial paper and corporation notes, and suggest that corporation notes stand higher than ordinary business paper, as the banks are discounting these corporation notes at 3¾ per cent, though they are asking 4 to 4½ per cent on the business paper and collateral loans.

Another interesting feature in connection with the above statement lies in the reason why call money demands a higher rate than time money. By watching the relation between two rates one may usually ascertain how the large bankers feel as to the course of money rates. When the rate for time money is less than the rate for call money on the same collateral and in the same city, one may usually be certain that the bankers of that city feel that rates are to continue easy and therefore prefer to loan money for long periods rather than to loan on call. On the other hand, when the rate for call money is considerably less than the rate for time money, as was the case during the summer of 1911, one may rest assured that the bankers feel that the rate for time money is abnormally low, and consequently that it is better to loan on call at a low rate than to tie up funds for from four to six months at a slightly higher rate. In a later article I shall explain to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the other items on the above clipping, including foreign exchange; but space will not permit me to do this at the present time.

Adjustments in the Money Market

What I wish to show in connection with this article is the relation between money rates and investment prices, for we find that there is a constant and intimate connection between monetary conditions and the prices of stocks and bonds. No market has continued indefinitely upward in the face of high money rates, and the only cure for strained monetary conditions is a recession in business or an area below the country's line of normal growth.

The ten high-grade investment stocks, of which I have a list extending back practically to the Civil War, sold in 1890 at an average high price of about $141 a share. At that time the percentage of loans to deposits was around 95 per cent, while the percentage of specie to loans was about 20 per cent. In the latter part of that year, however, the loans advanced to 102 per cent of deposits, while specie declined to about 18 per cent of loans. Moreover, this was accompanied—which is the point I desire to emphasize—by a decline in the average price of these stocks to $98 a share and a still further decline in 1891 to about $95 a share. Furthermore, from 1891 to 1893 almost every marked fluctuation in money conditions was reflected in stock-market prices, and in 1893 the proportion of loans to deposits rose to 109 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans declined to 13 per cent, accompanied by a drop in the average price of our ten stocks from $135 in 1892 to $98.

This strange condition of affairs, however, was immediately corrected by an area of rest-developing below the nation's line of normal growth, and in the next year or two the proportion of loans to deposits fell to 80 per cent and specie rose to 30 per cent, while the average high price of these ten shares increased to $128.

Although the situation greatly improved during the next one or two years, yet conditions were not cured. Like sick patients getting up too soon, business men unfamiliar with fundamental conditions, not being content to let the area of depression sufficiently develop and mature, forced business too hard, and in 1896 sent the proportion of loans to deposits up to 102 per cent, while the ratio of specie to deposits

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Our Proposition One dollar and the attached coupon entitles you to one razor (complete outfit). One coupon must accompany the order for each and every razor. Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money refunded. The quality will speak for itself, as razor and blades are made by CLARK, well known as "THE SAFETY RAZOR BLADE KING." This coupon can be sent direct to us, or given to your dealer, who will order the razor for you. Extra blades (24 edges) 85c per dozen.

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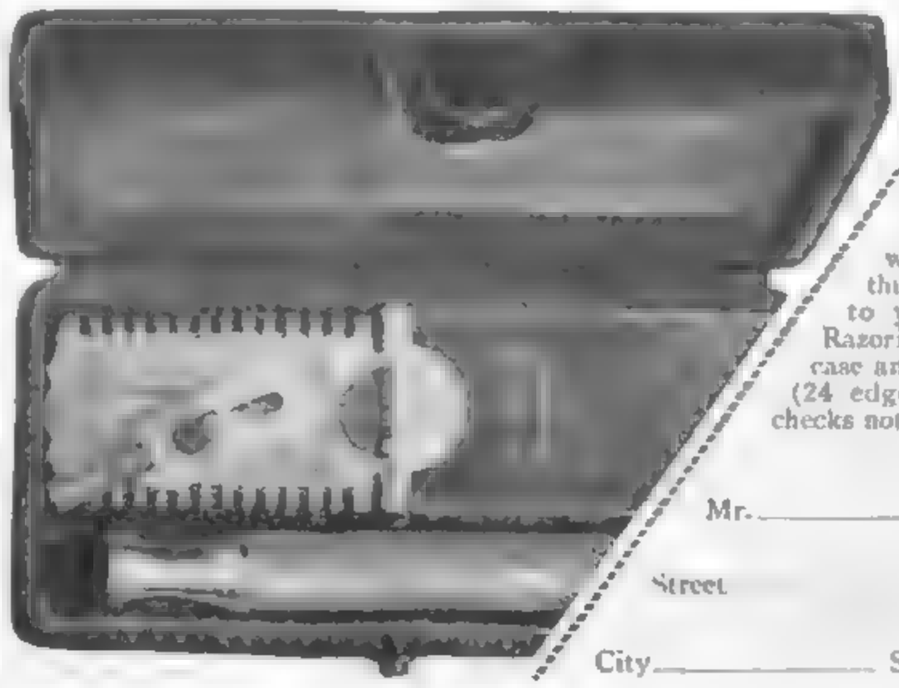

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fell to 10 per cent. Certainly these patients were quickly sent back to bed again, for conditions were immediately checked by the crisis of 1896, when the average price of these ten investment stocks dropped to $100. After this affairs were allowed to take their natural course and the area of depression was allowed naturally to come to completion; and in July, 1898, loans were only 83 per cent of deposits, while the banks held specie to the amount of 30 per cent of deposits, and the average price of these securities followed suit by advancing from $106 to $133.

In following conditions from 1900 to 1902 we find another area of prosperity developing above the country's line of normal growth, with a corresponding increase in the proportion of loans to deposits and a decrease in the ratio of specie to loans. In September, 1902, the proportion of loans to deposits was 99 per cent and the proportion of specie to loans about 17 per cent, while our ten investment stocks reached an average high price of about $200 a share.

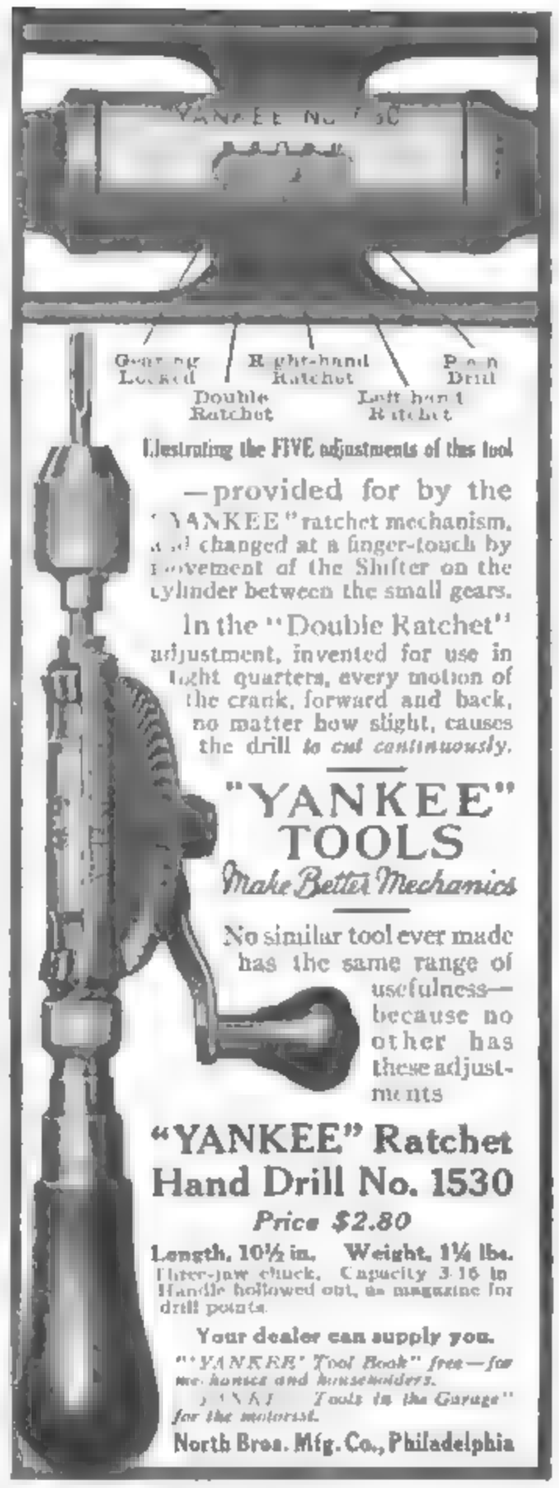
To the student of monetary conditions it was self-evident that this spelled trouble in capital letters, and such was the case. In 1903 we had our "rich man's panic," when these conditions were readjusted and another area of rest began to develop below the line of normal growth, accompanied by a drop in the average price of our ten stocks to about $150 a share. During this period of rest the proportion of loans to deposits was reduced to 90 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans increased to 25 per cent, accompanied by advancing prices of securities until an average high price of over $200 a share was reached in January, 1906.

How to Prevent Panics

If we had been willing to hold things in check, keeping down loans, building up our specie reserve and being content with a normal growth, the panic of 1907 could have been avoided. But unfortunately this is not the American way of doing things. It is our nature either to have the throttle wide open and run at breakneck speed, or else to have the throttle closed tightly and to be almost at a standstill. For instance, in January, 1907, the percentage of loans to deposits had been increased to about 102 per cent, and the relation of specie to loans had been cut down to about 17 per cent, while our ten investment stocks still sold at an average high price of about $180 a share. Moreover, a large area of prosperity had been developing above the nation's line of normal growth—an area approximately equal to the preceding areas of prosperity and depression—and nothing else could happen but a drastic liquidation in order to relieve these strained monetary conditions. What happened is well known to all. Our New York banks were strained almost to the breaking point, and, in fact, several of them did break. Large commercial institutions were forced into bankruptcy and some of our great railroads were placed in the hands of receivers, while the average of our ten stocks fell to $119 a share.

Again the readjustment process began, and as an area was developed below the nation's line of normal growth the ratio of loans to deposits decreased to 95 per cent, while the ratio of specie to loans was increased to 22 per cent, accompanied by an uplift in the prices of securities, and our ten stocks sold at an average price of over $190 a share in August, 1909. Since that date loans have again been increased and today they amount to about 100 per cent of deposits, while the ratio of specie to loans has fallen to 19 per cent, and stocks have been steadily declining since August, 1909. Not very encouraging, is it, reader, when one realizes that all these foreign disturbances to business could have been avoided if we had been willing to study the money market and other fundamental factors upon which all manufacturing and commercial progress ultimately depends?

Now from the above facts certain fundamental principles can be deduced, which should be of value to the reader in diagnosing future conditions. It is very evident, for instance, that the first things to note in the bank statement, as published both by the Comptroller of the Currency five times a year, covering all national banks, and by the Clearing House of New York once a week, covering New York banks, are these two most important items: the relation of loans to deposits and the relation of specie to loans. If we find that loans are in excess



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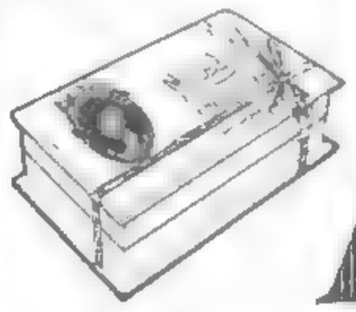

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of deposits and the percentage of specie small, it is usually safe to assume that fundamentally the monetary situation is unsound.

In other words, an increase in loans and discounts with no corresponding increase in cash usually reflects unsound monetary conditions, even if the advance in loans and discounts is fully offset by deposits. There are various reasons for this, but the simplest reason is that there are two classes of deposits—namely, the real deposit and the credit deposit. When a miner in California takes gold from the earth and carries it to his bank for deposit, that man is creating a real deposit; and the same illustration applies if the man who takes iron, copper, wheat or cotton from the ground and deposits it or its equivalent. Such men are really wealth-producers and their deposits are well worthy the name. Unfortunately, however, such deposits often form a very small proportion of the total, for by far the greatest number of deposits are what are known as credit deposits. For instance, a merchant takes a piece of blank paper and makes thereon a note for $10,000. He then gives this note to the bank, discounts it for six months at 5 per cent and the bank gives him back, say, $9750. The merchant then goes to another window of the same institution and deposits this money, and the bank's deposits are immediately increased $9750, while the local board of trade of said city points to the city's increased bank deposits, forgetting all about the corresponding increased loans.

Real deposits should be welcomed, and such are the deposits that cause our nation's line of normal growth to go upward; but these credit deposits—although necessary to a certain extent—are our curse and an ultimate source of great trouble. Let us hope that the time will come when our Comptroller of the Currency will demand that these credit deposits be separated so that we may know how the bank is increasing its deposits in a given community. In the meantime let every reader look not at the deposits but at the proportion of loans to deposits, and especially at the percentage of specie, which really means cash.

Meaning of Business Depression

It will therefore be seen that the money market bears a very intimate relation to the welfare of the merchant and the business man, as well as to that of the investor and speculator; in fact, the relations could be carried on much farther than I have outlined above. The changes in the New York bank statement from week to week are scanned by many anxious faces; the surplus reserve item, which shows how much reserve the banks hold in excess of their legal requirements, is a figure especially watched.

It often happens that certain periods of the year, such as January and July, call for the use of large sums in the payment of interest, dividends and other semi-annual disbursements. The first of April and October are also important dates in the money market. As we understand the analyses further, we must allow for more and more exceptions; and as these exceptions increase the value of cast-iron rules diminishes. Such studies are somewhat like those of speculators, who figure that the prices of stocks are always high at certain seasons of the year and low at other seasons. There is nothing in such doctrines. True it is that prices have often been high early in January and July, owing to the large investment-buying at these times; but every two or three years so many people figure on this and make their purchases a month or two earlier that there is a general decline in the market in January and July.

There is, as a fact, nothing in such cast-iron rules. Nobody knows what month or year money rates will be low or high, and the man who attempts to predict by naming the month is making a pure guess. What we do know is that when money conditions are unsound, when credits are inflated and business unhealthy, and a large area of depression has developed above the nation's line of normal growth, then money will be scarce and will continue to be scarce until conditions are readjusted, loans liquidated and cash reserves strengthened—which can be accomplished only by the development of an area of rest, commonly known as a business depression. Therefore, I urge readers to study the relation of loans to deposits and the relation of specie or cash to loans.

"Join the 'Welch' Fraternity"

THERE'S good cheer in WELCH'S morning, noon or night. Before and after the game, for the quiet evening, or occasional celebration WELCH'S furnishes a zest.

It's a food-drink without being a fad-drink. Nature puts elements in the grape that help the human system — brains, blood and nerves. We keep those elements there.

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

The juice as you pour it from the bottle is just as Nature made it in the grape — full of summer's sunshine and autumn's richness.

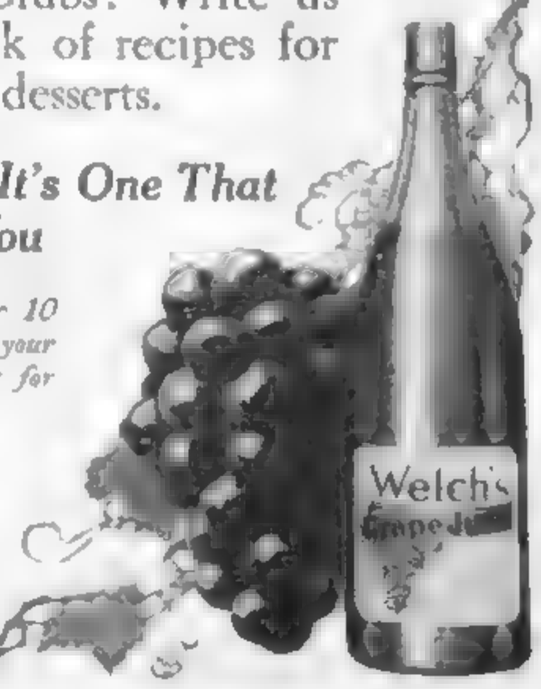
A corking good punch is the Welch Grape Punch. You can make it in a jiffy. Juice of three lemons and one orange; small cup of sugar; pint of WELCH'S; quart of plain or charged water. Garnish with sliced fruits to suit taste and serve *cold*.

Stewards and housekeepers of Fraternity Houses and College Clubs: Write us today for our *free* book of recipes for WELCH'S drinks and desserts.

Get the Welch Habit — It's One That Won't Get You

A sample four-ounce bottle mailed for 10 cents. If you cannot get Welch's of your dealer we will send a dozen trial pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.



Hands Across the SEAL

To The Man In The Street!

WHEREVER YOU SPY the circular sign of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes in a merchant's window, let your eye telegraph to your mind: *"There's the best tailor in town."*

OUR Authorized Representative is more than a nimble measure-taker—he is backed by every force and resource of our "crystal-palace" shops, often called "the greatest tailoring institution in America." *He* is *we.*

WE choose our Authorized Representative with the same probing care with which we choose our fabrics—he is sound-fibred and "all wool" with no "cotton streak." In *his* hands you're in *safe* hands—careful, cheerful, responsive to suggestion and responsible to *us* and to *you.*

GO to our Representative to-day to be measured for your Spring Clothes. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed.

To The Man In The Store!

WHEREVER YOU ARE you can gain the clientele of the "best-turned-out" men of your community—"the spenders"—by being the *Authorized Representative* of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes.

INDIVIDUALITY of style and integrity of tailoring—a body-gracing fit—pure-wool, new-wool fabrics—the best linings and trimmings that money can buy—deliveries that don't disappoint—these make *clients who cling.*

INDIANAPOLIS is *not* a "clothing market"—*not* the camp for an army of "ready-made operatives." We employ only custom tailors trained *our* way to do a task the *best* way—the way of the "crack" metropolitan tailor with all his niceties of drafting, draping and technique.

IN the few towns in which we are without an Authorized Representative we seek one of a character that befits the high character of our tailoring. If you are this man, write to us immediately.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

The Senator's Secretary

THERE are large numbers of noisy patriots roaming about this country verbiagerating vociferously about what they have done, are doing and intend to do to make certain the success of the Democratic party in the next presidential campaign. Also, there are hundreds of crafty politicians who have plans and specifications for that success, drawn by themselves and based on their individual ideas of procedure. When it comes to advice, instruction and admonition the Democratic party is loaded to the guards. It has within its ranks the greatest accumulation of prophets, seers, prognosticators, directors, guides, philosophers and scientific shop managers ever gathered in one political organization.

They have emerged from the high grass in all parts of the country, have roamed in from the hills, dropped from the trees, come up out of the caves; and they are all prepared to tell exactly what course to pursue in order that the principles of the late Thomas Jefferson, as modified to suit the exigencies of this occasion, shall triumph mightily at the polls, to the great glory of said principles and to the subsequent recognition of the advisers in the shapes of some sort of connections with the Federal payroll.

Some of these advisers and directors and managers, of course, haven't been in the high grass. There are old and experienced men, who have been advising and directing the Democratic party for years and years—not with any great results, to be sure, but with a persistence that shows them to have faith in themselves whether any other has faith in them or not. They are active—these old standbys—active and vocal and fluent; and they are handing it out hot and inspired twenty-four hours a day. The efforts of these regulars are ably supplemented by the Democratic editors, who, seeing a chance for a winning, have quit moaning about the iniquities of Uncle Joe Cannon and Nelson W. Aldrich, and are now engaged in telling Oscar Underwood and Champ Clark exactly how to proceed.

They are all weighted down with the burden of direction. The entire problem is up to them—each individually, to hear each tell it; and unless the Democrats do as each individual says all will be lost and the Grand Old Party—to wit, the Republicans—will remain arrogantly in power and the waiting Democratic patriots will continue without the recognition—and the salaries—that are their just dues as rewards for services performed, said services consisting of advice. Any Democratic leader can obtain an exact, illustrated, specific and annotated plan of campaign, covering every detail of policy and action, for the coming crucial months by standing in a receptive attitude in a Washington hotel lobby, or by reading his mail instead of making his secretary read it.

The Lead Horses of the Democrats

And the interesting part of it is that the has-been boys, the high-grass boys, as well as the regular, perennial advisers, think they have the correct system in mind; and think, too, that the Democrats will be wrecked unless things are attended to as the boys insist. Indeed, they are certain of it, and consider themselves the instruments whereby Mr. Taft's party will be defeated and whereby the Democrats will come into power. These fellows are impatient of the suggestion that perhaps there are some men in the party and in position who know better than they what the difficulties are, and what remedies are obtainable, and what procedure politic and possible.

Nevertheless, the men in the Democratic party who will have most to do with Democratic success or failure next fall are the leaders in the House of Representatives. This is the only branch of the Government where the Democratic party is in the majority; and the party, as a whole, will be judged in a national sense largely by what the Democratic House does and does not do. There are half a dozen men in the House who may be said to be the leaders; and of these, of course, Oscar Underwood stands first, he being not only the designated floor leader, but also the man of greatest ability and resource. Allied with him are John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropriations Committee and a Representative from Brooklyn; William Hughes, of New Jersey, who is on the Ways and Means Committee; Swagar Sherley, of Kentucky, one of the ablest men in the House, and one or two others. Champ Clark, the Speaker, is actively a candidate for the nomination for president, and he, too, is intensely concerned in having the Democratic House perform satisfactorily to the country, though his congressional attitude is not openly active in managing and directing. However, he has his say. Underwood is a candidate for the nomination also.

Laying aside the personal aspirations of these men, theirs is a real anxiety that the Democratic House shall make a good, clean, consistent, satisfactory record—and theirs is the task of seeing to it that this record is made. Also, theirs is the responsibility. The larger part of the burden is on them. If the House shall make any mistakes the great army of advisers and directors now operating on the outside will be first to emit the loud yell of consternation and denunciation. If the House makes no mistakes the said great army will have its claims in for credit before sunrise. Meantime these men have the hardest job any legislators have had in our time or theirs.

Radishes, not Radicals

The Democrats have the House for the first time in sixteen years. They couldn't do much but pass tariff legislation at the extra session; but now the first regular session of Congress is in full swing, and the Democrats, having been outside so long, are looking at the perquisites and pork from the seats of the mighty—and want theirs. Moreover, any Democrat—and that means most of them—who has any pet or radical idea for legislation that is positively needed for the future welfare and stability of the nation is totally at a loss to understand why that pet idea shall not be enacted into law, inasmuch as he is a Democrat and the Democrats are in the majority. The fooler the idea, the stronger the conviction that this is the panacea. Large numbers of these Democrats who think and assert they are radicals are in reality not radicals at all, but radishes; but there is no way of making them understand this. They rush wildly into caucuses and on the floor of the House and demand that what they propose shall be indorsed as Democratic doctrine and enacted into Democratic law.

There is no way of stopping these persons if they have industry enough to write their ideas into bills or resolutions—that is, there is no way to prevent the newspapers from printing what these particular Democrats propose. But there are methods of stopping action, and these are adopted from time to time and are the particular jobs and responsibilities of the Democratic leaders. The leaders cannot know—not being mind-readers—when a wild-eyed and breathless Democratic patriot, who has oozed into the House from some sort of a district, will slide in a resolution that may have a public appeal in it, but that would work backward in a political sense if adopted. Constructively the introduction of one of these boomerang affairs is placed to the credit of the Democratic party because a Democrat introduced it; but, likewise, its killing is also laid at the door of the party when the leaders find that murder must be done.

Also, there is the question of pork. The Democrats are hungry and want pork. They cry they must have it. Not a few of them have discovered there are "metropusses" of five and six thousand population in their districts where there are no Federal buildings; and many a one has demanded that some creek that meanders through his home counties shall be dredged. Added to this are wild cries for all other kinds of patronage, and wild cries for money to be spent in the district—real money from the Treasury, which, as is well known, has vault after vault literally bulging with gold and silver and bills of large denominations that might just as well be expended in Pohick and Booginville, to the great aid and comfort of the Democratic party, the communities of Pohick and Booginville, and—last, but not least—to the representative who makes the demand.

The leaders know they cannot get anywhere before the country if they duplicate in size the appropriations of the former Republican Houses. They must, at least, create a semblance of economy, whether they want to or not. They have been yelling that the extravagant rascals of the

Republican party must be turned out; and they cannot become extravagant rascals themselves because they have been turned in. The leaders know all this, but the individuals who make up the Democratic majority do not. They are in power. They have the votes. The Treasury is there, waiting to be tapped; and these Democrats cannot understand why they shall not be permitted to do the tapping, especially as the Republicans jimmied the vaults open time after time and year after year, for sixteen years and more.

Economy, as a political precept, is always the slogan of the minority. It is always satisfactory and patriotic and advisable to be economical when you can't be anything else, because you have no chance to be profligate; but, when you have the money at your disposal, why not spend it, especially as it is the Government's money and not yours? Inasmuch as the leaders of the present majority in the House have decided to be economical, their first job has been to convince the hungry members of the Democratic majority that they must help. They are having a lovely time doing it. The boys want pap and pork to help them back home, to support their individual political aspirations.

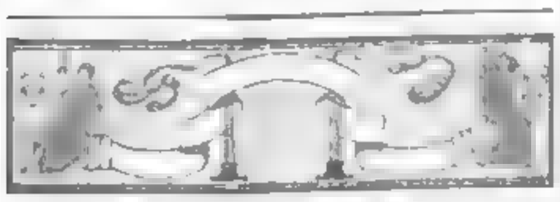
They want all sorts of alleged iniquities investigated. They want all sorts of laws passed. They want anything that will give them a little advertising. They want to do things, to get action, to raise a dust; and the desire is always predicated on the individual ambition instead of on the broader party policy.

The copybooks used to tell us this world is made up of many men of many minds, and which precept is applicable for the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. By a gigantic effort, these men were held reasonably in line during the extra session of the Congress that began in April, 1911, and ended in August of the same year; and the success of that holding in line was largely attained because the leaders insisted there should be no legislation except the tariff. Now the gates are open. This is a regular session—not a special one. The boys have free swing. They want what they want. Of course it is vastly important that a Democratic president shall be elected; but that necessity pales into insignificance beside the vastly more important one that the individual representatives must be elected.

Friends Who are Foes

The Democratic leaders gained much credit for the coherent and cohesive action of the Democrats in the extra session. They must be equally successful this time, for the people are not yet ready to give them an unqualified vote of confidence. The success of the Democratic party at the polls will be predicated largely on the record of the House now sitting. The leaders know this. They want to be sane and reasonable and Democratic and economical and business-like; and the greatest foes they have are not in the opposition Republican minority, but in their own Democratic majority. It is doubtful if any set of men in politics ever had a greater task than these men in the Democratic House who are trying to keep the lid on, to hold things down, to keep in check their hungry colleagues—and thus help to elect a Democratic president. They must work at it night and day. They must be constantly on guard. Else, when they are not looking, some of their hungry friends on the same side of the House will start something that will inevitably spill all the beans.

CONDENSATION NOTE. An honorable legislator from West Virginia, who contributed in his autobiography to the Congressional Record that deathless sentiment concerning himself, "He is thoroughly reliable; works hard, late and early as a congressman, and is reflecting credit upon the country by his manly, conservative and wise course in Washington as a representative of all the people," has eliminated this and the half page of similar heartfelt self-appreciation that originally appeared in the directory, and now confines his autobiography to three prosaic lines.



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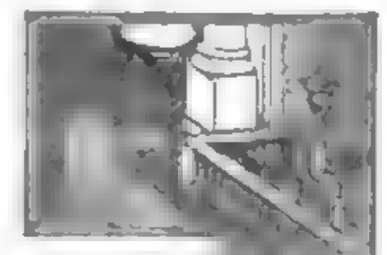


IN hall, living-room, dining-room or bed-room, Vitralite, "The Long-Life White Enamel," harmonizes with any color scheme. Its attractiveness and beauty never tire. Use Vitralite and the finish will be *permanent*. It will not turn yellow, crack, chip nor show brush marks. It gives a wonderfully smooth, fine surface—inside or outside—on wood, metal or plaster.

You may leave Vitralite a rich gloss or have it rubbed to a dull finish. The effect is that of fine porcelain. Can be tinted to any shade if desired. Vitralite is easily cleaned because it's water-proof—just the thing for bathroom or kitchen. Fine for furniture.

Send for Free Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with Vitralite. Judge it for yourself. A copy of our **"Decorative Interior Finishing"** will prove valuable if you are interested in an attractive home. Ask for it—it's free.

Use "61" Floor Varnish on floors where you want a mar-proof, water-proof and heel-proof protective finish. It does not crack nor chip.

Send for Free Sample Panel and test it with hammer and heel. Ask for **"The Finished Floor."** It will prove interesting and instructive.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

If your dealer can not supply "P & L" Varnishes, write to 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; in Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada — ESTABLISHED 63 YEARS — Foreign Factories London Paris Hamburg

The Simplest and Most Agreeable Way to Keep

The Skin Soft, Smooth and Fair

is to use, morning and night, also before and after exposure to the weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

We are sure there's nothing more delicate and refreshing. We have been sending it into refined homes for many years and thousands of letters have come back to us expressing appreciation of the benefit produced by Hinds Cream.

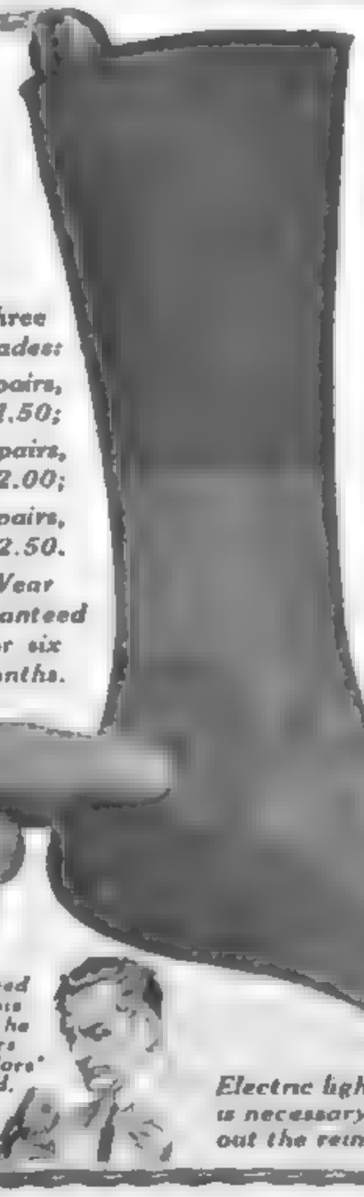
Every bottle is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless,—free from greasy, sticky properties, or anything that can cause or aid a growth of hair. Every application of Hinds Cream will soften the skin, retard a tendency to wrinkles, relieve sore conditions and add attractiveness to the complexion.

50 cents—Sold everywhere or postpaid by us if not obtainable. Don't take a substitute, but write us at once.

Liberal Sample Bottle and Booklet Sent Free.—No Duplicating.

A. S. HINDS 89 West Street PORTLAND, MAINE

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK HOSIERY



Three grades: 6 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $2.00; 6 pairs, $2.50. Wear guaranteed for six months.

This new summer weight hosiery weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce to the pair. It is the lightest, sheerest, silkiest of all summer cotton socks.

Look carefully at the graduated reinforcement of the heel—the strongly reinforced foot. They give you *wear*, even in this light, comfortable gauzy weight. The yarn used in this reinforcement costs us $1.40 a pound—four times the cost of ordinary yarn.

Consider these new features: Genuine French Welt—the best welt ever put on a seamless stocking. Reinforced at every point where wear comes. Reinforcement graduated to top of shoe. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines. Combed Sea Island cotton.

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot, if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

Joseph Black & Sons Co. York, Pa.

No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.

Electric light is necessary to bring out the reinforcement.

THE RED CROSS GIRL

(Continued from Page 6)

"I'm tired of being called a good sport," she protested, "by men who aren't half so good sports as I am. I'm tired of being talked to about money—as though I were a stockbroker. This man's got a head on his shoulders, and he's got the shoulders too; and he's got a darned good-looking head; and he thinks I'm a ministering angel and a saint; and he put me up on a pedestal and made me dizzy—and I like being made dizzy; and I'm for him! And I'm going after him!"

"Be still!" implored Helen Page. "Any one might think you meant it!" She nodded violently at the discreet backs of the men servants.

"Ye gods, Parker!" cried Anita Flagg. "Does it take three of you to pour a cup of tea? Get out of here, and tell everybody that you all three caught me in the act of proposing to an American gentleman over the telephone and that the betting is even that I'll make him marry me!"

The faithful and sorely tried domestics fled toward the door.

"And what's more," Anita hurled after them, "get your bets down quick, for after I meet him the odds will be a hundred to one!"

Had the Republic been an afternoon paper, Sam might have been at the office and might have gone to the telephone, and things might have happened differently; but, as the Republic was a morning paper, the only person in the office was the lady who scrubbed the floors and she refused to go near the telephone. So Anita Flagg said, "I'll call him up later," and went happily on her ride, with her heart warm with love for all the beautiful world; but later it was too late.

To keep himself fit, Sam Ward always walked to the office. On this particular morning Hollis Holworthy was walking uptown and they met opposite the cathedral.

"You're the very man I want," said Holworthy joyously—"you've got to decide a bet."

He turned and fell into step with Sam.

"It's one I made last night with Nita Flagg. She thinks you didn't know who she was yesterday, and I said that was ridiculous. Of course you knew. I bet her a theater party."

To Sam it seemed hardly fair that so soon, before his fresh wound had even been dressed, it should be torn open by impertinent fingers; but he had no right to take offense. How could the man, or any one else, know what Sister Anne had meant to him?

"I'm afraid you lose," he said. He halted to give Holworthy the hint to leave him, but Holworthy had no such intention.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed that young man. "Fancy one of you chaps being taken in like that! I thought you were taking her in—getting up a story for the Sunday supplement!"

Sam shook his head, nodded and again moved on; but he was not yet to escape.

"And, instead of your fooling her," exclaimed Holworthy incredulously, "she was having fun with you!"

With difficulty Sam smiled.

"So it would seem," he said.

"She certainly made an awfully funny story of it!" exclaimed Holworthy admiringly. "I thought she was making it up—she must have made some of it up. She said you asked her to take a day off in New York. That isn't so, is it?"

"Yes, that's so."

"By Jove!" cried Holworthy—"and that you invited her to see the moving-picture shows?"

Sam, conscious of the dearly bought front-row seats in his pocket, smiled pleasantly.

"Did she say I said that—or you?" he asked.

"She did."

"Well, then, I must have said it."

Holworthy roared with amusement.

"And that you invited her to feed peanuts to the monkeys at the Zoo?"

Sam avoided the little man's prying eyes.

"Yes; I said that too."

"And I thought she was making it up!" exclaimed Holworthy. "We did laugh! You must see the fun of it yourself."

Lest Sam should fail to do so he proceeded to elaborate.

"You must see the fun in a man trying to make a date with Anita Flagg—just as if she were an unknown somebody!"

"I don't think," said Sam, "that was exactly my idea." He waved his stick at a passing taxi. "I'm late," he said. He abandoned Hollis on the sidewalk, chuckling and grinning with delight, and unconscious of the mischief he had made.

An hour later at the office, when Sam was waiting for an assignment, the telephone boy hurried to him, his eyes lit with excitement.

"You're wanted on the 'phone," he commanded. His voice dropped to an awed whisper. "Miss Anita Flagg wants to speak to you!"

The blood ran leaping to Sam's heart and face. Then he remembered this was not Sister Anne who wanted to speak to him, but a woman he had never met.

"Say you can't find me," he directed.

The boy gasped, fled and returned precipitately.

"The lady says she wants your telephone number—says she must have it."

"Tell her you don't know it; tell her it's against the rules—and hang up."

Ten minutes later the telephone boy, in the strictest confidence, had informed every member of the local staff that Anita Flagg—the rich, the beautiful, the daring, the original of the Red Cross story of that morning—had twice called up Sam Ward and by that young man had been thrown down—and thrown hard!

That night Elliott, the managing editor, sent for Sam; and when Sam entered his office he found also there Walsh, the foreign editor, with whom he was acquainted only by sight.

Elliott introduced them and told Sam to be seated.

"Ward," he began abruptly, "I'm sorry to lose you, but you've got to go. It's on account of that story of this morning."

Sam made no sign, but he was deeply hurt. From a paper he had served so loyally, this seemed scurvy treatment. It struck him also that, considering the spirit in which the story had been written, it was causing him more kinds of trouble than was quite fair. The loss of position did not disturb him. In the last month too many managing editors had tried to steal him from the Republic for him to feel anxious as to the future. So he accepted his dismissal calmly, and could say without resentment: "Last night I thought you liked the story, sir?"

"I did," returned Elliott; "I liked it so much that I'm sending you to a bigger place, where you can get bigger stories. We want you to act as our special correspondent in London. Mr. Walsh will explain the work; and if you'll go you'll sail next Wednesday."

After his talk with the foreign editor Sam again walked home on air. He could not believe it was real—that it was actually to him it had happened; for hereafter he was to witness the march of great events, to come in contact with men of international interests. Instead of reporting what was of concern only from the Battery to Forty-seventh Street, he would now tell New York what was of interest in Europe and the British Empire, and so to the whole world. There was one drawback only to his happiness—there was no one with whom he might divide it. He wanted to celebrate his good fortune; he wanted to share it with some one who would understand how much it meant to him, who would really care. Had Sister Anne lived, she would have understood; and he would have laid himself and his new position at her feet and begged her to accept them—begged her to run away with him to this tremendous and terrifying capital of the world, and start the new life together.

Among all the women he knew, however, there was none to take her place. Certainly Anita Flagg could not take her place. Not because she was rich, not because she had jeered at him and made him a laughing-stock, not because his admiration—and he blushed when he remembered how openly, how ingenuously he had shown it to her—meant nothing; but because the girl he thought she was, the girl he had made dreams about and wanted to marry without a moment's notice, would have seen that what he offered, ridiculous as it was when offered to Anita Flagg, was not ridiculous when offered sincerely to a tired, nerve-worn, overworked nurse in a hospital. It was because Anita Flagg had not seen that she could not now make up to him for

the girl he had lost, even though she herself had inspired that girl and for a day given her existence.

Had he known it, the Anita Flagg of his imagining was just as unlike and as unfair to the real girl as it was possible for two people to be. His Anita Flagg he had created out of the things he had read of her in impertinent Sunday supplements and from the impression he had been given of her by the little ass, Holworthy. She was not at all like that. Ever since she had come of age she had been beset by sycophants and flatterers, both old and young, both men and girls, and by men who wanted her money and by men who wanted her. And it was because she got the motives of the latter two confused that she was so often hurt and said sharp, bitter things that made her appear hard and heartless.

As a matter of fact, in approaching her in the belief that he was addressing an entirely different person, Sam had got nearer to the real Anita Flagg than had any other man. And she knew it; but Sam did not know it. And so—when on arriving at the office the next morning, which was a Friday, he received a telegram reading, "Arriving tomorrow nine-thirty from Greenwich; the day cannot begin too soon; don't forget you promised meet me. Anita Flagg"—he was able to reply: "Extremely sorry; but promise made to a different person, who unfortunately has since died!"

When Anita Flagg read this telegram there leaped to her lovely eyes tears that sprang from self-pity and wounded feelings. She turned miserably, appealingly to Helen Page.

"But why does he do it to me?" Her tone was that of the bewildered child who has struck her head against the table and from the naughty table, without cause or provocation, has received the devil of a bump.

Before Miss Page could venture upon an explanation, Anita Flagg had changed into a very angry young woman.

"And what's more," she announced, "he can't do it to me!"

She sent her telegram back again as it was, word for word, but this time it was signed, "Sister Anne."

In an hour the answer came: "Sister Anne is the person to whom I refer. She is dead."

Sam was not altogether at ease at the outcome of his adventure. It was not in his nature to be rude—certainly not to a woman, especially not to the most beautiful woman he had even seen. For, whether her name was Anita or Anne, about her beauty there could be no argument; but he assured himself that he had acted within his rights. A girl who could see in a well-meant offer to be kind only a subject for ridicule was of no interest to him. Nor did her telegrams insisting upon continuing their acquaintance flatter him. As he read them, they showed only that she looked upon him as one entirely out of her world—as one with whom she could do an unconventional thing and make a good story about it later, knowing that it would be accepted as one of her amusing caprices.

He was determined he would not lend himself to any such performance. And, besides, he no longer was a foot-loose, happy-go-lucky reporter. He no longer need seek for experiences and material to turn into copy. He was now a man with a responsible position—one who soon would be conferring with Cabinet Ministers and putting ambassadors at their ease. He wondered if a beautiful heiress, whose hand was sought in marriage by the nobility of England, would understand the importance of a London correspondent. He hoped some one would tell her. He liked to think of her as being considerably impressed and a little unhappy.

Saturday night he went to the theater for which he had purchased tickets. And he went alone, for the place that Sister Anne was to have occupied could not be filled by any other person. It would have been sacrilege. At least, so it pleased him to pretend. And all through dinner, which he ate alone at the same restaurant to which he had intended taking her, he continued to pretend she was with him. And at the theater, where there was going forward the most popular of all musical comedies, the seat next to him, which to the audience appeared wastefully empty, was to him filled with her gracious presence. That Sister Anne was not there—that the pretty romance he had woven about her had ended in disaster—filled him with real regret. He was glad he was leaving New York. He was glad he was going where nothing would remind him of her. And then he glanced up—and looked straight into her eyes!

He was seated in the front row, directly on the aisle. The seat Sister Anne was supposed to be occupying was on his right, and a few seats farther to his right rose the stage box; and in the stage box, almost upon the stage, and with the glow of the footlights full in her face, was Anita Flagg, smiling delightedly down on him. There were others with her. He had a confused impression of bulging shirtfronts, and shining silks and diamonds, and drooping plumes upon enormous hats. He thought he recognized Lord Deptford and Holworthy; but the only person he distinguished clearly was Anita Flagg. The girl was all in black velvet, which was drawn to her figure like a wet bathing suit; round her throat was a single string of pearls; and on her hair of goldenrod was a great hat of black velvet, shaped like a bell, with the curving lips of a lily. And from beneath its brim Anita Flagg, sitting rigidly erect with her white-gloved hands resting lightly on her knee, was gazing down at him, smiling with pleasure, with surprise, with excitement.

When she saw that, in spite of her altered appearance, he recognized her she bowed so violently and bent her head so eagerly that above her head the ostrich plumes dipped and curtsied like wheat in a storm. But Sam neither bowed nor curtsied. Instead, he turned his head slowly over his left shoulder, as though he thought she was speaking not to him but to some one beyond him, across the aisle. And then his eyes returned to the stage and did not again look toward her. It was not the cut direct, but it was a cut that hurt; and in their turn the eyes of Miss Flagg quickly sought the stage. At the moment, the people in the audience happened to be laughing; and she forced a smile and then laughed with them.

Out of the corner of his eye Sam could not help seeing her profile exposed pitilessly in the glow of the footlights; saw her lips tremble like those of a child about to cry; and then saw the forced, hard smile—and heard her laugh lightly and mechanically.

"That's all she cares!" he told himself.

It seemed to him that in all he heard of her, in everything she did, she kept robbing him still further of all that was dear to him in Sister Anne.

For five minutes, conscious of the footlights, Miss Flagg maintained upon her lovely face a fixed and intent expression, and then slowly and unobtrusively drew back to a seat in the rear of the box. In its darkest recesses she found Holworthy, shut off from a view of the stage by a barrier of women's hats.

"Your friend, Mr. Ward," she began abruptly, in a whisper, "is the rudest, most ill-bred person I ever met. When I talked to him the other day I thought he was nice. He was nice. But he has behaved abominably—like a boor—like a sulky child. Has he no sense of humor? Because I played a joke on him, is that any reason why he should hurt me?"

"Hurt *you?*" exclaimed little Holworthy in amazement. "Don't be ridiculous! How could he hurt you? Why should you care how rude he is? Ward's a clever fellow, but he fancies himself. He's conceited. He's too good-looking; and a lot of silly women have made such a fuss over him that when one of them laughs at him he can't understand it. That's the trouble. I could see that when I was telling him."

"Telling him!" repeated Miss Flagg—"Telling him what?"

"About what a funny story you made of it," explained Holworthy. "About his having the nerve to ask you to feed the monkeys and to lunch with him."

Miss Flagg interrupted with a gasping intake of her breath.

"Oh!" she said softly. "So—so you told him that, did you? And—what else did you tell him?"

"Only what you told us—that he said 'the day could not begin too soon'; that he said he wouldn't let you be a manicure and wash the hands of men who weren't fit to wash the streets you walked on."

There was a pause.

"Did I tell you he said that?" breathed Anita Flagg.

"You know you did," said Holworthy.

There was another pause.

"I must have been mad!" said the girl.

There was a longer pause and Holworthy shifted uneasily.

"I'm afraid you are angry," he ventured.

"Angry!" exclaimed Miss Flagg. "I should say I was angry!—but not with you.

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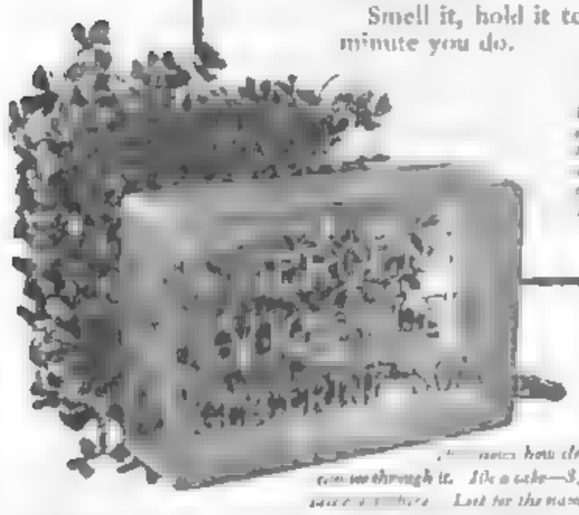

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I'm very much pleased with you. At the end of the act I'm going to let you take me out into the lobby."

With his arms tightly folded, Sam sat staring unhappily at the stage and seeing nothing. He was sorry for himself because Anita Flagg had destroyed his ideal of a sweet and noble woman—and he was sorry for Miss Flagg because a man had been rude to her. That he happened to be that man did not make his sorrow and indignation the less intense; and, indeed, so miserable was he and so miserable were his looks, that his friends on the stage considered sending him a note offering, if he would take himself out of the front row, to give him back his money at the box office. Sam certainly wished to take himself away; but he did not want to admit that he was miserable, that he had behaved ill, that the presence of Anita Flagg could spoil his evening could, in the slightest degree, affect him. So he sat, completely wretched, feeling that he was in a false position; that if he were it was his own fault; that he had acted like an ass and a brute. It was not a cheerful feeling.

When the curtain fell he still remained seated. He knew before the second act there was an interminable wait; but he did not want to chance running into Holworthy in the lobby and he told himself it would be rude to abandon Sister Anne. But he now was not so conscious of the imaginary Sister Anne as of the actual box party on his near right, who were laughing and chattering volubly. He wondered whether they laughed at him—whether Miss Flagg were again entertaining them at his expense; again making his advances appear ridiculous. He was so sure of it that he flushed indignantly. He was glad he had been rude.

And then, at his elbow, there was the rustle of silk; and a beautiful figure, all in black velvet, towered above him, then crowded past him, and sank into the empty seat at his side. He was too startled to speak—and Miss Anita Flagg seemed to understand that and to wish to give him time; for, without regarding him in the least, and as though to establish the fact that she had come to stay, she began calmly and deliberately to remove the bell-like hat. This accomplished, she bent toward him, her eyes looking straight into his, her smile reproaching him. In the familiar tone of an old and dear friend she said to him gently:

"This is the day you planned for me. Don't you think you've wasted quite enough of it?"

Sam looked back into the eyes, and saw in them no trace of laughter or of mockery, but, instead, gentle reproof and appeal—and something else that, in turn, begged of him to be gentle.

For a moment, too disturbed to speak, he looked at her, miserably, remorsefully.

"It's not Anita Flagg at all," he said. "It's Sister Anne come back to life again!"

The girl shook her head.

"No; it's Anita Flagg. I'm not a bit like the girl you thought you met and I did say all the things Holworthy told you I said; but that was before I understood—before I read what you wrote about Sister Anne—about the kind of me you thought you'd met. When I read that I knew what sort of a man you were. I knew you had been really kind and gentle, and I knew you had dug out something that I did not know was there—that no one else had found. And I remembered how you called me Sister. I mean the way you said it. And I wanted to hear it again. I wanted *you* to say it."

She lifted her face to his. She was very near him—so near that her shoulder brushed against his arm. In the box above them her friends, scandalized and amused, were watching her with the greatest interest. Half of the people in the now half-empty house were watching them with the greatest interest. To them, between reading advertisements on the program and watching Anita Flagg making desperate love to a lucky youth in the front row, there was no question of which to choose.

The young people in the front row did not know they were observed. They were alone—as much alone as though they were seated in a biplane, sweeping above the clouds.

"Say it again," prompted Anita Flagg. "Say Sister."

"I will not!" returned the young man firmly. "But I'll say this," he whispered: "I'll say you're the most wonderful, the most beautiful and the finest woman who has ever lived!"

Anita Flagg's eyes left his quickly; and, with her head bent, she stared at the bass drum in the orchestra.

"I don't know," she said, "but that sounds just as good."

When the curtain was about to rise she told him to take her back to her box, so that he could meet her friends and go on with them to supper; but when they reached the rear of the house she halted.

"We can see this act," she said, "or—my car's in front of the theater—we might go to the park and take a turn or two—or three. Which would you prefer?"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Sam.

As they sat all together at supper with those of the box party, but paying no attention to them whatsoever, Anita Flagg sighed contentedly.

"There's only one thing," she said to Sam, "that is making me unhappy; and because it is such sad news I haven't told you. It is this: I am leaving America. I am going to spend the winter in London. I sail next Wednesday."

"My business is to gather news," said Sam, "but in all my life I never gathered such good news as that."

"Good news!" exclaimed Anita.

"Because," explained Sam, "I am leaving America—I am spending the winter in England—I am sailing on Wednesday. No; I also am unhappy, but that is not what makes me unhappy."

"Tell me," begged Anita.

"Some day," said Sam.

The day he chose to tell her was the first day they were at sea—as they leaned upon the rail, watching Fire Island disappear.

"This is my unhappiness," said Sam and he pointed to a name on the passenger list. It was: "The Earl of Deptford, and valet." "And because he is on board!"

Anita Flagg gazed with interest at a pursuing seagull.

"He is not on board," she said. "He changed to another boat."

Sam felt that by a word from her a great weight might be lifted from his soul. He looked at her appealingly—hungrily.

"Why did he change?" he begged.

Anita Flagg shook her head in wonder. She smiled at him with amused despair.

"Is that all that is worrying you?" she said.

What She Came For

A NORTH CAROLINA darky was about to be hanged for murder. As a special privilege, the widow of his victim, a very large and very dark person, was permitted to witness the execution of the law.

She sat and fanned herself industriously with a large turkey-wing fan.

On the gallows, after tying up the murderer, the sheriff inquired if the darky had anything to say.

"Yas, suh," was the answer; "I has. I jest wants to say that I done got furgiveness frum on high fur whut I done. The foreman of the jury sent me word that he didn't bear me no grudge, and so did the jedge and the persecutin' attorney. And now Ise ready to go straight to Heaven; but fust I'd like to git the furgiveness of the wife of that nigger I killed." He raised his voice addressing the large figure in white. "Lady," he said, "does you furgive me fur shootin' yore husband?"

There was no answer. Aunt Dilsey fanned on. Twice more he put the question, each time more pleadingly, without any result.

"Here, Jim," said the sheriff; "let me try her. Aunt Dilsey," he called out, "Jim is goin' away from here in about a minute and he won't be back. You don't want to spoil the whole day for him, I know. Say something to him—tell him you don't have any hard feelin's for him—won't you?"

The turkey-wing fan only moved a trifle faster.

"Come on, Jim, and let's get this over," said the sheriff. "You see how contrary she is. It's hot out here in this sun and I've got to be gettin' home for dinner."

"Jest one minute mo', please, suh," entreated the doomed darky. "Lemme make jest one mo' effort to reach that nigger woman's heart. Lady," he entreated, and there was all the pathos in the world in his tone, "wid my dyin' breath I asks you to please, ma'am, furgive me fur shootin' your late husband six times with a forty-fo'-caliber revolver!"

Aunt Dilsey's fan halted in midair and for the first time she spoke.

"Go on, nigger!" she said. "Git hung! Git hung!"

—*Irvin S. Cobb.*

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THE COST OF LIVING

(Concluded from Page 7)

were paragraphs giving accounts of meetings in many countries, some of which were attended by violence, to protest against high prices.

"It is a noticeable fact that many prices have risen in spite of reduced tariffs in our own country—as in the cases of hides and shoes. In the whole list of increases, from 1899 to March, 1910, there is no more notable illustration than that of crude rubber, on which there is no duty. The price rose from eighty cents in the former year to $1.99½ in 1910. On the other hand, raisins and prunes, upon which there is a considerable duty, have shown a material fall; and sugar has not greatly increased in price except very recently—due, it is claimed, to crop conditions. Instances might be indefinitely multiplied of the rise and fall of prices here and elsewhere irrespective of the duties levied. These illustrations show that the tariff is only one of the numerous causes affecting relative prices. It may often happen, as in the cases cited, that other causes so far outweigh the influence of the tariff that its effect cannot be discerned."

What the Senator has to say about labor is also very interesting:

"As regards the cost of labor, though a high standard of wages is maintained in the United States and there have been notable increases in the wages of many classes of employees, it cannot be said that there has been a disproportionate increase; the facts are quite the contrary, because, generally speaking, the cost of living has more than kept pace with the increase in compensation

"As a rule, wages, as well as retail prices, do not immediately respond to changes so readily as wholesale prices, or as rent and other items which make up the ordinary expenses of living. The basic fact which should be considered is the relative proportion of personal service and of improvements accomplished by inventions or labor-saving devices in the production or distribution of any commodity."

As a conclusion to this article, I herewith give the last paragraph of Senator Burton's great speech before the American Economic Association, from which speech I have—with the Senator's permission—drawn heavily for the above quotations.

"It would be rash to predict an early return to low prices. All the great factors which I have partially portrayed depend upon new conditions that have arisen, some of which are inseparably connected with substantial benefits to the human race. If prices have increased human enjoyment has also increased.

"That which is most noticeable in the consideration of this problem is the wide variation in the changing cost of divers commodities and facilities. After making due allowance, however, for this variation, there is a manifest increase in the general price level. Great economic laws will be potent in their effect upon this condition. The enormous increase in the production of gold will be checked as this metal becomes less valuable in comparison with useful articles. Indeed, this fact is already forecast by the diminished annual increase in the years 1910 and 1911. Whether or not there be a movement 'back to the farms,' more scientific methods in agriculture will respond to the increasing prices of farm products. There may be some readjustment in population between city and country; but, whether this is so or not, the average yield an acre will no doubt increase. More intelligent and more adequate control will be exercised over great industrial and commercial organizations, so that the benefit of modern developments in industry and commerce may accrue in proper measure to those of limited means.

"The same advances that have been made in production and in the distribution of great masses of commodities will, so far as possible, be applied to the minutest details of distribution. Our natural resources, which have been wasted or too largely absorbed by the few, will be more carefully utilized, and every possible means be taken to preserve a proper share of them for the future. Thus, in this present increase of prices, as in all great economic changes, there may be reasonable assurance that the ultimate effect will bring to all substantial benefit rather than harm."

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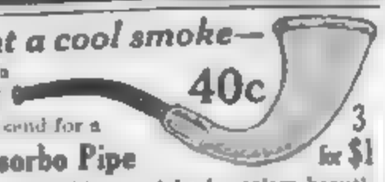

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THE PLAY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 18)

not only saved me much money and time, but assured the opening of the play on the date announced, thereby keeping faith with the public.

A manager saves much money by buying his own properties rather than delegating that work to a subordinate. I make it a point to go out and search for furniture, bric-à-brac, and so forth, in keeping with the period and character of the play. I always bear in mind the circumstances of the characters. Though the properties may be characteristic of a period the persons may be very different as to taste and condition. I sometimes have great trouble in developing scenery to suit me. We have our studios for painting, our carpenter shop and upholstering department. We ourselves make everything we use. Sometimes it is very difficult to get the idea into the space we have. There was one ceiling that it took all summer to build. When the play started we had to discard it and make another that we could put up and take down. I've developed scenes, got them all painted, decorated and on the stage, and then have had to throw them out and get something else. On one occasion a third act was an interior. It turned out to be a bad act and the author decided to rewrite it and make an exterior of it. Of course the entire scenery was wasted. To be sure we put it in our storehouse, but we may never use it again. Going over the furniture that I have in storage the other day I noticed some that was used in my first production and has never been used since; in fact I have hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of material put away that may never be brought out. We often find that it is cheaper to build new than to remodel.

Costly Touches of Realism

In former days everything was sham; today every bit of furniture is real. In early days the floors were painted; today they are covered with carpets of fine quality. This painstaking realism makes a production cost twenty thousand dollars, where it would have cost four hundred dollars years ago.

All the arts and devices used behind the footlights, apart from the acting, are more carefully thought out than formerly. Everything must contribute to the effect desired. In the play On the Eve we had a hundred supernumeraries on the stage that were not seen at all. The realistic effect of numbers could not have been got any other way. In The Heights we worked for three months to get the snow effect. Snow was supposed to have drifted against the door and the window, and whenever the former was opened the snow came swirling into the room. We installed a blower in the cellar to force the particles from pipes all round the door. Four men were stationed above the door and window dropping it down. We used forty barrels of salt on the stage to give the effect of banked snow. This was used over and over again of course. Twenty-two workmen were required for twenty-three minutes' work, running electrical machines and handling the salt, which was dredged through a kind of sieve that we call a snow cloth. When this device was put into operation during the dress rehearsal it did not suit. I spent a day's work on it and got what I required.

The question of lighting on the stage is, I believe, in its infancy. We do our best to make the atmosphere seem real. We can copy daylight or cloudy light, but we cannot get the real thing either in black night or moonlight. Belasco has come nearer to it than anybody else. In preparing a play we spend weeks at studying and experimenting with lighting effects. In this we have to consider everything, not only the colors in the scenes but also the actor's makeup and his costume. It is necessary to prevent shadows, because the least of these will attract the attention of the audience and take the eye off what we want them to see. Even with lights coming from all directions a shadow will be cast if one is not very careful. The public is getting educated up to realistic effects and is very severe in criticising any defect.

Again weeks are spent in effects other than lighting, such as the birds whistling, horses passing by in the distance. If the characters are talking about the flowing of water outside of windows we must

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somehow give an effect, even if invisible, that will lend color to their words.

Luck is an important factor even in the most carefully executed plans. Let a manager be never so careful in his cast and production, and still the whole thing may fall flat from lack of merit. The public decides. There is consolation in a complete, downright failure, but the maddening thing is to have some neglected detail "queer" a show. I knew of a play that was ruined on the opening night—and it is the opening night that counts—because the cleaners had failed to clean up the theater. In his rush of business the manager had overlooked it, and the women in the audience, constantly harassed by the thought that their gowns were being spoiled by the dirty seats, paid no attention to the play and it fell perfectly flat. The manager of the play has also to be very careful of the condition of the stage. A leak in the roof over the stage in a certain theater caused the failure of a play that had cost forty thousand dollars to produce. There was a constant dripping of water on some papers on a table in the big scene that was to carry the play. This trifle so distracted the attention of the audience that they lost sight of the play and the actors. When the curtain fell on this particular scene it was evident that it was a failure.

Stagehands can easily ruin a play by creating long waits. It is not an unknown thing for managers to give to the stagehands after the opening performance from one hundred to five hundred dollars. Nor is this a bad scheme. It is said that Mr. George Tyler handed the stagehands a thousand dollars after the first night of The Garden of Allah.

Criticism That Counts

Even the stage doorman may hold the balance in the manager's fortune. Especially on opening nights is this man valuable. The actors are keyed up to concert pitch; the least thing will throw them off their stride. I knew of a performance where the stage doorman was absent for a few minutes, and his substitute let a messenger boy get in with a message announcing the death of a relative of one of the principal members of the company. The actor, shocked, went through the performance in such a half-hearted manner as to throw the whole thing out of gear, greatly jeoparding the chances of the play.

If the play "gets over" the footlights in good shape there is still the critic to call a halt on the manager's hopes. An adverse criticism, however, can only temporarily hurt a good play, and it is often more desirable to have a difference of opinion in the press, as this creates controversy and talk. Many of the biggest successes we ever had in this country—including The Lion and the Mouse—incurred a consensus of adverse press reviews. But the country is big and criticism is merely local. Plays that have been roasted in Chicago have been lauded in New York and vice versa. The opinion of the critic in Syracuse is just as good as that of the metropolitan reviewer, although the latter regards him as provincial. He is honest and independent and no whit influenced by the New York man's views. Indeed we have no criticism in New York any more. All we have is the individual opinion of a professional playgoer who often does not echo the sentiments of the audience.

In spite of the difficulties the manager has much to compensate him for his trials. The theatrical field has been commercialized—praise be to Allah! Individual theater owners who were shifty and elusive have under the new conditions become responsible business men. Much time is saved in arranging for dates. Booking a tour is simplicity itself. In former years, when I had to deal with the manager in every town where I proposed playing, it took three months to book two shows—mostly by correspondence. Now I can book thirteen companies for a season in one hour. The booking system is so perfect that it requires no more than one or two failures to disarrange the whole scheme.

It sometimes takes six or eight weeks to prove the box-office quality of a play—sometimes only a week. It sometimes happens that a play that failed outside will be a "go" in New York. But once a play has been a success in the metropolis it is practically sure of good business on the road. So if we can keep a play running here—no matter what the critics say about it—for a couple of months, we succeed in creating a demand for it throughout the country.

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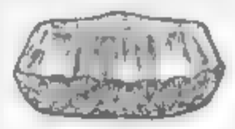

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Yet within half an hour after washing they have touched a dozen germ-laden things, from which there is danger of infection—car straps, money, library books, pets, countless every-day things. These invisible germs are the chief cause of sickness, of infectious ailments, and of skin disorders.

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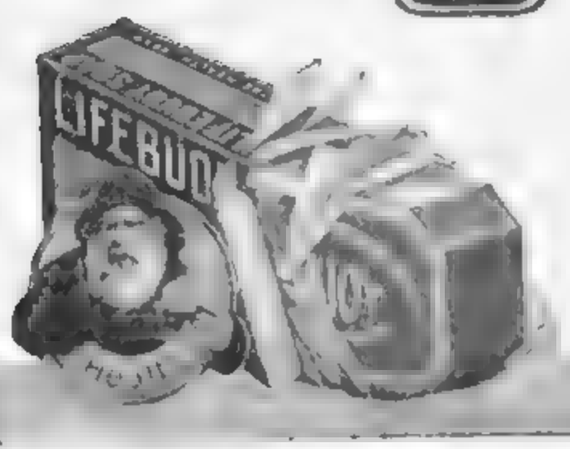

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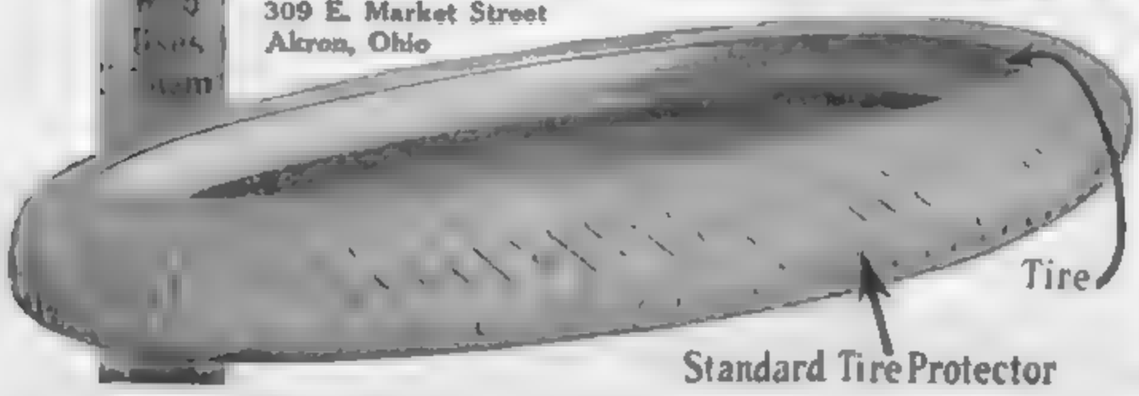

THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 25)

But there is her chance still. My mind has been filled with big things and I had forgotten it. Before we moved into Adam Street the last doctor who saw Ruth suggested an operation. He felt sure that it would be successful. It was to cost forty guineas. I have saved very nearly the whole of that money. It stands in her name at the Westminster Savings Bank. If she goes there and proves her identity she can get it. I saved that money myself!"

"Tell me the name of the doctor," Arnold asked.

"His name was Heskell and he was at the London Hospital," Isaac replied. "Now I have done with you. That is Ruth's chance—there is nothing else I can do. Be off as quickly as you can. If you give information as to my whereabouts you will probably pay for it with your life, for there are others besides myself who are hiding in this house. Now go. Do you hear?"

Arnold's anger against the man suddenly faded away. It seemed to him, as he stood there, that he was but a product of the times fashioned by the grinding wheel of circumstance, a physical wreck, a creature without love or life or hope.

"Isaac," he said, "why don't you try to escape? Get away to some other country, out on to the land somewhere. Leave the wrongs of these others to come right with time. Work for your daily bread, starve your brain by wearing out your body."

Isaac made no reply. Only his long, skinny forefinger shot out toward the door. Arnold knew that he might just as well have been talking to the most hopeless lunatic ever confined in a padded room.

"If this is to be farewell, Isaac," he continued, "let me at least tell you this before I go: You are doing Ruth a cruel wrong. I am willing enough to take charge of her, but it's none the less a brutal position for you to put her in. You have the chance, if you will, to set her free. Think what her life has been up till now. Have you ever thought of it, I wonder? Have you ever thought of the long days she has spent in that attic when you have been away, without books, with barely enough to eat, without companionship or friends? These are the things to which you have doomed her by your cursed selfishness. If she has friends who could take her away, and you refuse to speak, then all I can say is that you deserve any fate that may come to you."

Isaac remained silent for several moments. His face was dark and dogged. When he spoke it was with reluctance.

"Young man," he said, "every word that you have spoken has been in my brain while I have lain here waiting for the end. A few hours ago I slept and had a dream. When I awoke I was weak. See here."

He drew from his pocket two sheets of closely written foolscap.

"The story of Ruth's life is here," he declared. "I wrote it with a stump of pencil on the back of this table. I wrote it, but I have changed my mind. I am going to tear it up."

Arnold was light on his feet, with a great reach, and Isaac was unprepared. In a moment Isaac was on his back and the soiled sheets of foolscap were in Arnold's pocket. Isaac's fingers seemed to hover upon the trigger of his pistol as he lay there, crouched against the wall.

"Don't be a fool!" Arnold cried roughly. "You'll do no good by killing me. The girl has a right to her chance."

There were several seconds' breathless silence, during which it seemed to Arnold that Isaac had made and unmade his mind more than once. Then at last he lowered his pistol.

"We'll call it chance," he muttered. "I never meant to write the rubbish. Since you have got it, though, it is the truth. Do with it what you will. There is one thing more. You know this man Sabatini?"

"If you mean the Count Sabatini it was he who gave me your address," Arnold reminded him.

Isaac smiled grimly.

"Citizen Sabatini is all we know him by here. He knows well that to a man with his aspirations, a man who desires to use as his tools such as myself and my comrades, a title is an evil recommendation. He came to us first as a man and a brother—he, Count Sabatini, Marquis de Lossa, Chevalier de St. Jerome, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire—an aristocrat, you perceive, and one of the worst. Yet we have trusted him."

"I do not believe," Arnold exclaimed, "that Sabatini would betray any one!"

"I am not accusing him," Isaac said solemnly. "I simply hold that he is not the man to lead a great revolutionary movement. It is for that reason among others that I have rejected his advances. Sabatini as president would mean very much the same thing as a king. Will you give him a message from me?"

"Yes," Arnold answered; "I will do that."

"Tell him that if indeed he has the courage that fame has bestowed upon him, to come here and bid me farewell. I have certain things to say to him."

"I will give him your message," Arnold promised, "but I shall not advise him to come."

A look of anger flashed in Isaac's face. The pistol that had never left his grip was slowly raised, only to be lowered again.

"Do as I say," he repeated. "Tell him to come. Perhaps I may have more to say to him about that other matter than I choose to say to you."

"About Ruth?"

"About Ruth," Isaac repeated sternly.

"You would trust a stranger," Arnold exclaimed, "with information that you deny me—her friend."

Isaac waved him away.

"Be off," he said tersely. "I have queer humors sometimes lying here waiting for the end. Don't let it be your fate to excite one of them. You have had your escape."

"What do you mean?" Arnold demanded.

Isaac laughed hoarsely.

"How many nights ago was it," he asked, "that you threw up a window in the man Weatherley's house—the night Morris and I were there seeking for Rosario?"

"I never saw you!" Arnold exclaimed.

"No; but you saw Morris," Isaac continued. "What is more, you saw him again on the stairs with me that night and it very nearly cost you your life. Lucky for you, young man, that you were not at Hampstead the night when Morris went there to seek for you!"

Arnold was speechless.

"You mean that he was there that night looking for me?" he cried.

"He hated you all," Isaac muttered, "you and the woman and Sabatini, and he was a little mad—just a little mad. If he had found you all there ——"

"Well?" Arnold interposed breathlessly.

Isaac shook his head.

"Never mind!"

"But I do mind," Arnold insisted. "I want to know about that night. Was it in search of us ——"

Isaac held out his skinny hand. There was a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"It is enough," he snarled. "I have no more to say about what is past. Send me Sabatini and he shall hear news from me."

Arnold retreated slowly toward the threshold.

"If you will take the advice of a sane man," he said, "you will throw that thing away and escape. If I can help ——"

Isaac was already creeping back to his hiding-place. He turned round with a contemptuous gesture.

"There is no escape for me," he declared. "Every day the police draw their circle closer. So much the better! When they come they will find me prepared! If you are still here in sixty seconds," he added, "I shall treat you as I shall treat them."

Arnold closed the door and made his way into the street.

XXXIII

SABATINI, already dressed for the evening, his coat upon his arm, paused only to light a cigarette and read once more the telegram he held between his fingers before he left his house to step into the automobile that was waiting outside. His servant entered the room with his silk hat.

"There is a young gentleman here, sir," the man announced. "He has just arrived."

"The young gentleman who was here before, today?" Sabatini asked.

"The same, Excellency."

Sabatini laid down his coat.

"You may show him in," he directed. "Wait for me outside."

Arnold, who had come straight from the unknown world in which he had found Isaac, was shown in immediately. Pietro

closed the door and withdrew. Sabatini looked inquiringly at his visitor.

"You have seen Isaac?" he asked.

"I have seen him," Arnold assented.

"You bring me news?"

"It is true," Arnold replied. "I bring news."

Sabatini waited patiently. Arnold remained for a moment gloomily silent.

"You will forgive my reminding you," Sabatini said quietly, "that I am on the point of starting out to keep an engagement. I would not mention it, but in one respect London hostesses are exacting. There are many liberties that are permitted here, but one must not be late for dinner."

Arnold's memory flashed back to the scene that he had just left—to Isaac, the outcast, crouched beneath his barricade of furniture, waiting in the darkness with his loaded pistol and murder in his heart. Sabatini, calm and dignified in his rigidly correct evening dress, his grace and good looks, represented with curious appositeness the other extreme of life.

"I will not keep you long," Arnold began, "but there is something that you must hear from me, and hear at once."

"Assuredly," Sabatini murmured. "It is something connected with your visit to this poor, misguided outcast. I am afraid there is nothing we can do for him."

"There is nothing any one can do for him," Arnold declared. "I went to see him because when he fled from his rooms and they were seized by the police his niece was left penniless and homeless. Fortunately the change in my own circumstances permitted me to offer her a shelter—for the moment at any rate. I have told you something of this before, but I am obliged to repeat it. You will understand presently. It is of some importance."

Sabatini bowed.

"Miss Lalonde seemed to me," he murmured, "to be a very charming and distinguished young lady."

"I am glad to hear you say so," Arnold declared. "Today I went to Isaac that he might tell me whether there were not some relatives of hers in the world to whom she could apply for help and shelter. I pointed out that he had left Ruth alone and penniless; that although the charge of her was nothing but a pleasure to me it was not fitting that I should undertake it. I insisted upon his telling me the name of one at least of her relatives, so that I might let them know of her existence and beg for a home for her."

"It was a reasonable request," Sabatini remarked. "I trust that the fellow recognized the situation."

"He had already written out Ruth's history," Arnold said, his voice shaking a little. "He had written it out in pencil on a couple of sheets of foolscap. He gave them to me to bring away with me. I read them coming up. I am here now to repeat their purport to you."

Sabatini gave a little nod of interest. His glance at the clock was apologetic. He had thrown his overcoat once more upon his arm and, with his hand resting upon the back of a chair, stood listening in an attitude of courteous ease.

"I shall be glad to hear the story," he said. "I must admit that although I only met the young lady for those few minutes at Bourne End I found myself most interested in her. I feel sure that she is charming in every way. Please go on."

"If Isaac's story is true," Arnold continued slowly, "you should indeed be interested in her."

Sabatini's eyebrows were slightly raised.

"I scarcely understand," he murmured. "I—pray go on."

"According to his story," Arnold said, "Ruth Lalonde is your daughter."

Sabatini stood perfectly motionless. The slight expression of tired attention with which he had been listening had faded from his face. In the late sunshine that still filled the room there was something almost corpselike in the pallor of his cheeks, his unnatural silence. When he spoke his words came slowly.

"Is this a jest?"

"Isaac's story is that you married her mother, who was his sister, in Paris nineteen and a half years ago. Her name was Cécile Ruth Leneveu and she was acting at one of the theaters. She was really Isaac's half sister. His father had brought him from Paris when he was only a child and married again almost at once. According to his story Ruth's mother lived with you for two years—until, in fact, you went to Chile to take command of the troops

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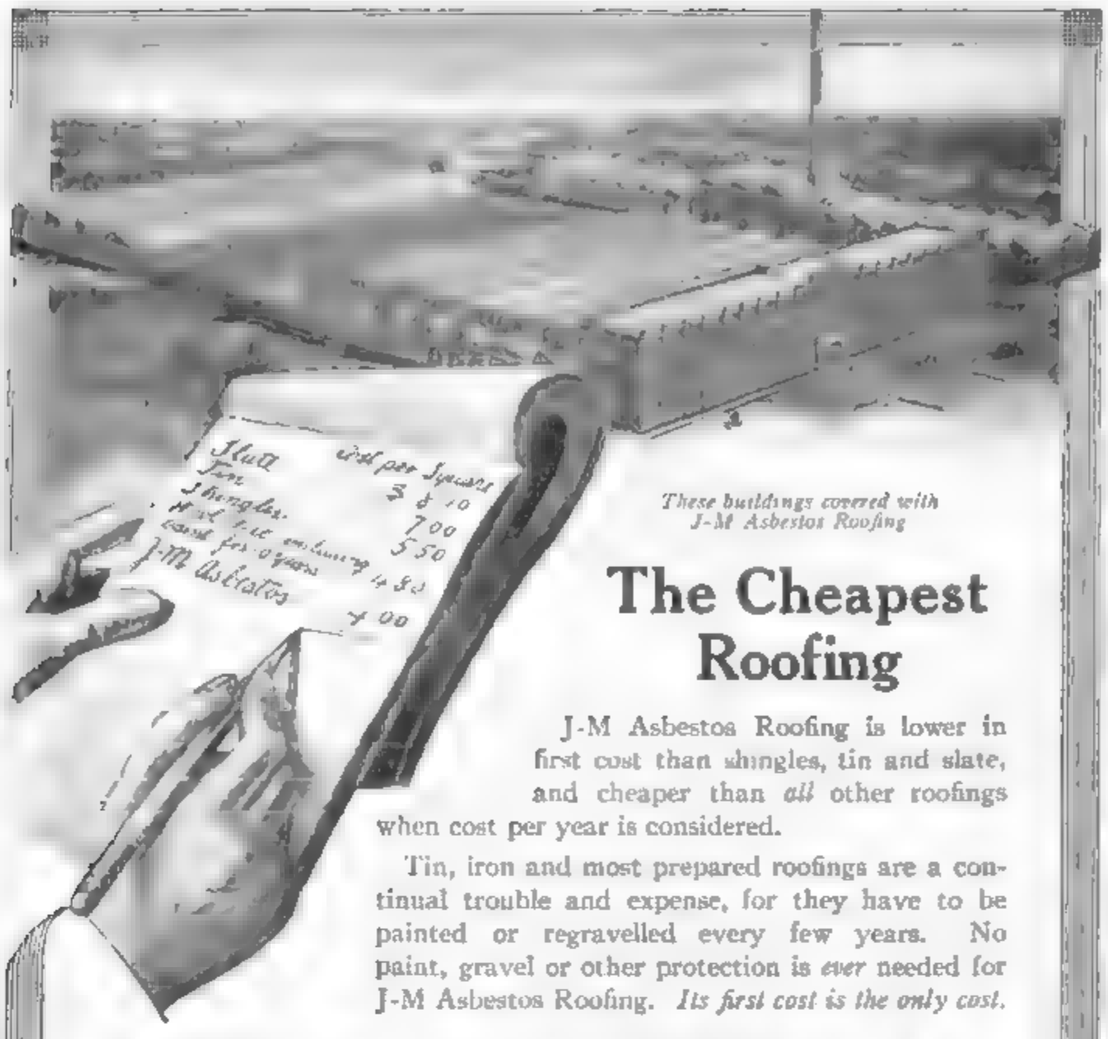

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there at the time of the revolution. When you returned she was dead. You were told that she had given birth to a daughter and that she, too, had died."

"That is true," Sabatini admitted slowly. "I came back because of her illness, but I was too late."

"The child did not die," Arnold continued. "She was brought up by Isaac in a small convent near Rouen, where she remained until two years ago, when he was forced to come to England. He brought her with him as, owing to her accident, she was unable to take the post of teacher for which she had been intended, and the convent where she was living was unexpectedly broken up. Since then she has lived a sad life with him in London. His has been simply a hand-to-mouth existence."

"But I do not understand why I was kept in ignorance," Sabatini declared. "Why did he not appeal to me for help? Why was my daughter's existence kept a secret from me?"

"Because Isaac is half a fanatic and half a madman," Arnold replied. "You represent to him the class he loathes, the class he has hated all his life and against which he has waged ceaseless war. He hated your marriage to his sister, and his feelings were the more embittered because it suited you to keep it private. He has nursed a bitter feeling against you all his life for this reason."

Sabatini turned stiffly away. He walked to the window, standing for a moment or two with his back to Arnold, looking out into the quiet street. Then he came back.

"I must go to this man at once," he said. "You can take me there?"

"I can take you," Arnold assented doubtfully, "and I have even a message from him asking you to visit him, but I warn you that he is in a dangerous mood. I found him the solitary occupant of a miserable room in the back street of a quarter of London that reminded me more than anything else of some foreign city. He has cleared the furniture from the room, reared a table up on end, and is crouching behind it with a pistol in his hand and a box of cartridges by his side. My own belief is that he is insane."

"It is of no account, that," Sabatini declared. "One moment."

He touched the bell for his servant, who entered almost immediately.

"You will take a cab to 17 Grosvenor Square, Pietro," he directed. "Present my compliments to the lady of the house and tell her that an occurrence of the deepest importance deprives me of the honor of dining with her tonight."

"Very good, your Excellency!"

Sabatini turned to Arnold.

"Come," he said simply, "my automobile is waiting. Will you direct the man?"

They started off Cityward. Sabatini for a time sat like a man in a dream, and Arnold, respecting his companion's mood, kept silent. There seemed to be something unreal about their progress. To Arnold, with this man by his side, the amazing story that he had gathered from those ill-written pages with their abrupt words and brutal cynicism still ringing in his brain, their errand seemed like some phantasmal thing. The familiar streets bore a different aspect; the faces of the people they passed struck him always with a curious note of unreality. Ruth was Sabatini's daughter! His brain refused to grasp so amazing a fact. Yet, curiously enough, as he leaned back among the cushions the likeness was there. The turn of the lips, the high forehead, the flawless delicacy of her oval face, in the light of this new knowledge, were all startlingly reminiscent of the man who sat by his side now in a grim, unbroken silence. The wonder of it all remained unabated.

Presently Sabatini began to talk, rousing himself as though with an effort and asking questions concerning Ruth, about her accident, her tastes. He heard of the days of her poverty with a little shiver. Arnold touched lightly upon these, realizing how much his companion was suffering. Their progress grew slower and slower as they passed into the heart of this strange land, down the narrow yet busy thoroughfare that seemed to be the main artery of the neighborhood. As they neared the last corner Arnold leaned out and his heart sank. In front of the house in which Isaac was hiding he could see the crowd kept back by a line of police.

"We are too late!" he exclaimed. "They have found him! They must be making the arrest even now!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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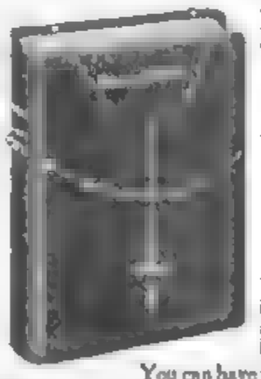

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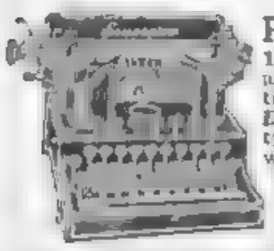

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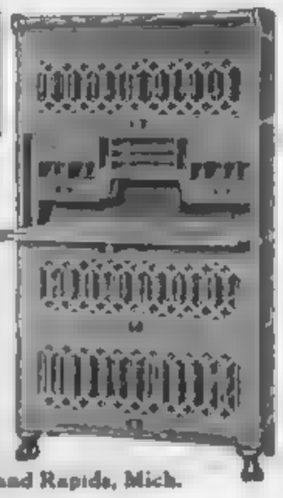

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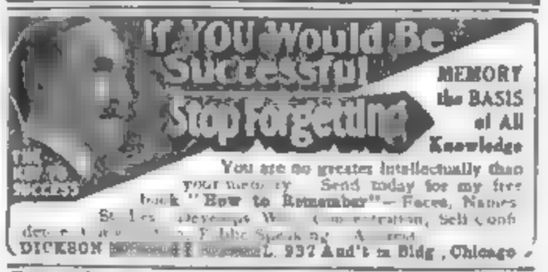
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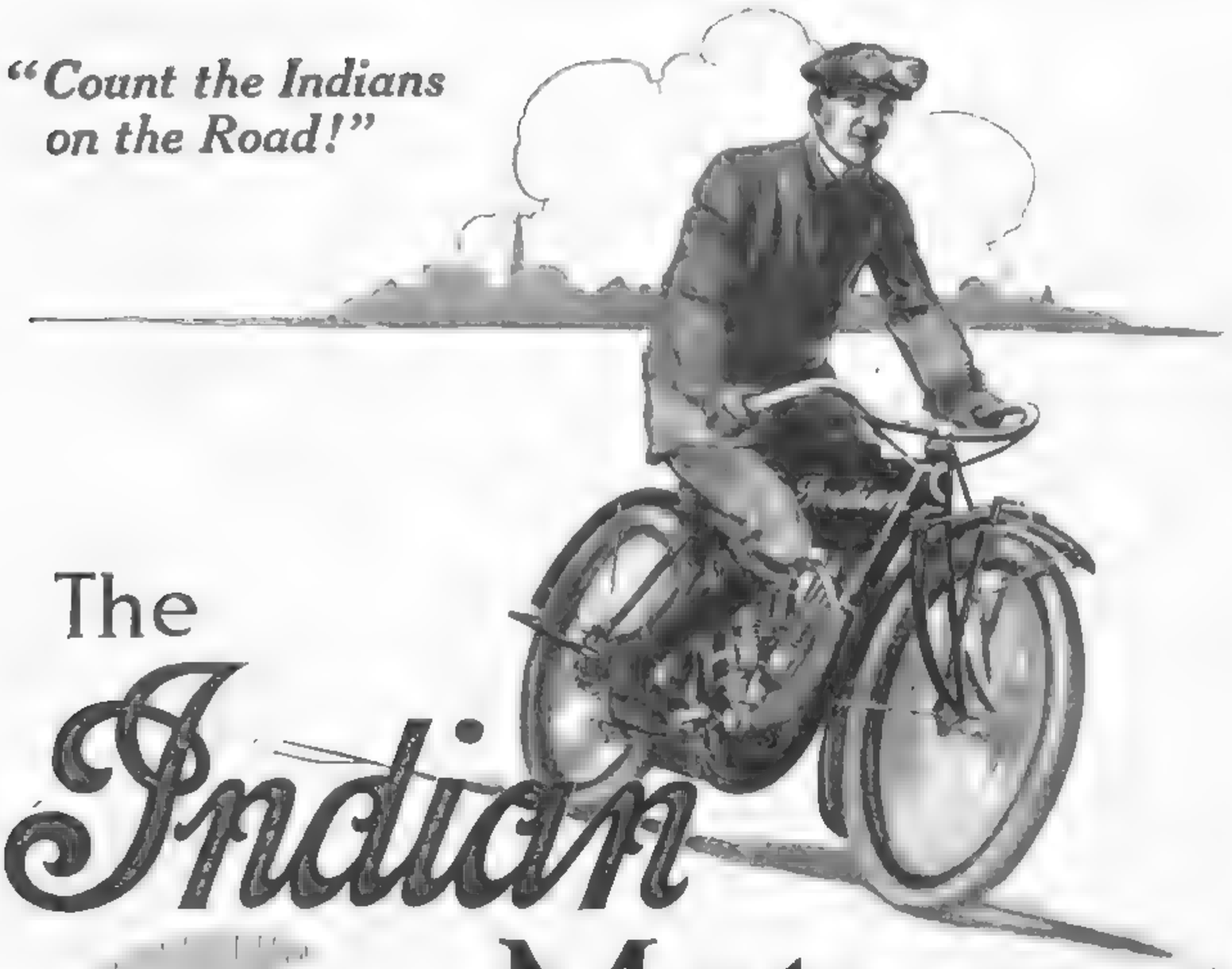


The Indian Motocycle

THE motorcycle is the most fascinating and the most efficient of modern vehicles. Its use and its appeal know no limitations. Its compact size, handiness, speed, and adaptability to road and weather conditions make its range of activity boundless.

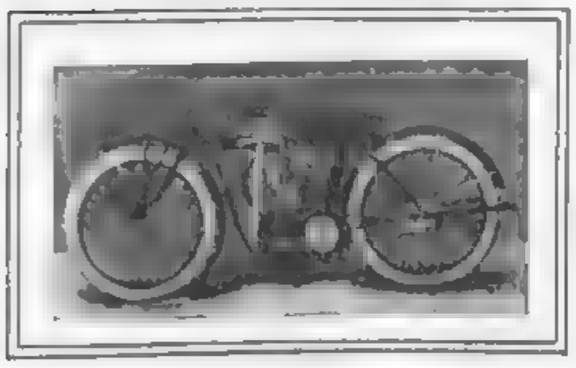
The tourist, the doctor, the country clergyman, the engineer, the farmer, the sportsman—all know and appreciate the peculiar readiness, convenience and efficiency of this modern machine.

But the keen pleasures of motorcycling can only be enjoyed in their fullest measure when you have *confidence* in your machine.

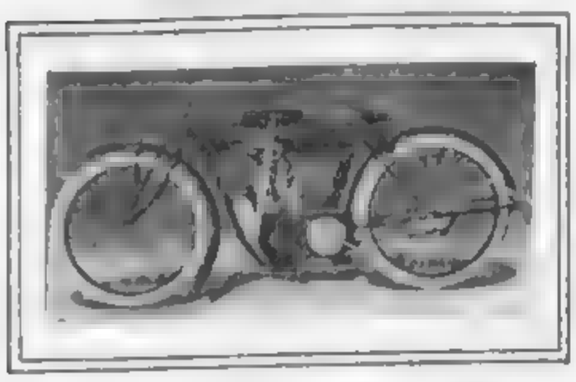
Confidence includes Reliability, Safety, Power, Speed and Ease of Control. They're all essential. For years the Indian has been progressively proving all of these factors. The Indian holds the record for practically every kind of contest held in America and Europe.

The latest and greatest Indian achievement was the winning of the great International Tourist Trophy Contest, held in England last July; a contest organized especially to demonstrate reliability in touring motorcycles. The distance was 187½ miles, and the Indian entries finished *First*, *Second* and *Third* out of 57 starters, including the leading motorcycles of Europe.

The winning machines were of the 1912 type, which we are now delivering through 1200 Indian dealers throughout the country. No matter where you may ride, you're always in Indian territory.



4 H. P. Single Cylinder Indian.
Motor: bore, 3¼; stroke, 3 43-64 inches.
Tires: 2¼ inches, detachable, studded.
Wheel base: 53 inches.
Finish: Indian red; option, royal blue; all bright parts nickeled on copper.
Tool box, contains necessary tools and repair outfit. **Price, $200.**



7 H. P. Twin Cylinder Indian. Specifications same as above. Free Engine Clutch and new Indian Armored Type Magneto supplied on both these models without extra charge. **Price,** of 7 H. P. Twin, $250.

14 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

are embodied in our 1912 models, placing the Indian fully 12 months ahead of the motorcycle design and construction field. A number of these improvements are detailed on the margin of this page. Part of the secret of Indian supremacy is to be read in each paragraph.

Note these two new ideas:

1. A highly important feature of the 1912 Indian is that with each model you get the Free Engine Clutch and New Indian Armored type Magneto without extra charge.
2. Increased production has enabled us to reduce our prices $50 on each model for 1912.

SEND FOR NEW 1912 CATALOG

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(Largest Manufacturers of Motorcycles in the World)

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1251 Michigan Ave.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
235 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco

DENVER BRANCH
138 16th St.

LONDON DEPOT
184 Gt. Portland St.

Free Engine Clutch

The [illegible] now fitted to all [illegible] without extra [illegible] the rider to start [illegible] a steep [illegible] engine speed [illegible] easy [illegible] by [illegible]. The 1912 "H. P. Indians have a clutch with an increased diameter, insuring more gradual action and greater holding power.

Ignition

The new Indian Armored type Magneto is now supplied without extra [illegible] The [illegible] are also improved. Absence of [illegible] is a direct result of this improvement.

The Carburetor

The carburetor now being fitted to the Indian Motocycles is the Henderson Air Cooled Carburetor which [illegible] the air to work the engine at high speed, and also operate [illegible] at very low speed. With this new carburetor [illegible] be run at full throttle with [illegible] decreasing the engine power and consumption of gasoline in connection with the [illegible] clutch makes the Indian motor extremely flexible and easy to control.

The Grip Control

The Indian Grip Control, [illegible] device of its class, [illegible] and [illegible] does everything [illegible] by the grip control [illegible] lifts the exhaust valves [illegible]

Valve Mechanism

[illegible] the [illegible] on Indian [illegible] are [illegible] for a longer [illegible] valve [illegible] The [illegible] are [illegible] at the [illegible] The valves used in the [illegible] are [illegible] large size, those for [illegible] being larger than [illegible] The [illegible] system. This [illegible] of valve operation assures the positive and regular action of both valves at [illegible] speed and power.

The Gasoline Tank

[illegible] has a capacity of [illegible] and has been [illegible] This [illegible] has increased the [illegible] of the machine [illegible]

Mud Guards

The [illegible] has been [illegible] Indian [illegible] and [illegible] in the [illegible]

The Cradle Spring Fork

The Indian [illegible] fork was designed [illegible] purpose of absorbing [illegible] resulting from the [illegible] in contact when against [illegible] and irregularities of the road. The [illegible] end of the [illegible] the rear [illegible] of giving greater spring length in a short space but it [illegible] A shock [illegible] thus [illegible] and upward. This mechanical principle [illegible] wheel shocks both to the fork and to the machine.

Brakes

On all regular models the Indian Corbin coaster band brake is fitted. This is a very powerful brake, and can be applied gradually or suddenly, according to the will of the rider or the need of the moment. A [illegible] on all these brakes [illegible] the [illegible] for stops [illegible] a few [illegible] when operated in the [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] compression [illegible] brake.

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JAP-A-LAC Renews
Everything from Cellar to Garret

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That points to the real reason why Jap-a-lac advertising is so *tremendously*—so *continuously* effective—why it is such a wonderful asset to the dealer.

You can now get Jap-a-lac in 10c cans—enough for a small piece of furniture. Other prices and sizes (full U. S. Measure) are: ¼-Pt. 15c; ½-Pt. 25c; 1-Pt. 45c; 1-Qt. 80c; ½-Gal. $1 55; 1-Gal $3 00. In Canada (Imperial Measure): The new 10c size; ¼-Pt. 18c; ½-Pt. 30c; 1 Pt. 50c; 1-Qt 90c; ½-Gal $1 75; 1 Gal $3 50.

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Booklet tells the story. Free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO., 40 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

MY FRIEND TAGLIALATELA

(Continued from Page 11)

after we are waiting ten, eleven minutes behind a freight wagon on one side of the railtracks, along comes my friend Taglialatela with his mandolin and knocks on the door of the house. Miss Giovannina Ralli herself she opens it, and she looks in front, behind, and kisses my friend Taglialatela, which I am obliged to confess in Province Potenza, Napoli and Salerno we are not so refined as Americans when it comes to swearing. Even this Cornu is in disgust.

"Stop it," he says to Annibale Bove. "From such *bestemmia* no luck can come."

So pretty soon Bove gets calm some more, and then when the window is lighted we four go quiet from behind the freight car and take inspection to discover certainly that my friend Taglialatela is sitting on sofa, also Miss Giovannina Ralli.

Bove is breathing hard and shakes himself like he would have fever.

"Soon the train arrives," Cornu says to console him, and we are lying flat on the ground together.

"So soon you hear far off the train whistle," Cornu tells Di Candia, "rise up and shoot." And he pricks Di Candia's leg with the rattail file so that Di Candia nods his head, while everything is so quiet I can hear to tick my gold watch, gift of a poor Calabrese barber who once settled with me private on my own account when we first started this Protection Association. Before long, however, I hear also another sound, and Bove swears some more.

"——!" he says. "He is tuning up his mandolin."

And sure enough, we can hear just for same like being in the same room that my friend Taglialatela is playing some *stornello popolare di Napoli: "Ogni sera, di sotto al mio balcone."*

"Vipera!" Bove shouts, and Cornu jumps on him and clasps a hand over his mouth. Then they lie struggling, while my friend Taglialatela finishes up his tune; and at last Bove gets quiet, but no train is coming. Instead, we hear again the mandolin, and this time comes out from the house a melody solemn and sweet, and I am free to confess it sounds to me much different from the times before. Right away Miss Giovannina Ralli's head appears against the shade, and it moves to one side in profile, so it is possible to see her mouth open, and at similar time her voice joins with the mandolin, which although I am hearing many times at San Carlo or the Teatro Bellini *prima donne le molte rinomate* in all the world out in that darkness where we are lying it seems to me there never was such music like Home Sick Home.

Again comes back to me what my friend Taglialatela tells us about the song. "It makes no difference if you are in Argentina or New York, there is no place like Province Salerno, Cosenza or Napoli, as the case may be, if you come from one of these places. Also you would be living here in a swell hotel, and over in the old country you was living in a rotten little place like Poggiomarino or Boscotrecase, yet you are more stuck on them two holes like you are on New York."

At this thought in my neck comes up a big ball, and so soon as the song is finished up I cannot help myself, I am crying like a child.

As for Di Candia, his shoulders go up and down and he makes so much noise as automobile. Even Cornu is moved.

"Stop it, Di Candia," he sobs, "or I cut your heart out."

"Cut!" Di Candia weeps. "What do I care?"

Only Annibale Bove is free from emotion.

"*Pazzo!*" he says to Cornu. "Listen to that noise!"

We listen and there is a faint rumble.

"Quick!" Cornu hisses, and he prods Di Candia with the stiletto. "The train is coming."

"Coming!" Bove cries. "It is going. You are so busy weeping you ain't noticed it."

"Another will pass soon," Cornu says, drying his eyes, and as he turns again to Di Candia just for give him some more courage, Bove flats himself on the ground.

"Look out!" he says. "Some one is coming."

Sure enough we are seeing big man crossing the *ferrovia*.

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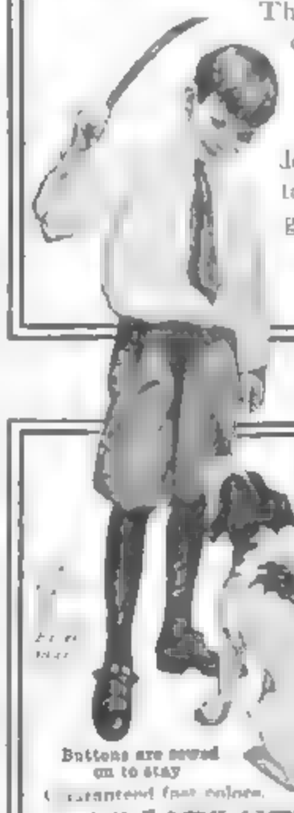

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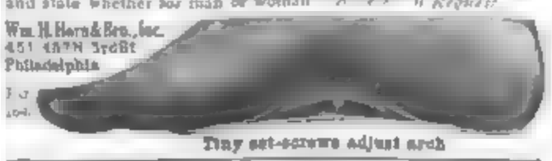

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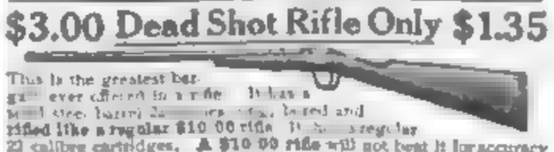

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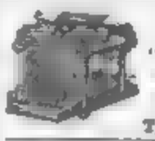

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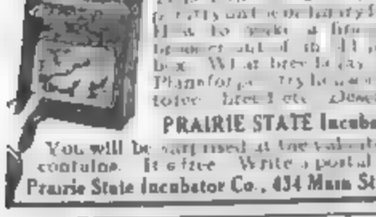

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"A policeman!" Di Candia whispers.

"A policeman, yes, but also the father," Bove says.

"No, no," Cornu denies. "Only one man comes."

"Sure," Bove agrees. "The policeman is Patrick Ralli, father of Miss Giovannina Ralli. See, he is entering the house."

At this Bove laughs.

"Why do you laugh?" Cornu asks.

The door closed behind the policeman and Bove stretches himself and gets up.

"Come," he says, "all is over for tonight."

"But why do you laugh?" Cornu asks.

"In two, three moments you will see why I laugh," Bove says, and no sooner he speaks than there comes from the house a scream, just for same like Gilda in the second act of Rigoletto. At similar time the door opens again and my friend Taglialatela comes out. After him certainly also comes the policeman Ralli, and with stupendous force he kicks my friend Taglialatela off the threshold. My friend Taglialatela then falls down, and the policeman Ralli drags him up again by the coat collar, only to rekick him violently as before, whereat my friend Taglialatela nearly falls down again, but on second thoughts he does not do so and runs very fast away from the house.

Meantimes Miss Giovannina Ralli weeps aloud in the house, and after the policeman Ralli returns and shuts the door we rise and hurry us across the *ferrovia* in direction of the White Plains Road.

"Even now if we hasten," Bove says, "we may catch up to him."

"Catch up to him?" Cornu asks. "What for do you want to catch up to him?"

"Of course the shotgun is now out of the question," Bove answers, "but you still have your rattail."

Cornu stops and faces this Annibale Bove.

"So," he says, "you think I am assassin. What? You think I am to murder my friends so you could satisfy your revenge. What?"

"Taglialatela your friend?" Bove exclaims.

"He was my friend before you poisoned my mind toward him," Cornu says, "because you knew very well that he is not on such terms with the policeman Ralli that he will inform against us. Rather are you a friend of the policeman Ralli than he."

"I a friend of the policeman Ralli!" Bove cries. "Why, the way he treats Taglialatela is nothing. A month ago that monster seizes me in his arms and throws me through the door. Then for one kilometer he kicks me down the *ferrovia*. I am still all bruises from head to foot from it."

"And yet you claim the policeman Ralli is such a person for Taglialatela to repose confidence in so as to betray us," Cornu remarks sternly, and without removing his eyes from Bove's face he says: "Di Candia, give me the gun."

At this Bove he shrieks aloud and in one second he is off like a wind.

"Quick," Cornu says, "the gun!"

He turns round to where he thinks Di Candia is standing, and certainly me I turn also, but of Di Candia and the gun we can see nothing.

"Di Candia!" Cornu shouts again, and me I light a match, but Cornu jumps at me and knocks it out of my hand. Then he drops on his hands and knees and me I do the same, and not too late, for just as I am doing so there is a noise like the Duca d'Aosta would be arriving from his yacht at the Borgo Marinaro, and all the cannons in the Castell' dell' Uovo gets shot off together.

At similar time twigs and branches of trees falls round us, and then there is silence, except we hear Di Candia runs in one direction and Bove in another.

As for me, I am not knowing if I am dead or alive, and I am shaking myself so I cannot to speak for some minutes.

"Cornu," I ask at last, "you are hurt?"

Cornu moves a little and then he says, "No." Also he says a lot more which it is impossible to put down here, among other reasons because there is no polite English equivalent for the same.

"Come," he says when he is nearly without breath, "let us get on to the *trattoria*. I need to drink something."

And so in ten minutes we once more enter the *trattoria* on the White Plains Road, and no sooner do we come in than who do we see but my friend Fortunato C. Taglialatela. Cornu grasps my arm tight,

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meaning for me to say nothing, and then he walks right up to my friend Taglialatela.

"Hello, Taglialatela," he cries in hearty voice, like he would be meeting in America an old friend from Italy after many years' parting. Suddenly he seems to notice for the first time that Taglialatela's nose is to bleed, one eye is closed and his swell coat and trousers is all torn and dirty. "Why," he says, "what has befallen you?"

Taglialatela looks at Cornu and afterward at me.

"Come," he says, "sit down and I will tell you everything."

This we do, and we order some more strong *vino di Capri*, which the big man called by the *ostessa* Felice, brings to us; and pretty soon my friend Taglialatela tells us that which we already know—of his visit to the house of the policeman Ralli and its disastering results as above put forth.

"But, my friend," Cornu says finally, "why is it you neglect us for so many days?"

"Because," Taglialatela replies—"because I am loving so much Miss Giovannina Ralli I am impossible to do or to think anything. But now it is over."

"You mean you no longer love her?" Cornu asks, and a tear comes out of my friend Taglialatela's eye—the one which is not swelled up tight—and falls into his wine.

"I still love her," he says, "but I am not so crazy like all that. Because this here is the fourth time in two weeks that the policeman Ralli comes home unexpected, and so I will conquer my love."

"But if you had married her," Cornu asks, "what of us?"

"Would you have betrayed us?" I says.

"Betrayed you?" my friend Taglialatela cries. "Never, I swear it. Why would I betray you? And then, too, all the more reason if I get married I must keep on with you. I must make my living, must I not? Besides, a policeman for a father-in-law would be a big advantage in our Protection Association. It would impress our clients."

Cornu nods, and at this time there draws near our table the big fellow called by the *ostessa* Felice.

"What's the matter?" he asks. "You are in a little *affare d'onore?*"

"Something of the kind," my friend Taglialatela replies.

"Then let me suggest a morsel of beefsteak," he says. "The *ostessa* will give it to you to take home. First bathe the eye with cold water and then put on the beefsteak and keep it there all night."

He puts his hand on his forehead and lifts up the hair from his temple.

"See this scar," he says. "Once I am working in Bagnoli, and I have a quarrel with a workman in the place I am employed. While I am stooping down he hits me with a block of iron. They take me away for dead, but my mother, now with the saints in Heaven, puts on my head a piece of beefsteak, and today I am as strong as ever. The only effect is that my memory is better."

"Was the place you worked the cannon factory of Armstrong?" Taglialatela asks.

"The very same," says the big man.

"Then the man that hits you was no other than Di Candia," I suggest, and the big man makes remarks ordinarily colloquial in Naples, but liable to be considered offensive among refined people in America.

"That's the fellow," he says. "Tell him Felice Barone was looking for him if you see him again."

"I don't expect I shall see him again," Cornu replies, "because my impression is he will sail for Italy tomorrow morning."

Which indeed subsequently proves to be the case. Also the next week my friend Taglialatela and this Cornu makes visit to poor Calabrese bootblack stand, with result that the following day afterward my friend Taglialatela also sails for Italy to break the news to Cornu's widow in Province Salerno.

As for myself, I am now bookkeeper in bank and passage ticket-office Grugnola, Vergani & Co., with access only to postage stamps perforated by initials G. V., and therefore of no use to me personally. It is all in a lifetime, however, as I am convinced from the experiences above set forth that sooner or later, as the case may be, honesty is the best policy.

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I outline briefly for our side
The case for Mr. Cy N. Ide—
My client here—whose whole life shows
Him pure as the new-falling snows;
A victim, I may say, of chance
And much confusing circumstance.

PRELIMINARY OBJECTIONS

First, then, we ask the Court to quash
The whole indictment—pray read Bosh
On Bluff and Bluster, Chapter Two:
"Ink must be black and never blue;
And if the ink used is not black
'Tis ground to send the whole case back!"
The rule, pray please the Court, is plain;
But here I read the law again—
I quote now from authority
Of Blow and Buncombe—Chapter Three:
"If any t shall not be crossed,
Or dot of any I be lost,
These grave omissions, then, shall be
Enough to set defendant free!"
So here we have the law; and see—
Here is a naked, uncrossed t!

COLLATERAL EXCEPTIONS

So the indictment, then, is wrecked—
Full of omission and defect.
Judge Pinn Hedde, in his able work
On Fifteen Thousand Ways to Jerk
The Props from Prosecution, says:
"A comma, standing out of place
In the indictment, may upset
The very best indictment yet.
Far better Murder should go free
Than we should have an uncrossed t!"

PARTICULAR ERROR

So, on these vital points I might
Insist upon my client's right
To be set free; but there are more
On which we set much greater store:
The Witness Blank, when on the stand,
Was sworn while raising his left hand;
And so his evidence, no doubt,
The Honored Court will have thrown out.
And in support of this I read
From Shyster on the High Court's Need
Of Being Even More than Loath
To Tolerate a Lefthand Oath!

GENERAL OBJECTIONS

If this were all it were enough
To set my client free—see Bluff
On Half a Thousand Reasons Why
The Law Loves Technicality.
But, lest your Honor should refuse
Our claims, my client now renews
Objection to the Court, its looks,
Its jurisdiction and its books;
Objection to the Evidence,
Indictment—as to form and sense;
Objection to the desks and chairs,
The tables and State Counsel's airs—
In fact, my client now objects
To everything; and he expects
To show, by Bluff, by Crook, by Bragg,
By Shyster, Petti Fogg and Snagg,
By that great friend of crime, D. Lay,
By Trick, by Subb Terr Fuge and Stay,
That he should be set free because
Of all these loopholes in the laws.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRIVILEGES

My client, Cy N. Ide, now please
The Court, no technicalities
Would urge, save that they all transgress
The constitutional—express,
Implied, declared and specified—
Prerogatives of Cy N. Ide,
Who stands here, making naught but one
Request—that Justice shall be done!
And we are here, as man to man,
And mean to do Her if we can!

EXPRESS RESERVATIONS

Now, please the Court, we do not waive
A single right that we can save;
And we except—some more, some less—
To jurors, clerks and witnesses.

And, having made our attitude
As clear and frank as well we could,
We come now to the minor phase
Of testimony in the case.

INSANITY

First, we have shown by proof quite plain
That Cy N. Ide is hardly sane.
The eminent Doctor Ale Yay Nisst,
By reflexing my client's wrist
And tapping on his frontal bone,
Finds absence of the Moral Tone.
And Doctor Ekks Spurt finds one ear
The thousandth of an inch too near
The cheek—a symptom, as you see,
Of irresponsibility.
So, by your oaths, you should agree
To Cy N. Ide's insanity,
And so acquit him of intent
And free him that he may repent.

THE ALIBI

But we have other proofs if this
Phase of defense may seem amiss:
My client, Cy N. Ide, proves by
His witnesses an alibi.
He was, upon the fatal day
This deed was done, ten miles away:
So, if you find him sane, you're bound
To free him on this other ground,
As jurors who are sworn to do
The will of justice, good and true.
Whichever way you look you will
Find Cy N. Ide impregnable
As Truth itself—no crime can lie
With such a perfect alibi!

EVIDENCE OF SELF-DEFENSE

But, if again you are in doubt
Of how this crime has come about,
My client gives sworn evidence
The deed was done in self-defense.
The victim of this homicide
Made fierce attack on Cy N. Ide,
As he so graphically swore,
With sword and pistol—aye, and more!
And, as he shot and stabbed and tried
To end the life of Cy N. Ide,
My client, much to his dismay,
Was forced to shoot or run away;
And so he shot—the deed was done
Since he was lame and could not run!
So it is plain the evidence
Is ample proof of self-defense.
And so you must acquit, you see,
On one ground, two, or even three!

NO CORPUS DELICTI

But not alone on this defense—
This bulwark firm of evidence—
Do we rely; for we have brought
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
And he quite sturdily agrees
The victim died of heart disease.
In which event the case must fail,
Since there was no crime done at all.
The eminent expert, Tellus Watt,
Says, in the interval 'twixt shot
And when the bullet struck its mark,
Excitement quenched the vital spark
Within the victim's breast; and he
Died not of crime but naturally.
So, here again, my client stands
And asks acquittal at your hands.

EXCEPTIONS, REQUESTS, MOTIONS, PETITIONS AD LIBITUM

Now, please the Court, we ask the case
Dismissed—'tis now the time and place.
And, failing that, we move the Court
Instruct the jury to report
A verdict of not guilty! Should
The Court not hold our motion good,
We ask the jury to acquit
On any ground it may see fit—
Insanity, if it so please;
Or alibi or heart disease;
Or self-defense. If homicide
Is found we ask it set aside.
And, failing that, we straightway move
Another trial, that we may prove
A new defense—if 'tis denied
We ask an appeal certified.
And, failing that, we ask to be
Petitioners for clemency.
And, failing that, we ask but leave
To file petitions for reprieve.
And failing that—well, Cy N. Ide
By then will have grown old and died!

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Little Brother of the RUMELY OilPull

CONSIDER THE LIVER

(Concluded from Page 18)

with the liver, but are a curious alteration in the amount of coloring matter or pigment which is present in every skin, even the whitest. They are probably due to some disturbance of the nerve twig supplying the patch of skin affected, and usually appear in conditions in which there is extensive disturbance of the nervous system, such as certain chronic nervous diseases and the curious wasting and disorganization of the skin which occurs in old age. Their appearance need not give rise to any uneasiness, as they seldom become marked enough even to disfigure the complexion, they never give rise to any other than cosmetic trouble and disappear when their cause is removed.

The only reason, in fact, why these spots were ever connected with the liver, even by name, was that, to the innocent and childlike eyes of our ancestors of the Middle Ages, these marks bore a slight resemblance in hue to the color of that one fairly common disturbance of the color of the skin which is caused by the liver, the well-known jaundice, or "the yellows." However, the frequency of this disturbance has been enormously exaggerated, and our ideas of its causation began, like most of our hepatic beliefs, simply by our putting the cart before the horse.

Jaundice is not due, as popularly believed, to the liver working overtime and pouring more bile into the blood than the body can dispose of, but to the fact that either that form of body waste which colors and forms the bile is being produced in greater quantities than the liver can handle, or that the tube called the bile duct, through which the liver pours bile into the intestine, has become blocked either by gallstones or inflammatory swelling.

Among the garbage-burning and waste-purifying functions of the liver is the duty of taking care of and discharging from the body the remains of the red blood corpuscles which are broken down in the work of the body by millions and billions every day. It is the well-known red coloring matter—hemoglobin—of these corpuscles, which when broken down causes the yellowish or greenish color of the bile. Exactly the same change can be easily seen taking place in the classic "black eye," or the black and blue—more accurately black and green—discoloration of a severe bruise anywhere upon the body.

The Cause of Our Complexions

A blow that makes a black mark is simply one which has ruptured one or more tiny blood vessels and allowed the blood to escape into the tissues, where it quickly undergoes this greenish discoloration. What happens, then, in jaundice is that, to put it roughly, some poison or poisons in the system are breaking down the red blood cells with greater rapidity than usual; so that the liver is unable to filter their coloring matter out of the blood rapidly enough and the whole body becomes dyed a yellowish green.

That is why diseases which directly attack the red cells of the blood, such as malaria, are so often accompanied by either jaundice or a yellowish discoloration of the skin. A striking illustration is shown in the dreaded yellow fever, in which, so to speak, all the blood in the body starts to melt and break down at once, leaking out on the surface of the skin to form the dreadful yellow mask, and through the thinner and more porous wall of the stomach to produce the fatal "black vomit." Any of the acute infections—even a common cold—may be followed by mild jaundice.

The other chief way in which jaundice is produced is by a blocking up of the bile ducts, so that the liver can no longer pour the bile which it has separated from the blood into the bowels to be got rid of. The commonest cause of this obstructive jaundice is, of course, the formation of gallstones or inflammatory processes in the gall-bladder; and it can be cured by opening the gall-bladder and either draining out the germs which are causing the inflammation or removing the gallstones which are obstructing the bile ducts.

As a matter of fact, however, jaundice is not one-fourth so common as is popularly supposed, for the reason that, having once identified the liver and the bile with the melancholic frame of mind and depressed conditions of the system, it was instantly concluded that any one whose complexion appeared sallow or yellow, or of a greenish hue, was suffering from jaundice or an attack of liver. What really happens is this, that all human skins, even the whitest, have considerable yellowish pigment in them—people having an average complexion a good deal, and those of a brunette complexion still more. In conditions of vigorous health this yellow tint is masked or neutralized by the abundant supply of red blood in the vessels of the skin; but when either the amount of blood in the skin is diminished by a weakening of the force of the heartbeat or the color of the blood itself becomes less vivid from disease, then this natural yellow tint stands out in all its naked hideousness. That is why the majority of people, when they become pale or anemic, become yellow or sallow at the same time.

This natural pigment or coloring matter in the skin has also given rise to an absurdly old and popular superstition that persons with a brunette or dark complexion are more subject to liver trouble and more readily become bilious, the only basis for this belief being that when from any cause the rosy hue of health disappears from their skins their natural yellow or brownish color stands forth with vivid distinctness. They are not a particle more bilious than the palest and chalkiest-faced blonde. Those of us with more than a certain amount of pigment in our skins, popularly known as brunettes, turn yellow instead of white when we become pale.

"Liver-Gazing" a Necessity

Not infrequently the liver falls a victim to its own devotion from the fact that some of the numerous germs or parasites which are carried to it to be strained out of the blood manage to find a foothold and grow in its own tissues—not very frequently, fortunately, for the liver is a tough and wary old fighter; but often enough to cause the death of the body later.

One of the commonest invaders to find a foothold in the liver in this way is the tubercle bacillus. Tuberculosis of the liver is a fairly common complication—next, indeed, after that of the lungs and the bowels. The human liver, however, resists tuberculosis very well, and its attack is seldom the cause of death; but in cattle and birds, particularly domestic poultry, the liver is one of the commonest sites of tuberculosis; and the most serious changes that take place anywhere in the body occur here. In birds, for instance, it is three or four times as frequently affected as the lungs are, just reversing the usual human proportion. It is well for wary housekeepers to do a little "liver-gazing" on their own account, and to insist on seeing and carefully examining the liver of every chicken and turkey they buy.

The commonest organic disease of the liver is abscess, which again is due to the setting up of inflammation or pus formation in the liver by various disease germs—most commonly those which cause dysentery or diarrheal disturbances of the bowels, and are from that point carried to the liver. The well-known "tropical abscess" of the liver is largely due to the attack of the germs of dysentery, diarrhea or malaria.

Several of the animal parasites that infest the alimentary canal are also carried to the liver, and one group of them, the so-called hydatids, undergoes a stage of development there, producing large cysts or bladderlike growths filled with fluid and with the larvæ of the parasite. One of this group of parasites is exceedingly serious and fatal in both cattle and sheep—the famous, or rather infamous, liver fluke.

The liver also, like every other organ consisting of epithelium or secreting stuff, is subject to the attack of cancer, and in rather a high degree, being about the fourth most common site of cancer in men, only the lips, tongue, stomach and bowels ranking ahead of it—and the fifth most frequent in women. Even this, however, serious as it is, is far from the hopeless death sentence that it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Modern surgery, with its perfected methods, does not hesitate boldly to attack and remove cancer or any other growth from the very substance of the liver itself, and—if its presence can be detected early enough—with fair success.

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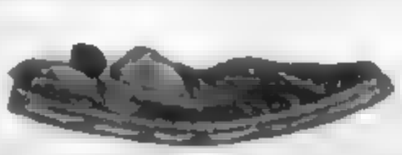

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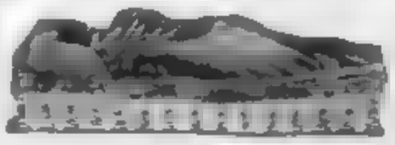

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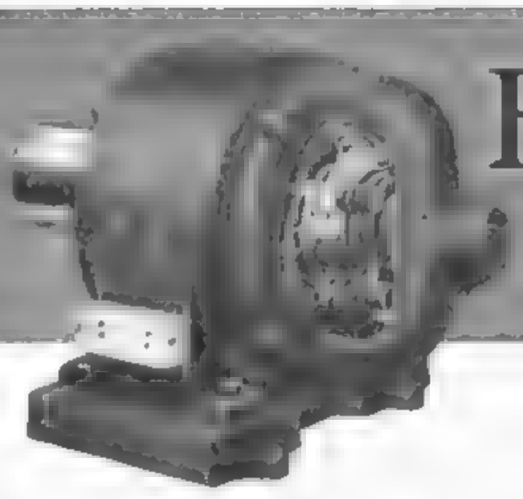

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THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

(Concluded from Page 13)

silver dollar out of his leather wallet and flung it on to the table, for the paper read: "In consideration of one dollar cash in hand paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged." The coin struck hard and spun on the oak board. "There," he said, "is your silver. It is the money that Judas was paid in and, like that first payment to Judas, it is all you'll get."

Dillworth got on his feet. "Abner," he said, "what do you drive at now?"

"This," replied Abner: "I have bought your lawsuit; I have paid you for it, and it belongs to me. The terms of that sale are written down and signed. You are to receive a portion of what I recover; but if I recover nothing you can receive nothing."

"Nothing?" Dillworth echoed.

"Nothing!" replied Abner.

Dillworth put his big hands on the table and rested his body on them; his head drooped below his shoulders, and he looked at Abner across the table.

"You mean—you mean ——"

"Yes," said Abner, "that is what I mean. I shall dismiss this suit."

"Abner," the other wailed, "this is ruin—these lands—these rich lands!" And he put out his arms, as toward something that one loves. "I have been a fool. Give me back my paper." Abner arose.

"Dillworth," he said, "you have a short memory. You said that a man ought to suffer for his lack of care, and you shall suffer for yours. You said that pity was fantastic, and I find it fantastic now. You said that you would take what the law gives you; well, so shall I."

The sniveling creature rocked his big body grotesquely in his chair.

"Abner," he whined, "why did you come here to ruin me?"

"I did not come to ruin you," said Abner. "I came to save you. But for me you would have done a murder."

"Abner," the man cried, "you are mad. Why should I do a murder?"

"Dillworth," replied Abner, "there is a certain commandment prohibited, not because of the evil in it, but because of the thing it leads to—because there follows it—I use your own name, Dillworth, 'hell's work.' This afternoon you tried to kill Lemuel Arnold from an ambush."

Terror was on the man. He ceased to rock his body. He leaned forward, staring at Abner, the muscles of his face flabby.

"Did you see me?"

"No," replied Abner, "I did not."

The man's body seemed, at that, to escape from some hideous pressure. He cried out in relief, and his voice was like air wheezing from a bellows.

"It's a lie! a lie! a lie!"

I saw Abner look hard at the man, but he could not strike a thing like that.

"It's the truth," he said, "you are the man; but when I stood in the thicket with your weapon in my hand I did not know it, and when I came here I did not know it. But I knew that this ambush was the work of a coward, and you were the only coward that I could think of.

"No," he said, "do not delude yourself—that was no proof. But it was enough to bring me here. And the proof? I found it in this house. I will show it to you. But before I do that, Dillworth, I will return to you something that is yours."

He put his hand into his pocket, took out a score of buckshot and dropped them on the table. They clattered off and rolled away on the floor.

"And that is how I saved you from murder, Dillworth. Before I put your gun back into the hollow log I drew all the charge in it except the powder."

He advanced a step nearer to the table.

"Dillworth," he said, "a little while ago I asked you a question that you could not answer. I asked you what lands were included in the notice of sale for delinquent taxes printed in that county newspaper. Half of the newspaper had been torn off, and with it the other half of that notice. And you could not answer. Do you remember that question, Dillworth? Well, when I asked it of you I had the answer in my pocket. The missing part of that notice was the wadding over the buckshot!"

He took a crumpled piece of newspaper out of his pocket and joined it to the other half lying before Dillworth on the table.

"Look," he said, "how the edges fit!"

All houses present different heating problems

—some difficult. But an intelligently selected and properly installed equipment of

Pierce Boilers and Radiators

solves them all. See your local house heating man. He will tell you *which* Pierce equipment you need, what it will cost, and what it will do—and *will* do it.

Have you read our Heat Primer, "What heat for your house"? We gladly send it free.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co.
252 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

1912

THE YALE'S advanced and distinctive features for the new year furnish the basis for your judgment of a **real** 1912 motorcycle

YALE construction shows more drop forgings than are in any other motorcycle.

You will find only in the YALE, all of these new and vital marks of a 1912 motorcycle

2¼ in. Studded Tires, Eclipse Free Engine Clutch, Eccentric Yoke, Full High Forksides, Triple Anchored Handlebars, and Muffler Cut-Out.

Ask for detailed information about the four YALE 1912 models, ranging from 4 H.P. to 7 H.P. YALE Twin.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Kill Gophers, Rats, Squirrels, QUICK!

And Save Big Money

Farmers and city people need this powerful rodent poison for killing rats, mice, gophers, prairie dogs, squirrels [illegible]. Sold by nearly all druggists [illegible] direct express prepaid. Mickelson's

Kill-Em-Quick POISON

attracts pests, they like its *taste* and it is so powerful that the *merest* [illegible] kills. [illegible] box of One Dose [illegible] $1.25 and *worth* 10 times as much.

Mickelson Kill-Em-Quick Co.
[illegible]

STUDY FARMING By Mail

Why not learn the improved methods of intensive scientific agriculture at home? You should learn all about our fine proposition, Faculty of Experts, various Courses, etc. **General Farming, Small-farm Course, Poultry, Truck, Fruit, Dairying, Stock, etc. Learn how we teach you to farm your farm.** Write today which line of farming interests you and get interesting particulars, and

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"How to Make the Farm Pay More"

More profit for the farmer. A safe way out for the city man or woman. Students the world over. Your opportunity to get ahead. Easy terms. Write today.

AMERICAN FARMERS SCHOOL, 135 Laird Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Pittsburgh. The best typewriter for the money at any price. Back of every Pittsburgh stands a responsible business institution. You can learn [illegible]. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us by letter "Start your FREE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 99, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

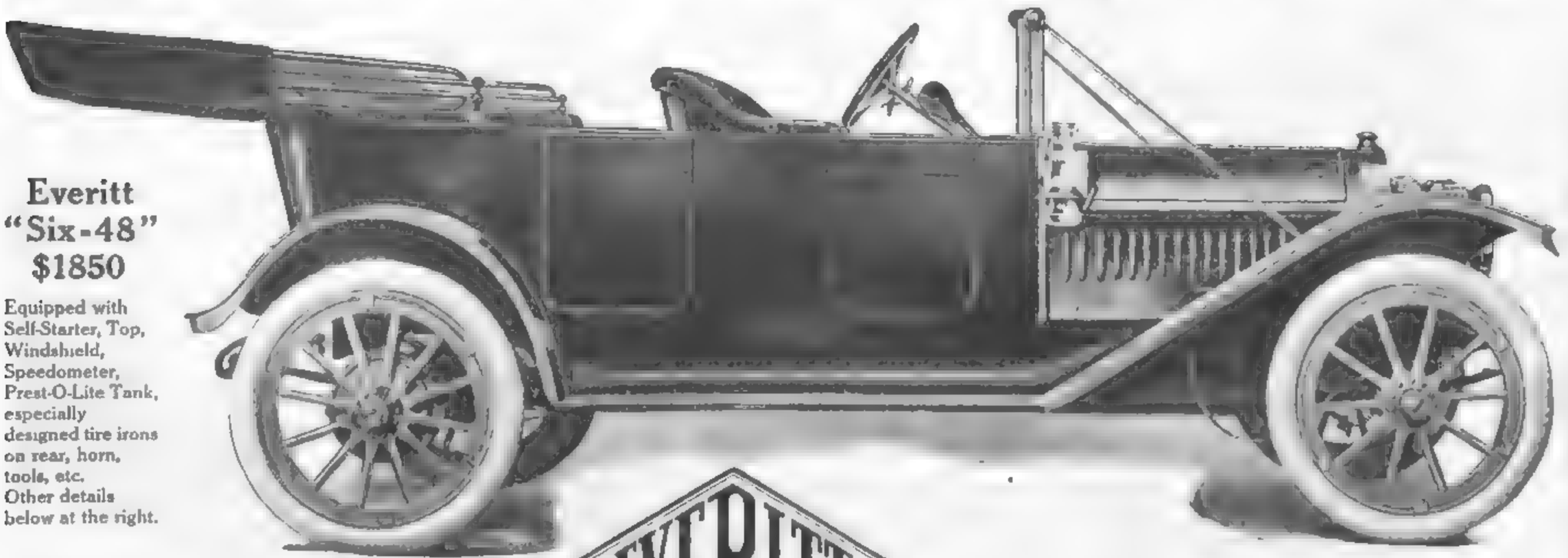
Study *and make money*

LAW Earn while you learn. To those who [illegible] full **free course** to efficient local organizers [illegible] **23,000 Correspondence Enrollments NOW** [illegible] double or treble your present income [illegible] 16 page book, "**To any Man or Woman who wants to go to college but cannot**" [illegible] no obligation. Easy never miss a monthly payments. Act quick.

LINCOLN JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY Dept. 8 Hammond, Ind.

200 EGG Three Dollars Incubator; actual hen heats, ventilates, controls. No lamp, no oil; no expense. Big hatches. Catalog Free. Nat. Hen Inc. Co., Station F, Department 97, Los Angeles

Pictures that draw a parallel of tremendous importance



Everitt "Six-48" $1850

Equipped with Self-Starter, Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite Tank, especially designed tire irons on rear, horn, tools, etc. Other details below at the right.

EVERITT

Quite properly, none of the leading magazines will permit any motor car manufacturer to point out those features in which his car excels other cars—and mention those cars by name.

But there are some truths about the Everitt so big and so overshadowing that they cannot be hidden or held down.

This censorship cannot restrain us from telling you, for instance, that there is no car in the market—no *six-cylinder* car of equal wheelbase, horsepower, equipment, and proportion of chrome nickel construction—at $1850 or anything like that price.

This censorship can't keep that impressive fact away from you, because it is the simple truth.

And, again, this censorship cannot restrain us from urging you to call up to your mind's eye a picture of the car you admire the most, in either the four- or six-cylinder field—and then urging you to compare that car with the extraordinary Everitt specifications we present herewith.

If it is a four-cylinder car that you picture, selling from $1800 to $3500—the likelihood is that it will fall hopelessly behind the Everitt "Six-48" in horsepower, in wheelbase, in the proportion of high-calibre steel used in the construction. It probably will not equal the Everitt in giving you a complete equipment, a self-starter, or demountable rims.

And if it is a six-cylinder car, and includes some—or even all—of the extraordinary Everitt features, you will find that the price is twice or thrice the Everitt price.

And that is the deliberate purpose of this announcement—to induce you, by pictures and by arguments, to make a deadly parallel in your own mind between what $1850 buys you in the great big beautiful Everitt "Six," surging with power and replete with luxuries; and

First, what the same or a larger amount will buy in the four-cylinder field; and

Second, what the same splendid features of value will cost you in the six-cylinder field.

If we can make your mind follow the subject to the length of making such a comparison—you're *bound* to go and seek an Everitt demonstration—and that inevitably means Everitt ownership.

The Metzger Motor Car Co., 108 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Everitt "Four-36"—$1500

Construction throughout of the same high type as the "Six-48". Wheelbase, 115 inches; Tires, 34 x 4 inches; Demountable Rims; Equipment complete, including Top, Windshield, Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite tank, specially designed tire irons, unusually high grade tool equipment, and Self-Starter.

Standard "Everitt-30"—$1250

Wheelbase, 110 inches; Tires, 34 x 3½ inches; Quick Detachable Rims; Equipment complete, including Silk Mohair Top, Windshield, Two Gas Lamps, Three Oil Lamps, Generator, Horn, Tools and Repair Kit.

Use this Coupon

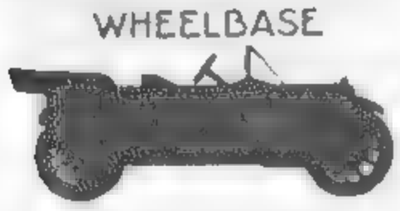
METZGER MOTOR CAR CO.,
108 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
Send 1912 catalog and dealer's name.

_____

AVERAGE $1800 CAR

NUMBER OF CYLINDERS

WHEELBASE



112 TO 118 INCHES

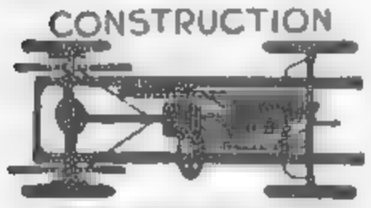
SIZE OF WHEELS

34 INCHES

SIZE OF TIRES

DEMOUNTABLE RIMS – NO
SELF-STARTER – NO

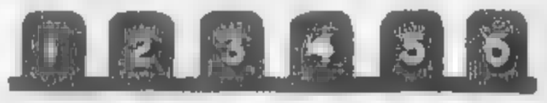
CONSTRUCTION



OPEN HEARTH STEEL

$1850 EVERITT "SIX"

NUMBER OF CYLINDERS



WHEELBASE

127 INCHES

SIZE OF WHEELS

36 INCHES

SIZE OF TIRES

DEMOUNTABLE RIMS – YES
SELF-STARTER – YES

CONSTRUCTION

ALL NICKEL STEEL CHROME

Sooner you begin to smoke P. A. the more fun you'll have

Maybe you think you've taken the thirty-umpf degree in pipe-smoking and know all there is to it. You're wrong, Man, considerably wrong. This wonderful tobacco puts a new slant on the proposition. You can't know the real fun in smoking a pipe till you've had a heart-to-heart session with Prince Albert. The fun is waiting. Try 'er now. ***Every day before you try P. A. is a day's good smoking gone.*** Step into any tobacco store—all the live ones have it—and say right out loud: "Give me a tin of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke."

You won't surprise the storekeeper. He's hearing that more often than anything else, for "P. A." hits the spot. Men demand it because it's ***right***—Smoked red-hot or just so-so. It has done for other men just what it will do for you—give you more fun in life. It makes a pipe smoke a joy. It gives you the fun of smoking all you want, often as you want, fast as you want, without a single hint of sting or rankness.

Prince Albert can't bite your tongue.

It makes your pipe worth more to you. It gives a mellow flavor and fragrance of rich tobacco that is inimitable. Prince Albert is made by an exclusive process that is patented. It is this process that takes out the bite and gives it a new goodness. Comes in ten cent tins, 5 cent cloth bags, wrapped in weather-proof paper, half-pound and pound humidors of tin and pound ones of crystal glass. Look into this humidor proposition. It's a dandy. Ask your dealer.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 22)

an orthodox conversion, and the fruits of it were to be strange apples of discord in that community. Still, he knelt. It was all a man could do when Rachel set her heart upon it.

I have been obliged to record this scene and these circumstances because these pages are tablets taken from life. And any record of life in the South that leaves out the hornet veteran of the Civil War and the candle-lit drama of salvation in some church is not veracious. It is merely long-tailed-monkey fiction, however interesting it may be. In the South we are honestly religious. Our faith in God is so strong that it amounts to a great despair. This is the heavenly hall mark of simple souls. The fact that most of us are ignoramuses in the practice of Christianity is a stage that shall pass. When it is passed we shall still have "the mighty hopes that make us men." It is the way we are made—poor candles lighted for the glory of God, that shine a while and are blown out in this wind, to burn again somewhere else.

Your New England Yankee and your Western cowboy may trade us out of our houses and lands, but in the end we are the gallant poor in spirit who shall inherit the earth by faith, which is the only unmortgageable way of getting the earth and holding it.

IX

JIM BONE was not seen again at the revival services. He had gone to Atlanta, in fact, to make extensive arrangements that were to result in another kind of revival in Ruckersville. But he had disappeared without taking any one into his confidence. The good people were mystified, Tony Adams sank again into the insignificance of inebriation, and Bimber was disconsolate. He spent the nights baying at the moon and in keeping a dog wake in memory of his master.

We shall have our hands full when Jim comes back upon the scene. I am, therefore, taking a hurried advantage of his absence to relate another circumstance that stirred the community as nothing else had since the old days when a fresh installment of Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies appeared in The Southern Literary Messenger.

Every evening, now, Elbert White sat in front of his wife with a table between them, upon which burned a kerosene lamp with a poorly trimmed wick. Scattered about were the loose pages of Amy's Book of Life. Nothing was farther from her mind than that a line of it should be printed. She was content to share the fate of other Ruckersville authors. Her story was a sort of brocade of the human heart which she left to posterity, the one publisher in whose judgment and appreciation the Ruckersville literary genius had any confidence. She dictated to Elbert queer little elegies upon life. She sketched in the characters of the men and women she knew with a literalness and veracity that was thrilling, if you knew how to estimate the difficulty of being truthful in interpreting such a natural hyperbole as man. She narrated little incidents of the day, such as that Captain Martin had gone uptown that morning with four dozen collard plants for Mrs. Luster, and that Rachel had been out all day collecting missionary dues, and how Mildred Percey had read a new poem at the Woman's Club. These were really tag sentences that led to loving scriptures set down in behalf of each person. Amy was very far from being a mere diary maker. She had the mathematical faculty of the spirit, which enabled her to reduce the people of her acquaintance to their little digit in the great common equation of life. Artlessly, without the least suspicion of what she was doing, she destroyed the ideal of each and calculated him upon the basis of his actual deeds. Nothing can be more devastating to the self-conscious importance of personality than this method. The greatest hero never does more than a dozen great deeds. Most of life is passed in insignificance. Thus the captain was shorn of his war record and appeared as an old man with a sore on his back, who was not above selling collard plants. And Rachel was a Shylock, reaping where she had not sowed dimes for the heathens. On a certain evening Amy devoted a paragraph to the Feltons' baby. It seemed that, while Mrs. Felton was pouring out her soul in a romance she was writing, Mr. Felton fed the baby on rancid black walnuts. The next day the child interrupted its mother by having convulsions. Elbert was for leaving the baby out. But Amy protested.

"The point is this, Elbert," she explained. "It is unfortunate to discover that you have any other gift after you have already the gift of a child. I mean that it is really superfluous. You can put all you know into the child; but if you put it into a story, the father has to take the mother's place while she is doing it. And a father may be a good provider, but he makes a poor mother. For one, I do not doubt that every hen bird watches the worms her mate offers their nestlings. She never can tell when he will poison one with a spider."

It is impossible to set down here the results of Amy's notes. Their insignificance was so literal of life and their value was incalculable, because probably never before had so close a record been kept of so many different men and women in the same community. You had only to add up each one's column to understand how barren existence is of the extraordinary: how unlike every man and every woman is to the impressions we receive of them in history, where only a few of their best deeds are recorded; or in fiction, where the imagination selects and augments characters to suit the emergencies of the tale. And the truth so often makes the last come first and the first come last. Thus, according to Amy, the debit column of Tony Adams was shorter than that of Rachel Martin. Tony was such a poor creature that he dared not do good in the open after the more or less brazen manner of Rachel. But Amy remembered certain days Tony spent in her garden, and she set down her hollyhocks and zinnias to his credit. She recorded of him a thousand aimless little charities to which he confessed in their hours of confidence, such as trundling old Mr. Percey—who was paralyzed—down in his back yard, and going to mill for a widow, who had the corn and the horse, but could not sit astride her own sack. He never attempted anything great in the line of goodness. He felt so unworthy of a shining mark; he desired to escape attention. Virtue, he felt, was so little characteristic of him that he exercised what he had after the manner of the best saints, without suspecting that this was the case. It was only in Amy's scriptures that he shone like a shamefaced candle in a naughty world.

But the trouble with most scriptures is that they do not come direct from the source of inspiration. They are copied by some one else, and matter foreign to the original source is thus injected. This is what happened to Amy's Book of Life. Elbert was the unscrupulous medium through which these scriptures passed. He had undertaken the writing with misgivings and merely to humor her. But almost at once he comprehended that she was making copy very different from the prevailing fashion of literature in Ruckersville. He was just enough depraved to put into her innocent records matter that fitted sins in the lives of the victims, thus rounding out the tale with a horrible veracity. He was a worm, and he was the amanuensis of a blind angel, and he was a little old fat knave who enjoyed the joke of inserting spitball comments where the effect would be most outraging to sensibilities. Sometimes when she wandered vaguely, with the curious lilting mental movement of the blind and the inspired, near the region of his own mildewed character, he would lift his old head, push back the thin aigrette of white hair at the top of his forehead and stare at her in genuine alarm. But in time he perceived his security and the nature of it. She saw every one clearly, but him she concealed with the garment of her love.

The excuse he made to himself for the sacrilege of his interpolations was that he desired to render the manuscript available for publication. And in this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. As fast as Amy produced her scriptures and he could get them into diabolical shape, he disposed of them to The Monthly Mercury, a popular magazine; and he appropriated the revenue from them without a qualm of conscience. You do not offer dividends to a blind angel.

Now on the very day of Mr. Bone's singular disappearance, the first installment of this remarkable work came out in

"That coupon gave me my start"

"It's only a little while ago that I was just where you are now. My work was unpleasant; my pay was small. I had my mother to take care of, and it was tough sledding trying to make ends meet. I hadn't had much schooling. I didn't *know enough* to fill any better job than the one I had.

"One day I saw an advertisement of the American School. It told how other men got better positions and bigger salaries by taking their courses. I did not see how a correspondence school could benefit me but as long as it didn't *cost* anything to mark the coupon I thought it was worth investigating at least. I marked the coupon and sent it in on the next mail.

"That was two years ago, and *now I'm drawing more every week than I used to get in a month.*"

If you want a *better position*, if you want to get into *congenial work*, if you want a salary that is *worth while*—

SIGN AND MAIL THE COUPON NOW

American School of Correspondence

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X". S H P 7-3-12

Automobile Operator	Lawyer
Draftsman	Fire Insurance Eng'r
Architect	Telephone Expert
Building Contractor	Moving Picture Op'r
Structural Engineer	Book-keeper
Civil Engineer	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Accountant
Mech. Eng. & Power Supt.	Cost Accountant
Master Mechanic	Certified Public Accountant
Steam Engineer	Auditor
Sanitary Engineer	Business Manager
Reclamation Engineer	College Preparatory

Name

Address

Ford

WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

What is it that is selling 75,000 Ford cars in 1912?
What is behind this enormous demand?
Is it unusually clever advertising?

NO! Ford advertising never attempts to be "clever"—never aims at the spectacular—never dallies with the English language—merely states the facts of the case so that he who runs may read, and, reading, stop running and buy a FORD. Yet that is not the big factor.

Is it unusually clever dealers? No! Ford dealers rank at the top—are all wideawake, keen, obliging, proud of the car and the good name of firm. But there are many clever dealers trying to sell other automobiles.

WHAT IS IT?

Nothing but this—*the guarantee of accomplishment*. What sells these 75,000 is the 100,000 Ford cars already in use (one out of every five on the street). Satisfied buyers are the backbone of the Ford success.

Ford Distributors and Branches in all the principal cities and towns in this country are at your very elbow to give you the service we maintain.

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4 cylinders, 5 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$690
Ford Model T Torpedo, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4 cylinders, 2 passengers, removable rumble seat, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$590
Ford Model T Town Car, (Landaulet) 4 cylinders, 6 passengers, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$900
Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit	$700

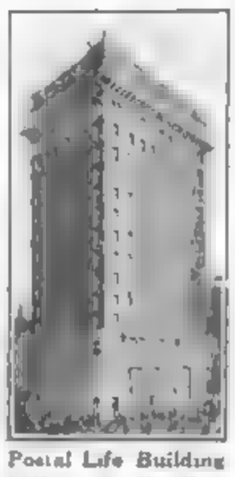
The one chassis with different bodies.

Write for booklet, "The A B C of Ford Model T," and learn in detail the superior merits in design and construction of Ford Model T. Address Dept. P.

Ford Motor Company
DETROIT

The POSTAL saves you money and safeguards your health

THOUGHTFUL people throughout the country arrange policies in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY because, *first*, it supplies sound legal-reserve protection at lower net cost than any other company and, *second*, because it performs an important service in *health-conservation* for its policyholders.



Postal Life Building
35 Nassau St., New York

The Company cuts out all middlemen and agents; it deals *direct* with the public; its *policyholders* save, and may deduct from their *first* premium (monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual), *a guaranteed commission-dividend* (ranging up to 50% of the premium) corresponding to what *other* companies pay out the *first* year to their *agents*.

In *subsequent years*, POSTAL LIFE policyholders can deduct the *agent's renewal-commission* of 7½% of the premium as paid; also an *office-expense saving* of 2% making up the

Annual Dividend of 9½% Guaranteed in the Policy

The Company also apportions and pays the usual contingent dividends that other companies pay, ranging in the POSTAL for 1910 up to 20 per cent of the annual premium. The dividends apportioned and paid *this year* will be even larger than heretofore.

Furthermore, the Company's Health Bureau performs an important service in *health-preservation* by issuing Health-Bulletins for the benefit of its policyholders and by granting to those who desire, one medical examination each year at the expense of the Company, thus detecting incipient disease in time to check or cure it.

***Bear in mind*, POSTAL LIFE policies are binding on the Company, *wherever the insured lives*.**

By doing business through the mails —*direct*—the Company is able to effect important savings for policyholders, and also *brings* the benefits of insurance protection and health conservation to the *remotest sections of the country*, thus performing a *genuine public service* akin to rural free delivery and the proposed parcels post.

For the reasons here stated and others, the POSTAL LIFE is justly designated "The Company of Conservation"—of *money* and of *health*.

'Twill pay you to find out just what *you* can save on any standard form of policy, provided you are an acceptable risk.

Strong Postal Points

First: *Old-line, legal* [illegible]

Second: *Standard policy reserves*—now more than $10,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy* [illegible] by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Fifth: Operates under [illegible] postal [illegible]

Just write and say: "*Mail full insurance particulars as per advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March 2nd.*"
And be certain to give your occupation and the *exact date of your birth*.

The Company will then promptly send you *(by mail only) exact figures for your age* with the amount of dividends, *guaranteed* and otherwise, now being paid.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
The Only Non-Agency Company in America
WM. R. MALONE, President
35 Nassau Street, New York

the Mercury, under the misleading title of The Town Testament. And it was signed The Recording Angel.

This was scandalous enough if the contents had not been still more shocking. The whole composition was written in a manner so simple and so veracious as to surpass mere literary style. Literary style is always a fashion in words that costs some sort of illusion. This is what it is for. But the scriptures of men and women in Ruckersville as set forth in The Town Testament in The Monthly Mercury were clothed in no fashion of words. They were naked—not disgracefully so, you understand, but stripped to the heart of man.

The mercy and cruelty of it were inconceivable. Each sketch was a faithfully stern and tenderly delineated daguerreotype of the inside life, merely dramatized by some incident. And in every case the physical features of the victim were so dimly portrayed as to be vague and indistinct. This, of course, was due to the fact that the Amy-angel was blind and saw only the invisible. But it was a feature of the Testament that produced an effect in Ruckersville so queer that it bordered upon the ridiculous. Every man and every woman that saw themselves photographed in the little two-legged epigrams of the angel's entrances were silenced. They were like old Adams and Eves, dropping their apple cores to run around behind their fig bushes to read the thing more privately. During the year that these awful scriptures ran in The Monthly Mercury not one person in the town discussed them or even mentioned them to his neighbor. There was, of course, the telltale eye, but the eye only intimates. It has not a voice. Sometimes the captain met Clark Story immediately after a new installment of The Town Testament appeared, with an interrogative expression which, being interpreted, meant:

"Have you read that damned thing in the Mercury this month?"

And old man Story, who had long since recognized himself as the ridiculous optimistic Job of these naively naked scriptures, would shift his eyes about, as much as to say: "Who? Me? I never read The Monthly Mercury. I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

As a matter of fact, Daddisman, who kept a news stand at the hotel, was probably the only man who could have told how many had taken to their fig bushes. From selling three or four copies a month he now sold about fifty.

This is what happened. On this same day after Jim Bone had signified his repentance, Rachel Martin was sitting upon her front veranda in the early afternoon, thinking of her success with the prodigal the night before and wondering what she could do for the Lord that day, seeing that Jim had disappeared. Presently, like an answer to prayer, a deep suspicion of a certain situation occurred to her. She arose, untied her apron, pinned on her hat—which never would remain straight upon her head because she had so little hair to hold the pins steady—and went over to see Amy White. She found exactly what she expected—the house in disorder, the kitchen stove full of cold ashes, a pile of soiled dishes on the table, and Amy sitting beside her bedroom window with a glass of milk in her hand and her face veiled as usual in her sweet smile.

"You are starving," Rachel Martin exclaimed, coming in and standing before her friend with one hand upon each fat hip.

"No," answered Amy, "the milk is all I need. But you will find the house in disorder. Elbert was in a hurry this morning."

"Hurry, nothing!" Rachel retorted indignantly. The illusions of the blind woman concerning this husband of hers were a sore cross to Mrs. Martin.

She faced about and walked emphatically into the kitchen. She always set her heel down as if it had a sting in it that she wished to thrust in as deep as possible. There was to be heard immediately the breaking of kindling, the scratching of matches and the banging of stove lids. Twenty minutes later she set a tray of tempting food before Amy. When she had eaten, Rachel put on her severest, most conscientious expression, armed herself with a broom and dust rag, and gave herself over body and soul to cleaning the house.

"Elbert neglects you shamefully!" Rachel asserted.

"He never does," said Amy, smiling the smile of perfect trust. "He does everything for me, who can do nothing for him."

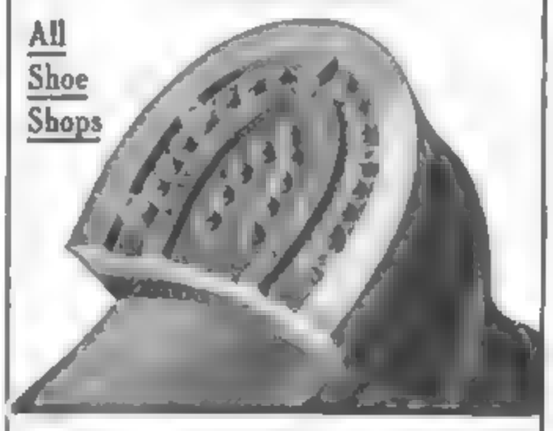
(Continued on Page 69)

Nature's Way

Is for man to walk on the earth and not on hard surfaces. *Bailey's* way beats *Nature's* way by making *all* surfaces easy and safe for the wearer of

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

All Shoe Shops



Thousands of users consider this *scientific* construction to be *superior to all others*. *Insist on having them and enjoy life.* Dealers, write for prices. At dealers, 50c applied. Mailed 35c. *Send diagram* of the *heel* of your *boot*.

To you we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers
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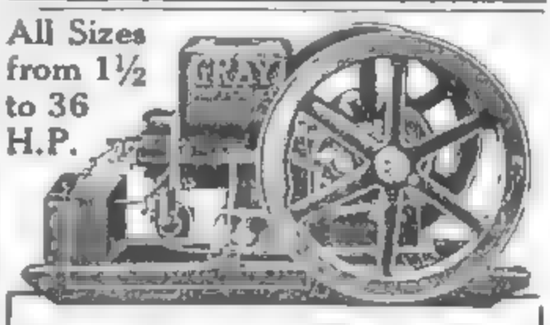

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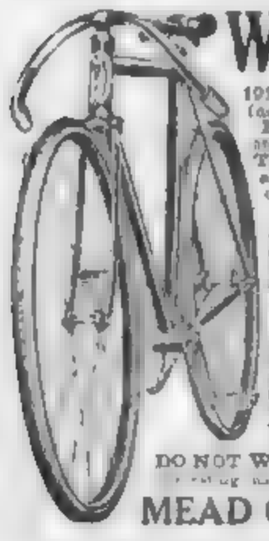

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So do more than 8,000 men, on both sides the Atlantic, who demand the best the world can offer in their pleasure cars.

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And the Mercedes engine, which the Knight-type supplanted, was considered the master engine of the world.

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Thus the four leading cars of the Old World have recognized that the poppet valve must go.

Last summer, after two years of testing, the Stearns came into line.

That is the record of the Knight-type motor after three years of the limelight.

Five of the world's greatest makers adopt it. And 8,000 owners of high-grade cars have become Knight-type enthusiasts.

Consider these facts when somebody warns you that the Stearns-Knight is an experiment.

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By the Calls for This Motor

We have built Stearns cars for 16 years. They have attained an immense popularity.

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It compelled us to lease a new factory.

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The World-Wide Effort
To Get Rid of Poppet Valves

Most great designers who still employ poppet valves are seeking a way to get rid of them.

We adopted the Knight way because we regard it the ideal solution. And the foremost engineers have agreed with us.

But those who belittle it—to sell cars without it—are seeking other means to this end.

For poppet valves form the greatest shortcoming in modern gasoline engines. They are noisy and slow and leaky.

There are two in each cylinder springing shut hundreds of times per minute.

They require frequent grinding. When carbon accumulates, so the valves aren't tight, there is vast waste of power.

Cams are required, and cams get noisy when they wear. Timing gears are used, and their humming can be heard.

This silence is made impossible. Power and efficiency are greatly reduced. And every designer knows it.

The Stearns-Knight engine has no timing gears, no springs, no cams, no poppet valves.

There is no carbon trouble, no valve grinding, no leakage. The action is silent and certain.

No man who knows what we know of the Knight type will be content with a poppet-valve motor.

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The cylinders in the Stearns-Knight are 4½x5½ inches.

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But we guarantee that this engine will show an excess of not less than 50 per cent.

This is due to the absence of poppet valves, and their leakage. And to the spherical shape of the explosion chamber.

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The silence of the Stearns-Knight is almost uncanny.

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"The car glides on the road," says one of the owners "as though it were sliding on runners."

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On hills the Stearns-Knight shows that persistent power known in electric motors.

In traffic one may run at walking speed on high gear, then quickly accelerate to any speed wanted without any jumping or pounding.

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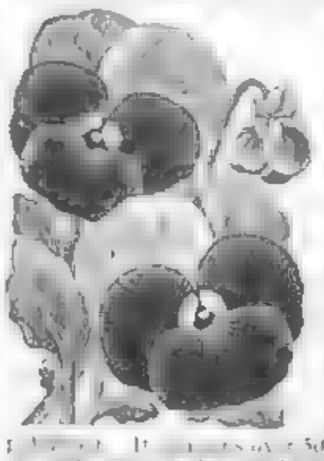

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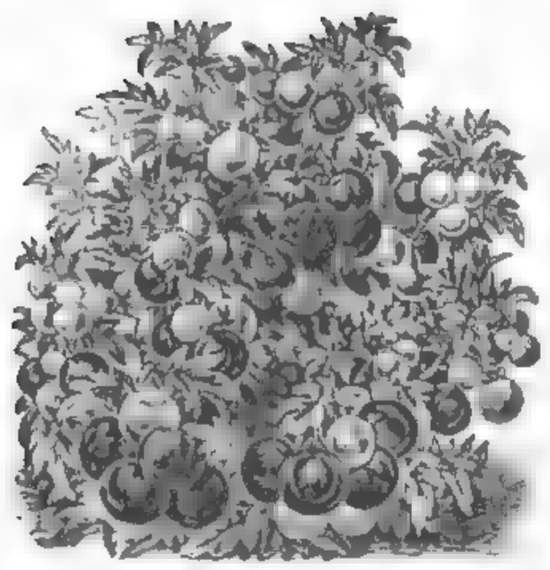

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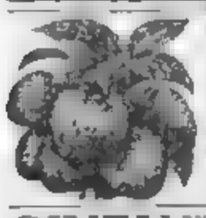

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(Continued from Page 66)

Amy was thinking more particularly of his latest grace in copying her notes in the little Book of Life she was so artlessly keeping.

"He does as little as he can for anybody," persisted the accuser, slinging the counterpane around the bed corner.

"He loves me—he pets me yet, when I am so old," enunciated Amy softly, as if she whispered a miracle.

This really silenced the old dust-rag saint. The captain would no more have dared pet her than he would have spit upon his finger and laid it upon the red-hot stove. The moment he entered his own house-door he was no longer the valiant veteran. He was a poor invalid, whom she might take a notion to put to bed any time with a plaster on his back. Her love had reduced him to that.

As Rachel was returning from her visit to Amy, she remembered that this was the day upon which the new Monthly Mercury was always put on sale at Daddisman's Hotel. She went by and purchased a copy. When she was again comfortably seated upon her veranda she put on her glasses, moistened her forefingers and began to turn the leaves. Presently this title at the top of the page attracted her attention, The Town Testament.

She had the vision in her own mind of an old worn Bible that was passed from house to house in some poor village. She began to read. She caught her breath; the pupils of her eyes dilated. It was like reading up one street and down another in Ruckersville. There was one stranger in the throng of characters whom she said she did not know. She said that over and over to herself, yet this woman in particular excited her curiosity and indignation.

"And there was a certain woman in the town who went about collecting missionary dues; and this woman's tongue was the rod she laid upon her neighbors' backs.

"And she committed no sins, but God was obliged to forgive her nearly all the good she did. For this woman did good as if she were beating the lost and undone, and as if it were a shame that good had to be done at all."

Rachel laid The Monthly Mercury in her lap and looked up. She felt queer, as if an angel had just spit in her face. She wiped it roughly with the corner of her apron. She was wounded—unaccountably wounded and angry. And she did not know what to do about it, since she supposed the captain was still downtown. If he had been at home she could have worked off her feelings by putting him to bed. She often did this.

Fortunately she was very far from recognizing him as the hero of the next verses of the Recording Angel's scriptures. The captain was the one living creature besides herself who could and did throw dust into Rachel's eyes. She knew all about his backache, but less about him than about any other man in Ruckersville.

At this moment he was seated in a secluded corner behind his beegums, also reading a copy of The Monthly Mercury. It seemed that the Recording Angel had been wandering along in his or her mind, adding up the men of Ruckersville as he came to them, putting in little stories to defend them and to illustrate the general inefficiency of men, comparing them with women, and so on, until he came upon the theory that women neither know nor can know men. Apparently this was the total of a column and a half of illustrations, all taken with startling frankness from the lives of Ruckersville benedicts. These illustrations were put together with the distinctness of a formula of experience, with the devil's tail sticking out.

One incident in particular had been culled from the captain's most private annals, which he guarded with the sacred care a man always bestows upon his vices, though his virtues may be weather-beaten from exposure. This incident had to do with a certain sum of money given the captain by Rachel, to be credited upon her own account at the bank. Unfortunately he had lost it in a game of poker before he reached the bank. The Angel seemed to pause and ponder over the curious phenomenon, that a man never became so honest that he would not steal from his wife—either her prayers, her confidence or her money. The conclusion of the whole matter was set down in one of those imitation rib verses from Ecclesiastes, and ran something like this:

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The most beautiful, passionate and faithless woman of antiquity, having first infatuated, then ruthlessly destroyed the great Antony, at the moment of her downfall coolly arranges her own death rather than go to Rome in disgrace Before taking the poison herself she watches with keen interest its effect upon her own bodyguard. No more characteristic action could be shown. This is one of the many reproductions of burning moments in history from this set

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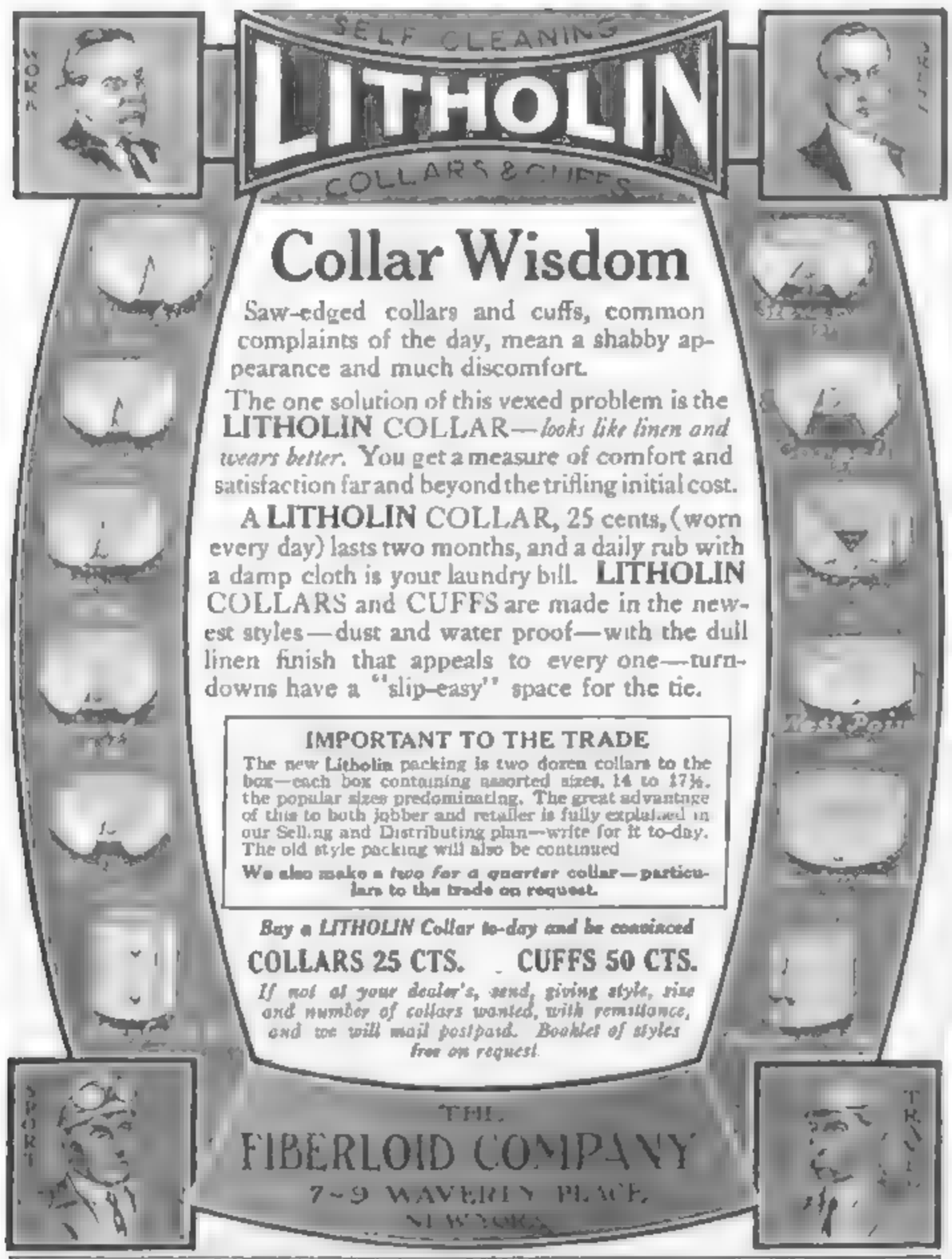
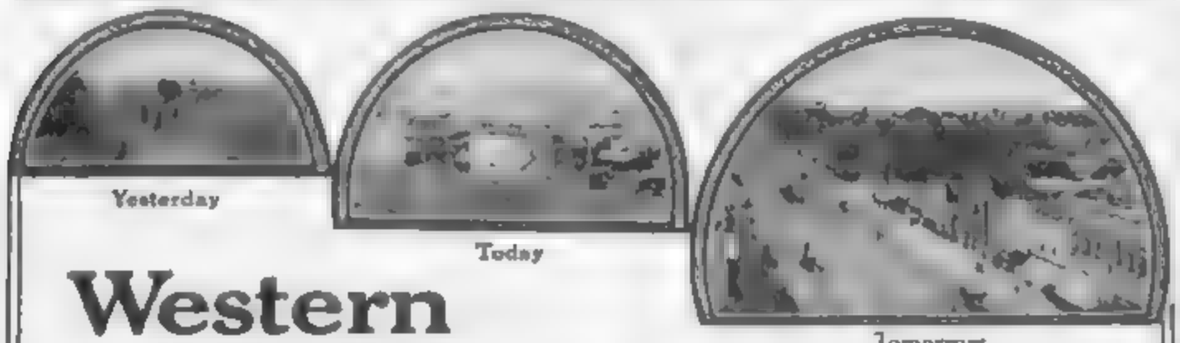

SELF CLEANING
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS
Collar Wisdom
Saw-edged collars and cuffs, common complaints of the day, mean a shabby appearance and much discomfort.
The one solution of this vexed problem is the LITHOLIN COLLAR—looks like linen and wears better. You get a measure of comfort and satisfaction far and beyond the trifling initial cost.
A LITHOLIN COLLAR, 25 cents, (worn every day) lasts two months, and a daily rub with a damp cloth is your laundry bill. LITHOLIN COLLARS and CUFFS are made in the newest styles—dust and water proof—with the dull linen finish that appeals to every one—turn-downs have a "slip-easy" space for the tie.
IMPORTANT TO THE TRADE
The new Litholin packing is two dozen collars to the box—each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. The great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer is fully explained in our Selling and Distributing plan—write for it to-day. The old style packing will also be continued
We also make a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.
Buy a LITHOLIN Collar to-day and be convinced
COLLARS 25 CTS. CUFFS 50 CTS.
If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size and number of collars wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.
THE FIBERLOID COMPANY
7-9 WAVERLY PLACE
NEW YORK



Western Canada Wants Men

—and women—to help develop the vast empire now being opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. If you are on the alert for the "Big Opportunity," there are

10,000 Business Openings

in the "Kingdom of Wheat" for you. These openings for practically all businesses, and the lifetime opportunities, have been created by the building of the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the subsequent establishment of

Hundreds of New Towns

In these Grand Trunk Pacific new towns, General Stores, Hardware Stores, Livery Stables, Blacksmith Shops, Hotels, Clothing Stores, Grocery Stores, Millinery Shops, Barber Shops and so forth are needed. You may if you desire, purchase property direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company on easy terms if preferred, but this is not compulsory or even necessary; for, through their authorised agents, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company will bring you in direct touch with leading wholesale houses, financial and civic, industrial organizations and individuals who can best assist you in choosing the town or city which meets your requirements. In Western Canada, where it's

Village Yesterday—Town Today—City Tomorrow

you'll find all the advantages offered by a new country without a new country's disadvantages. You find modern cities; growing, going towns, excellent schools and churches, a splendid telephone system, modern transcontinental railways, a fine climate, unlimited profits from lands taken, rising values, will fill your pocket. A section purchased in Western Canada two years ago for $2,000 with a Town of 500 population, sold for $8,000 with the Town of 1,500 population. Another section was purchased direct from the railway company for $325, easy terms, sold less than a year later for $1,140.50. For further interesting facts, send for free, illustrated book

"A Chain of Opportunities"

Send for it tonight. Write to us, tell us what you want to do. Give your age, whether married or single, and just give us a little information that will be of value to us in getting you located in the one best place for you. Your letter will receive our special attention and a message will be held in confidence. Write tonight.

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

(18) Room 315 Union Station, Winnipeg, Canada

"A man may know his wife, but no woman knoweth her husband.

"If thy husband kiss thee, count thy silver; he may have stolen a spoon.

"If he praise thee, look for Hagar in the bushes; he loveth another."

This was horrible, not because it was the truth—the captain never for a moment questioned that—but because incidents had been taken from his own life and hung like mottoes in the tale to prove it. He leaped to his feet, hissing with impotent fury. He clinched his fist and whirled this way and that in his rage.

"I will find him and shoot him, the fiend!" he swore softly, looking back to make sure his voice did not carry as far as the stout figure of Rachel, seated upon the veranda.

He was an old reed shaken in the wind, suddenly compelled to share his private character with the unknown. He was distressed, like a man who posed for his portrait in a gold-braided uniform and beheld in the negative his thin, old, naked legs.

But if others were astonished by the appearance of The Town Testament, the Woman's Club was prostrated. Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was silent, suffering and mystified. She knew that no member of the club could or would write such a thing. The blindness of Amy excluded her as a possibility from any one's mind. The Angel had not honored Mrs. Rucker with any concluding verse of scriptures. She was merely a poor dunce left sitting upon a stool, in the tale, shorn of her greatness—merely a fat old girl who had missed her lesson and was being kept in after school by the Angel. The crowning insult to this indignity was that it was apparent in every line that the writer desired neither to punish nor to caricature. It was as if a spirit had determined to tell the truth about everybody in Ruckersville, without reference to their station or their feelings. The women of the club suffered most because it seemed that the Angel had them upon his conscience in the form of a compassionate anxiety, and that he really knew what was the matter with them.

"Fill the heart of a woman, and her mind will not trip thee; but if thou leavest her loveless she will split thy hairs with arguments.

"The woman who maketh an idea and pursueth it and teaseth it into words may write a masterpiece; but she hath poisoned the milk of her babe.

"The mind of a woman dwelleth by nature upon the small point; it fitteth into the cradle and on the forefinger, but not into the hatbrim of a man."

Mildred Percey saw one of her poems in print for the first time in The Town Testament. She could not have been more astonished if she had seen it in the Old Testament. The title was Loneliness.

Oh, heart, thou wert not made
Alone to linger on;
To wander thus, through light or shade,
With none to lean upon.

To look around and see
No pulse to answer thine;
No tender eyes to smile on thee,
No lips to call thee "Mine."

The tendril of the vine
That seeks in vain to cast
Its arms around aught besides, must twine
Upon itself at last.

The heart that seeks in vain
Some answering heart to find,
Turns on itself and weaves a chain
That it cannot unbind.

She had read these lines once at the club, and she did not know it, but she had loaned Elbert White a book with a copy of this poem scribbled upon a loose sheet of paper. She had had a letter from this same magazine declining them. Now they appeared like a row of little candles in a drizzling night, flickering and going out, one by one. They were preceded by a sort of epitaph of her character, and after them came this Æsop scripture:

"Man sinneth if he leaveth the woman to abide single until the seeds of poetry ripen in her, and she bringeth forth only verses."

Mildred stared in awe that was nearly superstitious at the signature of The Recording Angel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Where Appearance And Cleanliness Are Factors

Where economy and durability are also a consideration, accumulators of dust and dirt are the bane of housekeepers. The keeping of rugs and carpets free from dust and germs is certainly a task. May we suggest a remedy?

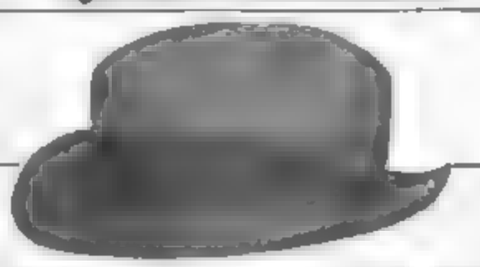
We have issued a booklet giving the history of "CREX" floor coverings—from the discovery of a process for cultivating and curing that beautiful, long, jointless "Carex" or wire grass of the Northwest, to the invention of machinery which spins the smooth, round "blades" into a rope-like silky cord and then weaves it into artistic, sanitary floor coverings.

This booklet, with accompanying catalogue, giving the dimensions of "CREX" [illegible] the product is [illegible] every housekeeper. A postal request will do.

Most dealers sell "CREX" products. If you cannot find the pattern you want, write us. We will see that you are supplied. All grass floor coverings are not "CREX." Be sure the trade mark below is on the rug.

CREX CARPET CO. 377 Broadway New York
Mills: St. Paul Superior

CREX Grass Carpets and Rugs



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The Furrow. The most distinctive Spring hat ever made. Comes in dark gray, light gray, tan and brown. Same hat imported from Austria will cost you $3. We make it here—minus duty—and sell it for $2—prepaid. Made of fine felt. You'll like it as soon as you see it. If you don't—your money back by return mail. State size, color and send $2 to-day. Write for 1912 Style Book of Hats and Caps—FREE.

FRENCH P. H. CO., 38 S. 8th St., Philadelphia

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

To prove to you the superior quality of "Venus" Perfect Pencils we will send you a sample pencil free if you will write us. Ask for hard, soft or medium. The lead of "Venus" is silky smooth yet it is so firm it does not break in use or when sharpened. Makes dark, even, non-glossy lines. Easy erasing. 17 black degrees, 2 to 9 H, and 2 copying. Absolutely guaranteed. Write

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New Typewriter $18

A Remarkable Typewriter, Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does All that Higher Priced Machines Do. Over 22,000 in Daily Use. Bennett Portable Typewriter has [illegible] $18 in U. S. A. This is the secret of our $18 price. We built [illegible] Machine. Is [illegible] or 4 copies at a time. Weighs only 4½ lbs. You can carry it [illegible] business, pleasure or trips. Send for catalog. Agts. Proposition.

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The World's Standard Two-cycle Marine Motor. Ten sizes, one, two and three cylinders; 3 to 25 horse power. Exclusive 1912 improvements.

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Goes on Like Paint; Looks Like Wall Paper; You Can Wash It

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Our free booklet tells how and will save you money. Read pages 11 and 12 before applying for patents. D. SWIFT & CO., 318 7th St., Washington, D. C.

The National Cash Register stops mistakes and losses and increases trade and profit

MONEY and accounts, the most vital part of any business are protected. Business is placed on the solid foundation of carefulness and accuracy.

The proprietor's time is saved. He is relieved of a thousand worries.

The important things in his business can be given more of his thought and attention. He can afford more comforts and pleasures for his family.

The National Cash Register prevents carelessness and laziness and removes temptation from employes.

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Customers like to deal where National Cash Registers are used.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

CONGO NEVER LEAK ROOFING

Guaranteed Under Bond To Last Until 1922

How long will it last? That is the question you want answered when you buy roofing. Congo Roofing will last ten years—that is guaranteed.

You will find a genuine Surety Bond *in the center of every roll of Congo Roofing*. It goes into effect after you have laid Congo on your roof and returned the guarantee to us properly filled in ready for signature.

The guarantee on 2-ply and 3-ply Congo is for *ten years*.

Our primary motive in establishing the guarantee plan is to show people that we mean what we say. We want our statement to stand as a plain unvarnished fact. We don't want people to say "Ten years?—Probably they mean seven." We want people to realize that we mean ten years and hence *this positive guarantee!*

Congo is easy to lay. It comes in handy rolls of 216 square feet and is simply unrolled on the roof and nailed down. Nails, cement and galvanized rust-proof caps are supplied free of charge packed in the center of each roll.

National Surety Company
CONGO ROOFING
Guarantee Bond

Fac-simile of 10 Year Bond

The only way in which a definite and enforcible guarantee could be given was by the aid of a Surety Company, and accordingly we have arranged with the National Surety Company of New York, one of the great Surety Companies of the United States with assets of $2,000,000 and over, to issue a Genuine Surety Bond with every roll of Congo Roofing.

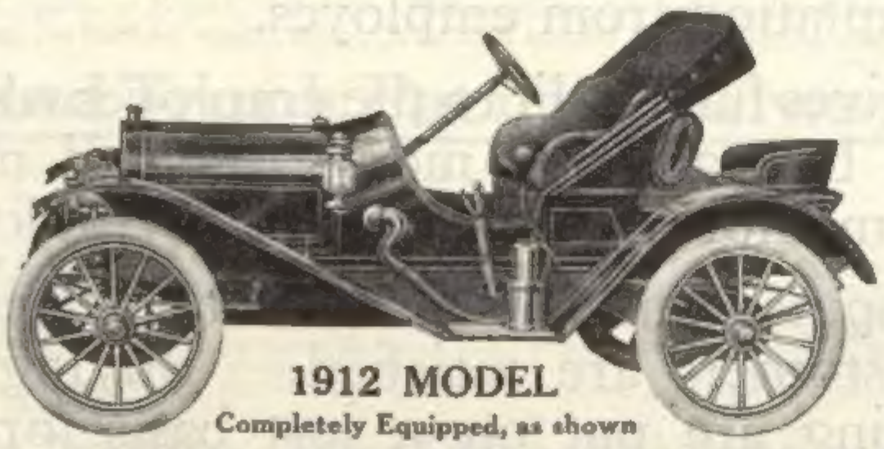
Copy of the Guarantee Bond and a Sample of Congo and booklet will be sent free on request.

UNITED ROOFING & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Because they are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are *guaranteed* against puncture—leaking—waterlogging—warping—drying out—opening seams—and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING.
MOTORS: The Loew-Victor 4-Cycle and Ferro 2-Cycle. Light—powerful—simple—can be operated by the beginner—start like automobile motors—one man control—never stall at any speed—exhaust silently under water.
We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats—row boats—cedar canvas-covered canoes.
Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.
THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders, 120 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

METZ $495



1912 MODEL
Completely Equipped, as shown

Four Cylinder 22 H. P. Water Cooled

Mr. Brisbane, in a recent editorial on automobiles, asked this question: "Who will be the FIRST to put this great industry on a sensible, economical, permanent basis—WHO will give to the people of this country a strong, reliable, sane, REALLY LOW-PRICED CAR?"

The answer is, THE METZ COMPANY; and you see pictured, above, the car itself! A complete car in every respect, standard in construction and standard in equipment, a car with a remarkable record for endurance and efficiency—for $495.00!

The METZ "Twenty-Two" develops from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed. It is guaranteed to climb hills as fast as any other stock car made, regardless of its power or price, and the operating expense is less than any other car. It is easy-riding, simple in operation, and absolutely dependable under all conditions.

To DEALERS.—The METZ "Twenty-Two" is the big seller for 1912. Write us for particulars.

METZ COMPANY, 100 Gore St., WALTHAM, MASS.

HOW TO BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

(Concluded from Page 9)

circles the most famous fire of the generation is that of the magnificent dwelling of a well-known man in Boston, which, at the time of building, with its stone and tile walls and floors, and reënforced concrete stairs, was supposed to be the last word in unburnable construction; but this house was then entirely lined with very elaborate and massive panelings, carvings, casings of wood, as well as wood floors. And one day between seasons, that fateful time of house opening and closing, a careless servant put an electric platewarmer, in commission, on the kitchen floor—and went out, leaving the house alone. The whole interior burned like a fiery furnace and collapsed into a total wreck!

One great point of economy is to avoid multiplying trades in a building. On a house in New Jersey, that was planned for an otherwise economical combination of brick and concrete, the bricklayers insisted that they should have the laying of the concrete. As this would have involved a labor cost for the concrete four times as great as if done by concrete men, the house was changed to all-concrete. Even without such difficulties it is not well to multiply materials. The economical way to build is to organize your gang and keep it going all the time without delays. If this cannot be done it will be found that the unit costs given, which are correct for large or small operations, will not balance because of these interfering conditions. For such reasons, local conditions, and so on, it is sometimes much cheaper to build in one material than another, even when unit costs are equal; and such conditions should be very carefully canvassed, with both the architect and the contractor, before the decision as to the material of the house is made.

Houses That Grow Old Gracefully

The competent architect will be able to advise his client as to all these points—the suitability of climate, labor conditions and environment to the material or combination of materials he proposes. Too many owners rush blindly into the fad of the moment and drag their professional advisers after them on the penalty of losing the job. The architect who dared to advise against the "roughcast" craze of a few years ago was all too likely to be voted an old fogy. It is in just such matters, however, that the client should recognize his own ignorance and the need of expert authority.

The conservative architect will probably say that for the permanent home in a thickly built-up suburb, with few trees, a brick or native stone exterior is likely to be more harmonious with its surroundings than concrete; and today the range of delightful color in brick is so wide that no difficulty should be found in suiting the background. For the country, among trees especially, concrete should come to its own.

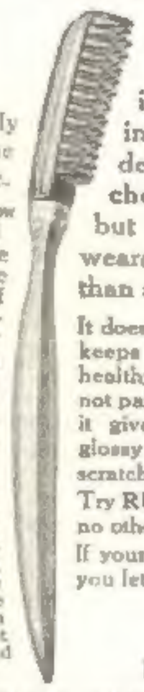
However, whether brick or concrete, tile or wood, the owner must decide if possible before choosing his design. Too often the procedure is quite otherwise. The owner gives the architect the general dimensions he wants and the architect draws a pleasant design. It is submitted for approximate bids, as counseled in our first paper, in concrete, brick or hollow tile. In these circumstances, the concrete bid is far the higher, because the necessities of the peculiar type of construction demand certain special forms which in such a general design are not likely to have been provided for.

The special virtues of the concrete construction, however, as regards repairs and sanitation, can be largely enjoyed with a reënforced concrete interior structure and hollow-tile partitions; and it is this interior combination, adapted to an exterior of whatever kind the environment calls for or the architectural type demands, whether cut stone, rough native stone, brick or reënforced concrete, which it is safe to recommend for every permanent house of the class costing above twenty-five thousand dollars.

Choose your material first, a material suited to the purpose and the neighborhood and you will get a good design. And, with a design suited to its material, climate and environment, your house will grow old gracefully, whether it's of mud, ice or concrete!

Rubero SANITARY TOOTH BRUSH

THESE RUBBER POINTS show nearly double the actual size. They did not grow on an animal but in a tree—they are made of clean rubber—they keep clean and clean between the teeth. The points are webbed together; do their work thoroughly. They are not set in holes but are in one piece with brush and cannot loosen and choke you.



Is a Rubber Tooth Brush

invented by a prominent and experienced dentist. It is not a **cheap** rubber brush, but a **good** one and wears many times longer than a bristle brush.

It does not cut the gums, but keeps them refreshed and healthy. Its vigorous use is not painful to sensitive teeth—it gives them a white and glossy look and does not scratch the enamel.

Try RUBERO for a time and no other kind will please you. If your druggist cannot supply you let us send you one.

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By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs totally different from any other rugs woven from old carpets. Read our guarantee. Ours is the oldest and largest factory of its kind in America. Established 38 years.

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Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Every rug guaranteed to wear ten years. Grand Prizes at three World's Fairs.

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Your old carpets are worth money no matter how badly worn; don't throw them away.

FREE Write today for book of designs—in colors, prices and full information.

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286 " "	$1600-$2000 $1	172 " "	$4000 and up $1
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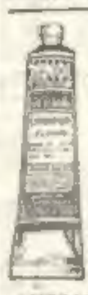

AGENTS

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Buy Farm Land

at $10 an acre up adjacent to the Southern Railway and watch it increase in value. Plenty of rain—no drouths—no blizzards. Rapidly growing cities demand more farm produce. Beef, pork, poultry, sheep and dairying pay handsomely. Big profits in truck, alfalfa, corn, cotton, nuts and apples. Great industrial openings in all parts of the South. Subscription to "Southern Field" and state booklets, FREE.

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AND GROW RICH

SELL STORIES 2c TO 5c A WORD

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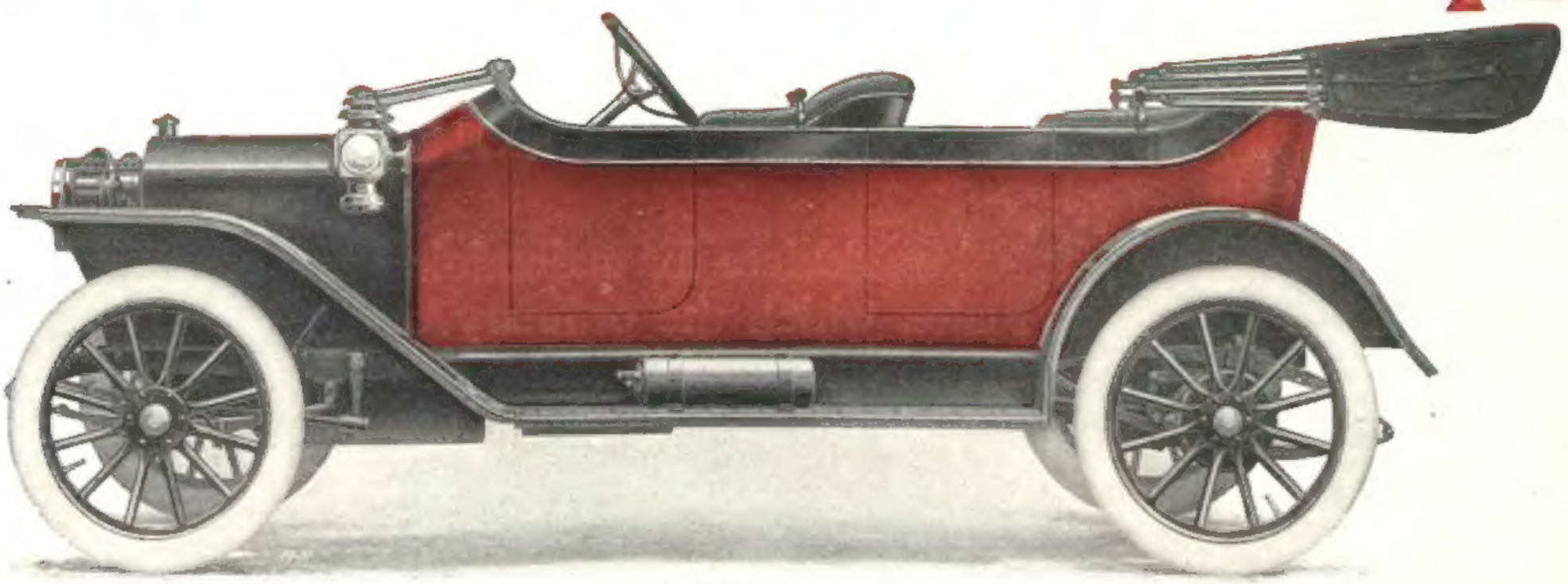
MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 87, Indianapolis

R-C-H "Twenty-Five"



Model S S

5-passenger touring car—110-inch wheelbase

$950 F. O. B. Detroit

Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools, and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, magneto.

You can pay $1500—but what more will you get?

THAT'S the basis on which we'd like you to judge the R-C-H. Take any car you have in mind at $1500—or more. Compare it, item by item, with the R-C-H—equipment, specifications, special features, construction details. The results will surprise you. We're satisfied to sell the R-C-H on this basis: "Buy the car value that beats it—if you can find one." And we're satisfied to take your judgment after you've seen the car.

LONG-STROKE MOTOR

There's a feature that alone places the R-C-H in a class of its own. European automobile engineers long ago demonstrated that a long-stroke motor with a relatively narrow bore developed the maximum of power efficiency per fuel unit; and this construction is used on the highest-priced European cars.

The R-C-H is the first American car to adopt it. The ratio of bore to stroke (3½ x 5) was determined after thorough study of European construction, and after exhaustive engineering tests. It is *really* long-stroke, not merely a square motor with stroke lengthened and bore widened in proportion. And on the other hand, it does not carry the long-stroke idea to extremes.

Here's a prophecy. Before another year rolls around you'll see 75 per cent of motor-car manufacturers in a scramble to feature the long-stroke motor.

STURDY CONSTRUCTION

We don't believe there's a better built car in the world than the R-C-H. But we'd prefer to have you judge that for yourself.

There are 123 drop forgings in the R-C-H—more than in any other car at any price. Drop-forgings are far stronger and more durable than castings. And drop-forgings permit an absolute accuracy of machining impossible with castings. This means much greater interchangeability of parts.

The accessibility of every part of the R-C-H is another feature that makes it distinctive. We don't believe any other car approaches it in this respect—but that, too, you can judge for yourself when you see the car.

Chrome nickel steel is used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness.

OTHER FEATURES

There are too many to do more than mention a few.

Left side drive; center control, convenient to the operator and at his right hand; the roomy, graceful, beautiful English type of body, used on the highest priced European cars, but only on the R-C-H among American cars at a popular price—there are dozens of others.

But the best way to know them is to see the car.

STANDARD MODELS

Regular equipment of top, windshield, lamps, generator, horn, tools and kit, without self-starter and other special equipment quoted above.

5-passenger Touring Car	$850
Touring Roadster	800
Roadster	700
(Equipped for 4 passengers)	750
Colonial Coupé	1050

CANADIAN PRICES

These are as follows, f. o. b. Windsor, duty paid. ***S S Models***—Touring Car, $1175; Touring Roadster, $1125; Roadster, $975; Roadster, 4-passenger, $1050; Coupé, $1425. ***Standard Models***—Touring Car, $1050; Touring Roadster, $1000; Roadster, $850; Roadster, 4-passenger, $925; Coupé, $1300.

R. C. H. CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches: Boston, 563 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2021 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1620 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 3501 Main St.; Los Angeles, 1242 Flower St.; Minneapolis, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.

GENERAL R-C-H SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—left side.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—Center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Body**—English type, extra wide front seats.

Model S S

$800 F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English Body Roadster

Equipped with self-starter, 32 x 3½ tires, dual ignition, demountable and quick-detachable rims, gas tank, extra rim, top, windshield, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—long-stroke motor—3 speeds—enclosed valves—magneto.

Touring Roadster, same equipment, $900. Extra large gasoline and oil capacity. Wheelbase of roadsters, 86 inches—other specifications same as touring car.

Model S S

$1150 F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupé

SPECIFICATIONS:—Enclosed body; drop seat for third person; 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps. Other specifications and complete equipment same as roadster. In no closed car at any price will you get greater comfort, service and beauty than this.

The Only Competition That Hurts

Last year we spent over $50,000 on devices for maintaining and improving the quality of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes which the ordinary observer *cannot even see.* We spent thousands of dollars more to insure our getting none but the hearts of the best white corn from which to make our flakes. Thousands more were spent for inspections and for other features which make for higher quality.

Our competitors, with very few exceptions, are not so careful. We could take you through factories where a dozen or more brands of corn flakes are produced—but that would hardly be necessary—a glance at the buildings alone would be enough to prove that *they haven't the facilities* to make a food like Kellogg's.

Yet these same products are marketed on the claim that they are "just as good as Kellogg's." The retailer who buys them naturally sells them on the claim the salesman made for them when he sold them to *him.*

What happens when a customer buys these flakes and finds them flavorless and unpalatable? Naturally he isn't very keen for any kind of corn flakes after that. In such a case the one sale of a competitive brand of corn flakes may cost us the entire future business of a customer who would have been satisfied if he had secured "the original."

This isn't exaggeration. It's the history of every success. And the originator's loss is equally the loss of the tradesman and the customer. The one sale doesn't count for much, but the business killed by a poor product *does.*

We are frank to confess that this kind of competition hurts.

W. K. Kellogg

The Original Has This Signature for Your Protection.